

THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF
ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

GLASGOW:
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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN FOSTER

ALEXANDER BOYLE, ESQ.

1851

GLASGOW



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

J O H N F O S T E R,

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS OF IRELAND,

THE THIRD VOLUME

OF THIS EDITION OF

P O P E ' S P O E T I C A L W O R K S

IS,

WITH PERMISSION,

G R A T E F U L L Y I N S C R I B E D

BY HIS MUCH OBLIGED,

V E R Y H U M B L E S E R V A N T S,

A. FOULIS, AND A. TILLOCH.

COPIES

TO THE

JOHN

TO THE

BY THE

JOHN

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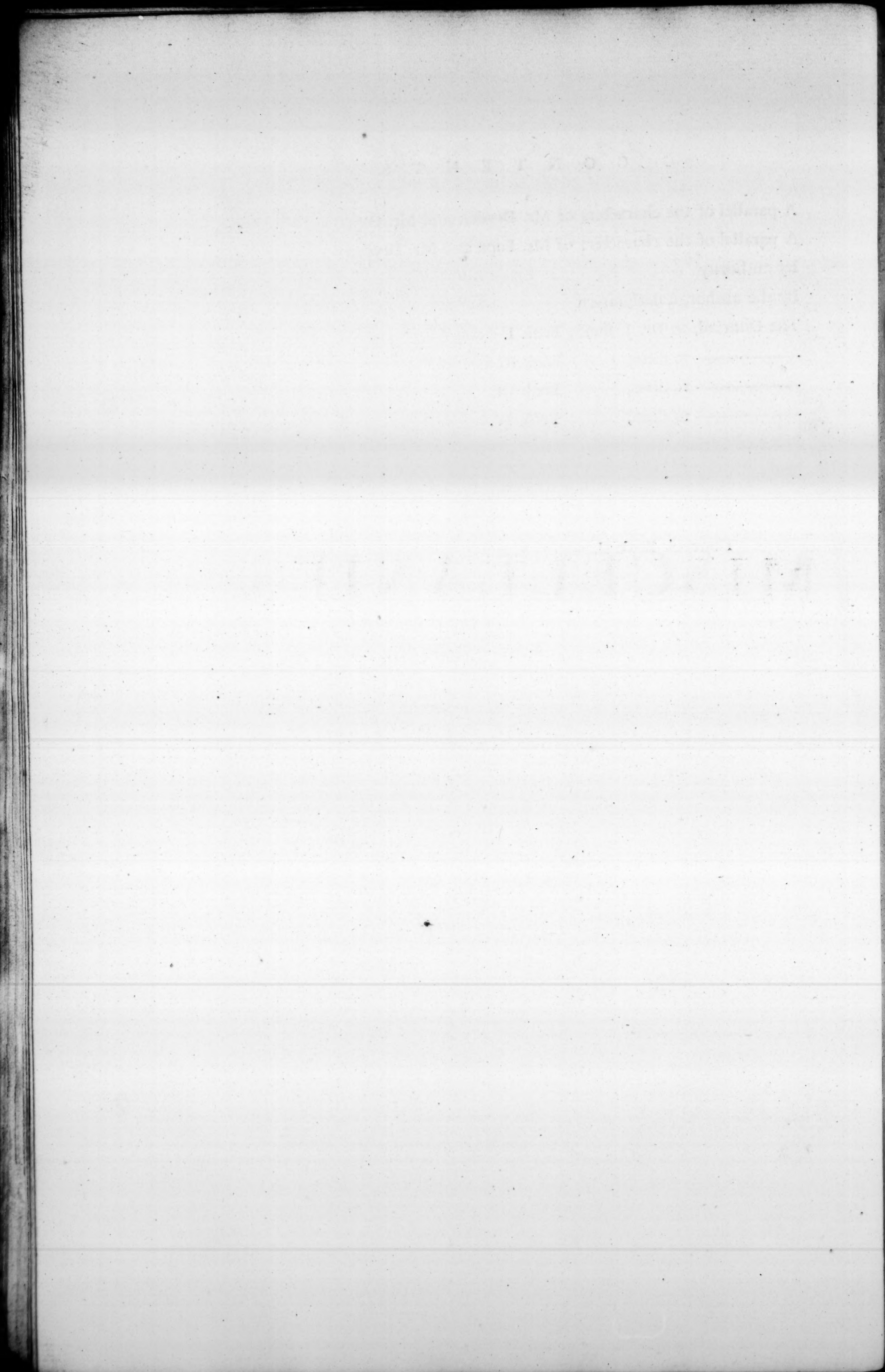
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Dunciad, Book II. ver. 341. for Alphaeus read Alpheus.



MISCELLANIES.

VOL. III.

B

MISCELLANIES.

1851

TO THE

MISCELLANIES

MISCELLANIES.

E P I S T L E

TO ROBERT EARL OF OXFORD, AND
EARL MORTIMER.

SUCH were the notes thy once-lov'd poet sung,
'Till death untimely stop'd his tuneful tongue.
Oh just beheld, and lost! admir'd and mourn'd!
With softest manners, gentlest arts adorn'd!
Blest in each science, blest in ev'ry strain!
Dear to the Muse! to Harley dear---in vain!

For him thou oft' hast bid the world attend,
Fond to forget the statesman in the friend;
For Swift and him despis'd the farce of state,
The sober follies of the wise and great;
Dextrous the craving, fawning crowd to quit,
And pleas'd to 'scape from flattery to wit.

Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear,
(A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear)
Recall those nights that clos'd thy toilsome days,
Still hear thy Parnell in his living lays,

Who, careless now of int'rest, fame, or fate,
Perhaps forgets that Oxford e'er was great;
Or deeming meanest what we greatest call,
Beholds thee glorious only in thy fall.

And sure, if aught below the seats divine
Can touch immortals, 'tis a soul like thine;
A soul supreme, in each hard instance try'd,
Above all pain, all passion, and all pride,
The rage of pow'r, the blast of public breath,
The lust of lucre, and the dread of death.

In vain to deserts thy retreat is made,
The Muse attends thee to thy silent shade:
'Tis hers, the brave man's latest steps to trace,
Rejudge his acts, and dignify disgrace.
When Int'rest calls off all her sneaking train,
And all th' oblig'd desert, and all the vain,
She waits, or to the scaffold, or the cell,
When the last ling'ring friend has bid farewell.
Ev'n now she shades thy ev'ning-walk with bays;
(No hireling she, no prostitute to praise)
Ev'n now, observant of the parting ray,
Eyes the calm sun-set of thy various day;
Thro' Fortune's cloud one truly great can see,
Nor fears to tell that Mortimer is he.

E P I S T L E

TO JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ.

SECRETARY OF STATE.

A SOUL as full of worth as void of pride,
Which nothing seeks to shew, or needs to hide,
Which nor to guilt nor fear its caution owes,
And boasts a warmth that from no passion flows.
A face untaught to feign; a judging eye,
That darts severe upon a rising lie,
And strikes a blush thro' frontless flattery. }
All this thou wert; and being this before,
Know kings and fortune cannot make thee more.
Then scorn to gain a friend by servile ways,
Nor wish to lose a foe these virtues raise;
But candid, free, sincere, as you began,
Proceed---a minister, but still a man.
Be not (exalted to whate'er degree)
Asham'd of any friend, not ev'n of me:
The patriot's plain, but untrod path pursue;
If not, 'tis I must be asham'd of you.

E P I S T L E

T O M R. J E R V A S,

WITH MR. DRYDEN'S TRANSLATION OF FRESNOY'S
ART OF PAINTING.

THIS verse be thine, my Friend! nor thou refuse
This from no venal or ungrateful Muse.
Whether thy hand strike out some free design,
Where life awakes, and dawns at ev'ry line;
Or blend in-beauteous tints the colour'd mass,
And from the canvas call the mimic face:
Read these instructive leaves, in which conspire
Fresnoy's close art, and Dryden's native fire;
And reading wish, like theirs, our fate and fame,
So mix'd our studies, and so join'd our name;
Like them to shine thro' long succeeding age,
So just thy skill, so regular my rage.

Smit with the love of sister-arts we came,
And met congenial, mingling flame with flame;

Like friendly colours found them both unite,
And each from each contract new strength and light.
How oft' in pleasing tasks we wear the day,
While summer-funs roll unperceiv'd away!
How oft' our slowly-growing works impart,
While images reflect from art to art!
How oft' review; each finding, like a friend,
Something to blame, and something to commend!

What flatt'ring scenes our wand'ring fancy wrought,
Rome's pompous glories rising to our thought!
Together o'er the Alps methinks we fly,
Fir'd with ideas of fair Italy.
With thee on Raphael's monument I mourn,
Or wait inspiring dreams at Maro's urn:
With thee repose where Tully once was laid,
Or seek some ruin's formidable shade:
While Fancy brings the vanish'd piles to view,
And builds imaginary Rome a-new,
Here thy well-studied marbles fix our eye,
A fading fresco here demands a sigh:
Each heav'nly piece unweary'd we compare,
Match Raphael's grace with thy lov'd Guido's air,
Carracci's strength, Correggio's softer line,
Paulo's free stroke, and Titian's warmth divine.

How finish'd with illustrious toil appears
This small, well-polish'd gem, the work of years!
Yet still how faint by precept is express'd
The living image in the painter's breast?
Thence endless streams of fair ideas flow,
Strike in the sketch, or in the picture glow;
Thence beauty, waking all her forms, supplies
An angel's sweetness, or Bridgewater's eyes.

Muse! at that name thy sacred sorrows shed,
Those tears eternal that embalm the dead;
Call round her tomb each object of desire,
Each purer frame inform'd with purer fire;
Bid her be all that cheers or softens life,
The tender sister, daughter, friend, and wife;
Bid her be all that makes mankind adore,
Then view this marble, and be vain no more!

Yet still her charms in breathing paint engage,
Her modest cheek shall warm a future age.
Beauty, frail flow'r! that ev'ry season fears,
Blossoms in thy colours for a thousand years.
Thus Churchill's race shall other hearts surprize,
And other beauties envy Worley's eyes;
Each pleasing Blount shall endless smiles bestow,
And soft Belinda's blush for ever glow.

Oh lasting as those colours may they shine!
Free as thy stroke, yet faultless as thy line;
New graces yearly like thy works display,
Soft without weakness, without glaring gay;
Led by some rule that guides, but not constrains,
And finish'd more thro' happiness than pains:
The kindred arts shall in their praise conspire,
One dip the pencil, and one string the lyre.
Yet should the graces all thy figures place,
And breathe an air divine on ev'ry face;
Yet should the muses bid my numbers roll
Strong as their charms, and gentle as their soul;
With Zeuxis' Helen thy Bridgewater vie,
And these be sung 'till Granville's Myra die:
Alas! how little from the grave we claim!
Thou but preserv'st a face, and I a name.

E P I S T L E

T O M I S S B L O U N T,

WITH THE WORKS OF VOITURE.

IN these gay thoughts the Loves and Graces shine,
And all the writer lives in ev'ry line;
His easy art may happy nature seem;
Trifles themselves are elegant in him.
Sure to charm all was his peculiar fate,
Who without flatt'ry pleas'd the fair and great;
Still with esteem no less convers'd than read;
With wit well-natur'd, and with books well-bred:
His heart, his mistress, and his friend did share,
His time, the Muse, the witty, and the fair.
Thus wisely careless, innocently gay,
Chearful he play'd the trifle, life, away;
'Till Fate scarce felt his gentle breath suppress'd,
As smiling infants sport themselves to rest.
Ev'n rival wits did Voiture's death deplore,
And the gay mourn'd who never mourn'd before;

The trueſt hearts for Voiture heav'd with ſighs;
Voiture was wept by all the brighteſt eyes:
The Smiles and Loves had dy'd in Voiture's death,
But that for ever in his lines they breathe.

Let the ſtrict life of graver mortals be
A long, exact, and ſerious comedy;
In ev'ry ſcene ſome moral let it teach,
And, if it can, at once both pleaſe and preach.
Let mine an innocent gay farce appear,
And more diverting ſtill than regular,
Have humour, wit, a native eaſe and grace,
Tho' not too ſtrictly bound to time and place:
Critics in wit, or life, are hard to pleaſe,
Few write to thoſe, and none can live to theſe.

Too much your ſex is by their forms confin'd,
Severe to all, but moſt to womankind;
Cuſtom, grown blind with age, muſt be your guide;
Your pleaſure is a vice, but not your pride;
By nature yielding, ſtubborn but for fame,
Made ſlaves by honour, and made fools by ſhame.
Marriage may all thoſe petty tyrants chaſe,
But ſets up one, a greater, in their place:
Well might you wiſh for change by thoſe accurſt;
But the laſt tyrant ever proves the worſt.

Still in constraint your suff'ring sex remains,
Or bound in formal, or in real chains:
Whole years neglected for some months ador'd,
The fawning servant turns a haughty lord.
Ah! quit not the free innocence of life,
For the dull glory of a virtuous wife;
Nor let false shews, nor empty titles please:
Aim not at joy, but rest content with ease.

The gods, to curse Pamela with her pray'rs,
Gave the gilt coach and dappled Flanders mares,
The shining robes, rich jewels, beds of state,
And, to complete her bliss, a fool for mate.
She glares in balls, front boxes, and the ring,
A vain, unquiet, glitt'ring, wretched thing!
Pride, pomp, and state, but reach her outward part;
She sighs, and is no duchess at her heart.

But, Madam, if the Fates withstand, and you
Are destin'd Hymen's willing victim too,
Trust not too much your now resistless charms,
Those age or sickness, soon or late, disarms;
Good humour only teaches charms to last,
Still makes new conquests, and maintains the past.
Love, rais'd on beauty, will like that decay,
Our hearts may bear its slender chain a day;

As flow'ry bands in wantonneſs are worn,
A morning's pleaſure, and at ev'ning torn;
This binds in ties more eaſy, yet more ſtrong,
The willing heart, and only holds it long.

Thus Voiture's early care ſtill ſhone the ſame,
And Monthauſier was only chang'd in name:
By this, ev'n now they live, ev'n now they charm,
Their wit ſtill ſparkling, and their flames ſtill warm.

Now crown'd with myrtle on th' Elyſian coaſt,
Amid thoſe lovers joys his gentle gholt;
Pleaſ'd while with ſmiles his happy lines you view,
And finds a fairer Ramboüillet in you.
The brighteſt eyes of France inſpir'd his Muſe;
The brighteſt eyes of Britain now peruſe;
And dead, as living, 'tis our author's pride
Still to charm thoſe who charm the world beſide.

E P I S T L E

T O T H E S A M E,

ON HER LEAVING THE TOWN AFTER THE CORONATION.

AS some fond virgin, whom her mother's care
Drags from the town to wholesome country air,
Just when she learns to roll a melting eye,
And hear a spark, yet think no danger nigh,
From the dear man unwilling she must sever,
Yet takes one kiss before she parts for ever:
Thus from the world fair Zephalinda flew,
Saw others happy, and with sighs withdrew;
Not that their pleasures caus'd her discontent,
She sigh'd not that they stay'd, but that she went.

She went to plain-work, and to purling brooks,
Old-fashion'd halls, dull aunts, and croaking rooks:
She went from op'ra, Park, assembly, play,
To morning-walks, and pray'rs three hours a-day;
To part her time 'twixt reading and bohea,
To muse, and spill her solitary tea,

Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the spoon,
Count the slow clock, and dine exact at noon;
Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,
Hum half a tune, tell stories to the squire;
Up to her godly garret after sev'n,
There starve and pray, for that's the way to heav'n.

Some squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack,
Whose game is Whist, whose treat a toast in sack;
Who visits with a gun, presents you birds,
Then gives a smacking buff, and cries---No words!
Or with his hound comes hallooing from the stable,
Makes love with nods, and knees beneath a table;
Whose laughs are hearty, tho' his jests are coarse,
And loves you best of all things---but his horse.

In some fair ev'ning, on your elbow laid,
You dream of triumphs in the rural shade;
In pensive thought recall the fancy'd scene,
See coronations rise on ev'ry green:
Before you pass th' imaginary fights
Of lords, and earls, and dukes, and garter'd knights,
While the spread fan o'er shades your closing eyes,
Then give one flirt, and all the vision flies.
Thus vanish sceptres, coronets, and balls,
And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls!

So when your slave, at some dear idle time,
(Not plagu'd with head-achs, or the want of rhyme)
Stands in the streets, abstracted from the crew,
And while he seems to study, thinks of you;
Just when his fancy points your sprightly eyes,
Or sees the blush of soft Parthenia rise,
Gay pats my shoulder, and you vanish quite,
Streets, chairs, and coxcombs rush upon my sight;
Vex'd to be still in town, I knit my brow,
Look sour, and hum a tune, as you may now.

T H E

B A S S E T - T A B L E .

A N

E C L O G U E .

CARDELIA. SMILINDA. LOVET.

CARDELIA.

THE Basset-table spread, the tallier come,
 Why stays Smilinda in the dressing-room?
 Rise, pensive nymph, the tallier waits for you.

SMILINDA.

Ah, Madam, since my Sharper is untrue,
 I joyless make my once ador'd Alpeu.
 I saw him stand behind Ombrelia's chair,
 And whisper with that soft deluding air,
 And those feign'd sighs which cheat the list'ning fair.

CARDELIA.

Is this the cause of your romantic strains?
 A mightier grief my heavy heart sustains;

F

As you by love, so I by fortune, cross'd;
One, one bad deal three Septevas have lost.

SMILINDA.

Is that the grief which you compare with mine?
With ease the smiles of Fortune I resign:
Would all my gold in one bad deal were gone,
Were lovely Sharper mine, and mine alone.

CARDELIA.

A lover lost is but a common care,
And prudent nymphs against that change prepare:
The knave of clubs thrice lost; oh! who could guess
This fatal stroke, this unforeseen distress?

SMILINDA.

See Betty Lovet! very A PROPOS,
She all the cares of love and play does know:
Dear Betty shall th' important point decide;
Betty! who oft' the pain of each has try'd;
Impartial, she shall say who suffers most,
By cards' ill usage, or by lovers lost.

LOVET.

Tell, tell your griefs; attentive will I stay,
Tho' time is precious, and I want some tea.

CARDELIA.

Behold this equipage, by Mathers wrought,
With fifty guineas (a great penn'worth) bought.

See on the tooth-pick, Mars and Cupid strive,
And both the struggling figures seem alive.
Upon the bottom shines the Queen's bright face;
A myrtle foliage round the thimble-case.
Jove, Jove himself does on the scissars shine,
The metal and the workmanship divine!

SMILINDA.

This snuff-box---once the pledge of Sharper's love,
When rival beauties for the present strove;
At Corticelli's he the raffle won;
Then first his passion was in public shown:
Hazardia blush'd, and turn'd her head aside,
A rival's envy (all in vain) to hide.
This snuff-box---on the hinge see brilliants shine,
This snuff-box will I stake; the prize is mine.

CARDELIA.

Alas! far lesser losses than I bear
Have made a soldier figh, a lover swear.
And oh! what makes the disappointment hard,
'Twas my own Lord that drew the fatal card.
In complaisance I took the queen he gave,
Tho' my own secret wish was for the knave:
The knave won Sonica, which I had chose,
And the next pull my Septleva I lose.

SMILINDA.

But ah! what aggravates the killing smart,
 The cruel thought that stabs me to the heart;
 This curs'd Ombrelia, this undoing fair;
 By whose vile arts this heavy grief I bear;
 She, at whose name I shed these spiteful tears,
 She owes to me the very charms she wears.
 An aukward thing when first she came to town,
 Her shape unfashion'd, and her face unknown:
 She was my friend; I taught her first to spread
 Upon her fallow cheeks enliv'ning red;
 I introduc'd her to the Park and plays,
 And by my int'rest Cozens made her stays.
 Ungrateful wretch! with mimic airs grown pert,
 She dares to steal my fav'rite lover's heart.

CARDELIA.

Wretch that I was, how often have I swore
 When Winnall tally'd I would punt no more?
 I know the bite, yet to my ruin run,
 And see the folly, which I cannot shun.

SMILINDA.

How many maids have Sharper's vows deceiv'd?
 How many curs'd the moment they believ'd?

Yet his known falshoods could no warning prove;
Ah! what is warning to a maid in love?

CARDELIA.

But of what marble must that breast be form'd
To gaze on Basset and remain unwarm'd?
When kings, queens, knaves, are set in decent rank,
Expos'd in glorious heaps the tempting bank,
Guineas, half-guineas, all the shining train,
The winner's pleasure, and the loser's pain,
In bright confusion open Rouleaus lie,
They strike the soul, and glitter in the eye:
Fir'd by the sight, all reason I disdain,
My passions rise, and will not bear the rein.
Look upon Basset, you who reason boast,
And see if reason must not there be lost.

SMILINDA.

What more than marble must that heart compose
Can hearken coldly to my Sharper's vows?
Then when he trembles! when his blushes rise!
When awful love seems melting in his eyes!
With eager beats his Mechlin cravat moves,
He loves---I whisper to myself, He loves!
Such unfeign'd passion in his looks appears,
I lose all mem'ry of my former fears;

My panting heart confesses all his charms,
I yield at once, and sink into his arms.
Think of that moment you who prudence boast;
For such a moment prudence well were lost.

CARDELIA.

At the Groom-porter's batter'd bullies play,
Some dukes at Mary-bone bowl time away;
But who the bowl or rattling dice compares
To Basset's heav'nly joys and pleasing cares?

SMILINDA.

Soft Simplicetta doats upon a beau;
Prudina likes a man, and laughs at show:
Their several graces in my Sharper meet,
Strong as the footman, as the master sweet.

LOVEY.

Cease your contention, which has been too long;
I grow impatient, and the tea's too strong.
Attend, and yield to what I now decide;
The equipage shall grace Smilinda's side;
The snuff-box to Cardelia I decree,
Now leave complaining, and begin your tea.

VERBATIM FROM BOILEAU.

UN JOUR, DIT UN AUTEUR, &c.

ONCE (says an author, where I need not say)
Two trav'lers found an oyster in their way;
Both fierce, both hungry, the dispute grew strong,
While, scale in hand, Dame Justice past along.
Before her each with clamour pleads the laws,
Explain'd the matter, and would win the cause.
Dame Justice weighing long the doubtful right,
Takes, opens, swallows, it before their fight.
The cause of strife remov'd so rarely well,
There take, (says Justice) take ye each a shell.
We thrive at Westminster on fools like you:
'Twas a fat oyster---Live in peace---Adieu.

ANSWER TO THE FOLLOWING QUESTION
OF MRS. HOWE.

WHAT is prud'ry?

'Tis a beldam,
Seen with wit and beauty seldom.

'Tis a fear that starts at shadows;
'Tis (no, 't isn't) like Miss Meadows.
'Tis a virgin hard of feature,
Old, and void of all good nature;
Lean and fretful; would seem wise;
Yet plays the fool before she dies.
'Tis an ugly envious shrew
That rails at dear Lepell and you.

OCCASIONED BY SOME VERSES OF HIS GRACE THE
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

MUSE, 'tis enough: at length thy labour ends,
And thou shalt live, for Buckingham commends.
Let crowds of critics now my verse assail,
Let Dennis write, and nameless numbers rail;
This more than pays whole years of thankless pain,
Time, health, and fortune are not lost in vain.
Sheffield approves, consenting Phoebus bends,
And I and Malice from this hour are friends.

A

P R O L O G U E

B Y M R. P O P E,

TO A PLAY FOR MR. DENNIS'S BENEFIT, IN 1733,
WHEN HE WAS OLD, BLIND, AND IN GREAT DIS-
TRESS, A LITTLE BEFORE HIS DEATH.

AS when that hero, who in each campaign
Had brav'd the Goth, and many a Vandal slain,
Lay Fortune-struck, a spectacle of woe!
Wept by each friend, forgiv'n by ev'ry foe;
Was there a gen'rous, a reflecting mind,
But pitied Belifarius old and blind?
Was there a chief but melted at the fight?
A common soldier but who clubb'd his mite?
Such, such emotions should in Britons rise,
When press'd by want and weakness Dennis lies;
Dennis, who long had warr'd with modern Huns,
Their quibbles routed, and defy'd their puns;
A desp'rate bulwark, sturdy, firm, and fierce,
Against the Gothic sons of frozen verse:

H

How chang'd from him who made the boxes groan,
 And shook the stage with thunders all his own!
 Stood up to dash each vain pretender's hope,
 Maul the French tyrant, or pull down the Pope!
 If there's a Briton then, true bred and born,
 Who holds dragoons and wooden shoes in scorn;
 If there's a critic of distinguish'd rage;
 If there's a senior, who contemns this age;
 Let him to-night his just assistance lend,
 And be the critic's, Briton's, old man's friend.

M A C E R:

A C H A R A C T E R.

WHEN simple Macer, now of high renown,
 First fought a poet's fortune in the Town,
 'Twas all th' ambition his high soul could feel
 To wear red stockings, and to dine with Steel:
 Some ends of verse his betters might afford,
 And gave the harmless fellow a good word.
 Set up with these he ventur'd on the Town,
 And with a borrow'd play out-did poor Crown.

There he stopp'd short, nor since has wrote a tittle,
But has the wit to make the most of little;
Like stunted hide-bound trees, that just have got
Sufficient sap at once to bear and rot.
Now he begs verse, and what he gets commends,
Not of the wits his foes, but fools his friends.

So some coarse country wench, almost decay'd,
Trudges to Town, and first turns chambermaid;
Aukward and supple each devoir to pay,
She flatters her good lady twice a-day;
Thought wondrous honest, tho' of mean degree,
And strangely lik'd for her simplicity:
In a translated suit then tries the Town,
With borrow'd pins and patches not her own;
But just endur'd the winter she began,
And in four months a batter'd harridan:
Now nothing left, but wither'd, pale, and shrunk,
To baw'd for others, and go shares with punk.

T O M R. J O H N M O O R E,

AUTHOR OF THE CELEBRATED WORM-POWDER.

HOW much, egregious Moore! are we
Deceiv'd by shews and forms!
Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,
All humankind are worms.

Man is a very worm by birth,
Vile, reptile, weak, and vain!
A while he crawls upon the earth,
Then shrinks to earth again.

That woman is a worm we find
E'er since our grandame's evil;
She first convers'd with her own kind,
That ancient worm, the devil.

The learn'd themselves we Book-worms name,
The blockhead is a Slow-worm;
The nymph whose tail is all on flame
Is aptly term'd a Glow-worm:

The fops are painted butterflies
That flutter for a day;
First from a worm they take their rise,
And in a worm decay.

The flatterer an earwig grows;
Thus worms suit all conditions;
Misers are muck-worms, filk-worms beaux,
And death-watches physicians.

That statesmen have the worm, is seen
By all their winding play;
Their conscience is a worm within
That gnaws them night and day.

Ah, Moore! thy skill were well employ'd,
And greater gain would rise,
If thou couldst make the courtier void
The worm that never dies!

O learned friend of Abchurch-lane,
Who sett'st our entrails free;
Vain is thy art, thy powder vain,
Since worms shall eat ev'n thee.

Our fate thou only canst adjourn
Some few short years, no more!
Ev'n Button's wits to worms shall turn,
Who maggots were before.

S O N G,

BY A PERSON OF QUALITY.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1733.

I.

FLUTT'RING spread thy purple pinions,
Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart;
I a slave in thy dominions;
Nature must give way to art.

II.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days consuming
All beneath yon' flow'ry rocks.

III.

Thus the Cyprian goddess weeping,
Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth:
Him the boar, in silence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

IV.

Cynthia! tune harmonious numbers;
Fair Discretion! string the lyre;
Sooth my ever-waking slumbers:
Bright Apollo! lend thy choir.

V.

Gloomy Pluto! king of terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the crystal mirrors,
Wat'ring soft Elysian plains.

VI.

Mournful Cypress, verdant Willow,
Gilding my Aurelia's brows,
Morpheus hov'ring o'er my pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

VII.

Melancholy smooth Maeander,
Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander,
With thy flow'ry chaplets crown'd.

VIII.

Thus when Philomela drooping,
Softly seeks her silent mate,
See the bird of Juno stooping;
Melody resigns to Fate.

ON A CERTAIN LADY AT COURT.

I KNOW the thing that's most uncommon;
(Envy be silent and attend!)

I know a reasonable woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a friend.

Not warp'd by passion, aw'd by rumour,
Not grave thro' pride, nor gay thro' folly,
An equal mixture of good humour,
And sensible soft melancholy.

"Has she no faults then, (Envy says) Sir?"

Yes, she has one, I must aver;

When all the world conspires to praise her,
The Woman's deaf, and does not hear.

ON HIS GROTTO AT TWICKENHAM,

COMPOSED OF MARBLES, SPARS, GEMS, ORES, AND MINERALS.

THOU who shalt stop where Thames' tranfluent wave
Shines a broad mirror thro' the shady cave;
Where ling'ring drops from min'ral roofs diftill,
And pointed cryftals break the sparkling rill;
Unpolish'd gems no ray on pride beftow,
And latent metals innocently glow;
Approach. Great Nature ftudiously behold!
And eye the mine without a wifh for gold.
Approach; but awful! lo! th' Ægerian Grot,
Where, nobly penfive, St. John fat and thought;
Where British fighs from dying Wyndham ftole,
And the bright flame was fhut thro' Marchmont's foul.
Let fuch, fuch only, tread this facred floor,
Who dare to love their country, and be poor.

TO MRS. M. B. ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

OH be thou blest with all that Heav'n can send,
Long health, long youth, long pleasure, and a friend:
Not with those toys the female world admire,
Riches that vex, and vanities that tire.
With added years, if life bring nothing new,
But like a sieve let ev'ry blessing thro',
Some joy still lost, as each vain year runs o'er,
And all we gain some sad reflection more;
Is that a birth-day? 'tis, alas! too clear,
'Tis but the fun'ral of the former year.

Let joy or ease, let affluence or content,
And the gay conscience of a life well spent,
Calm ev'ry thought, inspire ev'ry grace,
Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face,
Let day improve on day, and year on year,
Without a pain, a trouble, or a fear,
Till death unfelt that tender frame destroy,
In some soft dream, or ecstasy of joy,
Peaceful sleep out the sabbath of the tomb,
And wake to raptures in a life to come.

TO MR. THOMAS SOUTHERN,

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY, 1742.

RESIGN'D to live, prepar'd to die,
With not one sin but poetry,
This day Tom's fair account has run
(Without a blot) to eighty-one.
Kind Boyle, before his poet, lays
A table with a cloth of bays;
And Ireland, mother of sweet fingers,
Presents her harp still to his fingers.
The feast his tow'ring genius marks
In yonder wild-goose and the larks!
The mushrooms shew his wit was sudden!
And for his judgment, lo, a pudden!
Roast beef, tho' old, proclaims him stout,
And grace, altho' a bard, devout.
May Tom, whom Heav'n sent down to raise
The price of prologues and of plays,
Be ev'ry birth-day more a winner,
Digest his thirty-thousandth dinner;
Walk to his grave without reproach,
And scorn a rascal and a coach.

ON RECEIVING FROM THE RIGHT HON. THE LADY
FRANCES SHIRLEY A STANDISH AND TWO PENS.

YES, I beheld th' Athenian Queen
Descend in all her sober charms;
" And take (she said, and smil'd serene)
" Take at this hand celestial arms:

" Secure the radiant weapons wield;
" This golden lance shall guard desert,
" And if a vice dares keep the field,
" This steel shall stab it to the heart."

Aw'd, on my bended knees I fell,
Receiv'd the weapons of the sky,
And dipt them in the fable well,
The fount of fame or infamy.

" What well? what weapon? (Flavia cries)
" A standish, steel, and golden pen!
" It came from Bertrand's, not the skies;
" I gave it you to write again.

“ But, Friend, take heed whom you attack;

“ You’ll bring a house (I mean of Peers)

“ Red, blue, and green, nay, white and black,

“ L--- and all about your ears.

“ You’d write as smooth again on glass,

“ And run on ivory so glib,

“ As not to stick at fool or ass,

“ Nor stop at flattery or fib.

“ Athenian Queen! and sober charms!

“ I tell ye, fool, there’s nothing in’t:

“ ’Tis Venus, Venus gives these arms;

“ In Dryden’s Virgil see the print.

“ Come, if you’ll be a quiet soul,

“ That dares tell neither truth nor lies,

“ I’ll list you in the harmless roll

“ Of those that sing of these poor eyes.

THE FOLLOWING LINES WERE SUNG BY DURASTANTI
WHEN SHE TOOK HER LEAVE OF THE ENGLISH STAGE.
THE WORDS WERE IN HASTE PUT TOGETHER AT
THE REQUEST OF THE EARL OF PETERBOROW.

GENEROUS, gay, and gallant nation,
Bold in arms, and bright in arts;
Land secure from all invasion,
All but Cupid's gentle darts!
From your charms, oh who would run?
Who would leave you for the fun?

Happy foil, adieu, adieu!
Let old charmers yield to new.
In arms, in arts, be still more shining;
All your joys be still encreasing;
All your tastes be still refining;
All your jars for ever ceasing:
But let old charmers yield to new:---
Happy foil, adieu, adieu!

A
D I A L O G U E.

POPE.

SINCE my old friend is grown so great,
As to be minister of state,
I'm told (but 'tis not true I hope)
That Craggs will be ashamed of Pope.

CRAGGS.

Alas! if I am such a creature,
To grow the worse for growing greater;
Why faith, in spite of all my brags,
'Tis Pope must be ashamed of Craggs.

E P I G R A M.

ENGRAVED ON THE COLLAR OF A DOG, WHICH I GAVE
TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS.

I Am his Highness' dog at Kew;
Pray tell me, Sir, whose dog are you?

VERSES TO BE PREFIXED BEFORE BERNARD LINTOT'S
NEW MISCELLANY.

SOME Colinaeus praise, some Bleau,
Others account them but so, so;
Some Plantin to the rest prefer,
And some esteem Old Elzevir;
Others with Aldus wou'd besot us;
I, for my part, admire Lintottus---
His character's beyond compare,
Like his own person, large and fair---
They print their names in letters small,
But LINTOT stands in capital:
Author, and He, with equal grace,
Appear, and stare you in the face.
Stephens prints Heathen Greek, 'tis said,
Which some can't construe, some can't read;
But all that comes from Lintot's hand
Ev'n Rawlinson might understand.---
Oft' in an Aldus, or a Plantin,
A page is blotted, or leaf wanting;
Of Lintot's books this can't be said,
All fair, and not so much as read.---

Their copy cost them not a penny:
 To Homer, Virgil, or to any,
 They ne'er gave fixpence for two lines,
 To them, their heirs, or their assigns;
 But Lintot is at vast expence,
 And pays prodigious dear for sense.---
 Their books are useful but to few,
 A scholar, or a wit or two;
 Lintot's for gen'ral use are fit,
 For, some folks read, but all folks ----.

U P O N T H E

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH'S

HOUSE AT WOODSTOCK.

*Atria longè patent; sed nec coenantibus usquam,
 Nec somno locus est: quàm bene non habites!*

MART. Epig.

SEE, Sir, here's the grand approach,
 This way is for his Grace's coach;
 There lies the bridge, and here's the clock,
 Observe the lion and the cock,

The spacious court, the colonnade,
 And mark how wide the hall is made!
 The chimneys are so well design'd,
 They never smoke in any wind.
 This gallery's contriv'd for walking,
 The windows to retire and talk in;
 The council-chamber for debate,
 And all the rest are rooms of state.

Thanks, Sir, cry'd I, 'tis very fine.
 But where d'ye sleep, or where d'ye dine?
 I find by all you have been telling,
 That 'tis a house, but not a dwelling.

TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

I.
IN beauty, or wit,
 No mortal as yet
 To question your empire has dar'd;
 But men of discerning
 Have thought that in learning,
 To yield to a lady was hard.

II.

Impertinent schools,
With musty dull rules,
Have reading to females deny'd:
So papists refuse
The Bible to use,
Lest flocks shou'd be wise as their guide.

III.

'Twas a woman at first,
(Indeed she was curst)
In knowledge that tasted delight,
And sages agree
The laws shou'd decree
To the first of possessors the right.

IV.

Then bravely, fair dame,
Resume the old claim,
Which to your whole sex does belong;
And let men receive,
From a second bright Eve,
The knowledge of right, and of wrong.

V.

But if the first Eve
Hard doom did receive,

When only one apple had she,
What a punishment new
Shall be found out for you,
Who tasting, have robb'd the whole tree?

THE THREE GENTLE SHEPHERDS.

OF gentle Philips will I ever sing,
With gentle Philips shall the vallies ring.
My numbers too for ever will I vary,
With gentle Budgell, and with gentle Carey.
Or if in ranging of the names I judge ill,
With gentle Carey and with gentle Budgell.
Oh! may all gentle bards together place ye,
Men of good hearts, and men of delicacy.
May satire ne'er befool ye, or beknave ye,
And from all wits that have a knack, Gad save ye.

E P I S T L E

T O

D R. A R B U T H N O T,

B E I N G T H E

P R O L O G U E

T O T H E

S A T I R E S.

N

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TO THE

FIRST PUBLICATION OF THIS EPISTLE.

THIS paper is a sort of bill of complaint, begun many years since, and drawn up by snatches, as the several occasions offered. I had no thoughts of publishing it, till it pleased some persons of rank and fortune [the authors of Verses to the Imitator of Horace, and of an Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity from a Nobleman at Hampton-Court] to attack, in a very extraordinary manner, not only my writings, (of which, being public, the public is judge) but my person, morals, and family, whereof, to those who know me not, a truer information may be requisite. Being divided between the necessity to say something of myself, and my own laziness to undertake so awkward a task, I thought it the shortest way to put the last hand to this Epistle. If it have any thing pleasing, it will be that by which I am most desirous to please, the truth and the sentiment; and if any thing offensive, it will

be only to those I am least sorry to offend, the vicious or the ungenerous.

Many will know their own pictures in it, there being not a circumstance but what is true; but I have, for the most part, spared their names, and they may escape being laughed at, if they please.

I would have some of them know, it was owing to the request of the learned and candid friend to whom it is inscribed, that I make not as free use of theirs as they have done of mine. However, I shall have this advantage and honour on my side, that whereas, by their proceeding, any abuse may be directed at any man, no injury can possibly be done by mine, since a nameless character can never be found out, but by its truth and likeness.

E P I S T L E

T O

D R. A R B U T H N O T.

P. **S**HUT, shut the door, good John! fatigu'd, I said,
Tye up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.
The dog-star rages! nay 'tis past a doubt,
All bedlam, or Parnassus is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?
They pierce my thickets, thro' my grot they glide,
By land, by water, they renew the charge,
They stop the chariot, and they board the barge.
No place is sacred, not the church is free,
Ev'n Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me:
Then from the mint walks forth the man of rhyme,
Happy! to catch me, just at dinner-time.

Is there a parson much be-mus'd in beer,
A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,

o

A clerk foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza when he should engross?
Is there who, lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls
With desp'rate charcoal round his darken'd walls?
All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble strain
Apply to me to keep them mad or vain.
Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,
Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause:
Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope,
And curses wit, and poetry, and Pope.

Friend to my life! (which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song)
What drop or nostrum can this plague remove?
Or which must end me, a fool's wrath or love?
A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped;
If foes, they write; if friends, they read me dead.
Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge, how wretched I!
Who can't be silent, and who will not lie.
To laugh were want of goodness and of grace,
And to be grave exceeds all pow'r of face.
I sit with sad civility, I read
With honest anguish and an aching head;
And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
This saving counsel, "Keep your piece nine years."

Nine years! cries he, who, high in Drury-Lane,
Lull'd by soft zephyrs thro' the broken pane,
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before Term ends,
Oblig'd by hunger and request of friends:

"The piece, you think, is incorrect? why take it,

"I'm all submission, what you'd have it, make it."

Three things another's modest wishes bound,
My friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound.

Pitholeon sends to me: "You know his Grace,

"I want a patron; ask him for a place."

Pitholeon libell'd me---"But here's a letter

"Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no better.

"Dare you refuse him? Curl invites to dine,

"He'll write a Journal, or he'll turn divine."

Bless me! a packet.---" 'Tis a stranger fues,

"A virgin tragedy, an orphan muse."

If I dislike it, "Furies, death, and rage!"

If I approve, "Commend it to the stage."

There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends,

The play'rs and I are, luckily, no friends.

Fir'd that the house reject him, " 'Sdeath, I'll print it,

"And shame the fools---Your int'rest, Sir, with Lintot."

Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much:

"Not, Sir, if you revise it, and retouch."

All my demurs but double his attacks;
At last he whispers, "Do, and we go snacks."
Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door;
"Sir, let me see your works and you no more."

'Tis sung, when Midas' ears began to spring,
(Midas, a sacred person and a king)
His very minister who spy'd them first
(Some say his queen) was forc'd to speak or burst.
And is not mine, my friend, a forer case,
When ev'ry coxcomb perks them in my face?

A. Good friend! forbear; you deal in dang'rous things;
I'd never name queens, ministers, or kings;
Keep close to ears, and those let asses prick,
'Tis nothing---P. Nothing? if they bite and kick?
Out with it, Dunciad! let the secret pass,
That secret to each fool, that he's an ass:
The truth once told (and wherefore should we lie?)
The queen of Midas slept, and so may I.

You think this cruel? take it for a rule,
No creature smarts so little as a fool.
Let peals of laughter, Codrus! round thee break,
Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty crack:
Pit, box, and gall'ry in convulsions hurl'd,
Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world.

Who shames a scribbler? break one cobweb thro',
 He spins the flight, self-pleasing thread anew:
 Destroy his fib or sophistry, in vain;
 The creature's at his dirty work again,
 Thron'd on the centre of his thin designs,
 Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines!
 Whom have I hurt? has poet yet, or peer,
 Lost the arch'd eye-brow, or Parnassian sneer?
 And has not Colly still his lord and whore?
 His butchers Henley, his free-masons Moor?
 Does not one table Bavius still admit?
 Still to one bishop Philips seem a wit?
 Still Sappho---A. Hold! for God's sake---you'll offend,
 No names---be calm---learn prudence of a friend:
 I too could write, and I am twice as tall;
 But foes like these---P. One flatt'rer's worse than all.
 Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,
 It is the flaver kills; and not the bite.
 A fool quite angry is quite innocent:
 Alas! 'tis ten times worse when they repent.

One dedicates in high heroic prose,
 And ridicules beyond a hundred foes:
 One from all Grubstreet will my fame defend,
 And, more abusive, calls himself my friend.

This prints my letters, that expects a bribe,
And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe."

There are who to my person pay their court:
I cough like Horace, and, tho' lean, am short;
Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,
Such Ovid's nose, and, "Sir! you have an eye---"
Go on, obliging creatures, make me see
All that disgrac'd my betters met in me.
Say, for my comfort, languishing in bed,
"Just so immortal Maro held his head:"
And when I die, be sure you let me know
Great Homer dy'd three thousand years ago.

Why did I write? what sin to me unknown
Dipt me in ink, my parents', or my own?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came:
I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobey'd:
The muse but serv'd to ease some friend, not wife,
To help me thro' this long disease, my life,
To second, Arbuthnot! thy art and care,
And teach the being you preserv'd to bear.

But why then publish? Granville the polite,
And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could write;

Well-natur'd Garth inflam'd with early praise,
 And Congreve lov'd, and Swift endur'd my lays;
 The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield read,
 Even mitred Rochester would nod the head,
 And St. John's self (great Dryden's friends before)
 With open arms receiv'd one poet more.
 Happy my studies, when by these approv'd!
 Happier their Author, when by these belov'd!
 From these the world will judge of men and books,
 Not from the Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cooks.

Soft were my numbers; who could take offence
 While pure description held the place of sense?
 Like gentle Fanny's was my flow'ry theme,
 A painted mistress, or a purling stream.
 Yet then did Gildon draw his venal quill;
 I wish'd the man a dinner, and fat still:
 Yet then did Dennis rave in furious fret;
 I never answer'd; I was not in debt.
 If want provok'd, or madness made them print,
 I wag'd no war with Bedlam or the Mint.

Did some more sober critic come abroad;
 If wrong, I smil'd; if right, I kiss'd the rod.
 Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,
 And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense.

Commas and points they set exactly right,
And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.
Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel grac'd these ribalds,
From flashing Bentley down to piddling Tibalds:
Each wight who reads not, and but scans and spells,
Each word-catcher that lives on syllables,
Ev'n such small critics some regard may claim,
Preserv'd in Milton's, or in Shakespear's name.
Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.

Were others angry: I excus'd them too;
Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find;
But each man's secret standard in his mind,
That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
This who can gratify? for who can guess?
The bard whom pilfer'd pastorals renown,
Who turns a Persian tale for half-a-crown,
Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
And strains from hard-bound brains eight lines a-year;
He who still wanting, tho' he lives on theft,
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left;

And he who now to sense, now nonsense, leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning;
And he whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but prose run mad:
All these my modest Satire bade translate,
And own'd that nine such poets made a Tate.
How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe!
And swear, not Addison himself was safe.

Peace to all such! But were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires,
Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease;
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne;
View him with scornful yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserv'd to blame or to commend,
A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading ev'n fools; by flatterers besieg'd,
And so obliging that he ne'er oblig'd;

Like Cato give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While wits and Templars ev'ry sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise---
Who but must laugh if such a man there be!
Who would not weep if Atticus were he!

What tho' my name stood rubric on the walls
Or plaster'd posts, with claps, in capitals?
Or smoking forth, a hundred hawkers load,
On wings of winds came flying all abroad?
I fought no homage from the race that write;
I kept, like Asian monarchs, from their sight:
Poems I heeded (now be-rhym'd so long)
No more than thou, great George! a birth-day song.
I ne'er with wits or witlings pass'd my days
To spread about the itch of verse and praise;
Nor like a puppy daggled thro' the Town
To fetch and carry sing-song up and down;
Nor at rehearsals sweat, and mouth'd, and cry'd,
With handkerchief and orange at my side;
But sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
To Bufo left the whole Castalian state.

Proud as Apollo on his forked hill
Sat full-blown Bufo, puff'd by ev'ry quill;

Fed with soft dedication all day long,
 Horace and he went hand in hand in song.
 His library (where busts of poets dead
 And a true Pindar stood without a head)
 Receiv'd of wits an undistinguish'd race,
 Who first his judgment ask'd, and then a place:
 Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his feat,
 And flatter'd ev'ry day, and some days ate;
 Till grown more frugal in his riper days,
 He paid some bards with port, and some with praise;
 To some a dry rehearsal was assign'd,
 And others (harder still) he paid in kind.
 Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh;
 Dryden alone escap'd this judging eye:
 But still the great have kindness in reserve,
 He help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve.

May some choice patron bless each gray-goose quill!
 May ev'ry Bavius have his Bufo still!
 So when a statesman wants a day's defence,
 Or Envy holds a whole week's war with Sense,
 Or simple Pride for flatt'ry makes demands,
 May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands!
 Blest be the great! for those they take away,
 And those they left me; for they left me Gay;

Left me to see neglected genius bloom,
Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb:
Of all thy blameless life the sole return
My verse, and Queensb'ry weeping o'er thy urn!

Oh! let me live my own, and die so too!
(To live and die is all I have to do;)
Maintain a poet's dignity and ease,
And see what friends, and read what books, I please;
Above a patron, tho' I condescend
Sometimes to call a minister my friend.
I was not born for courts or great affairs;
I pay my debts, believe, and say my pray'rs;
Can sleep without a poem in my head,
Nor know if Dennis be alive or dead.

Why am I ask'd what next shall see the light?
Heav'ns! was I born for nothing but to write?
Has life no joys for me? or (to be grave)
Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save?
" I found him close with Swift---Inded? no doubt
" (Cries prating Balbus) something will come out."
'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will;
" No, such a genius never can lie still;"
And then for mine obligingly mistakes
The first lampoon Sir Will. or Bubo makes.

Poor guiltless I! and can I chuse but smile
 When ev'ry coxcomb knows me by my Style?
 Curst be the verse, how well foe'er it flow,
 That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
 Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
 Or from the soft-ey'd virgin steal a tear!
 But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,
 Insults fall'n worth, or beauty in distress,
 Who loves a lie, lame slander helps about,
 Who writes a libel, or who copies out;
 That fop whose pride affects a patron's name,
 Yet absent, wounds an author's honest fame;
 Who can your merit selfishly approve,
 And show the sense of it without the love;
 Who has the vanity to call you Friend,
 Yet wants the honour, injur'd, to defend;
 Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
 And, if he lie not, must at least betray;
 Who to the Dean and silver bell can swear,
 And fees at Cannons what was never there;
 Who reads, but with a lust to misapply,
 Make satire a lampoon, and fiction lie.
 A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
 But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.

Let Sporus tremble---A. What? that thing of silk,
Sporus! that mere white curd of afs's milk?
Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel!
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?
P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings;
Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
And as the prompter breathes the puppet squeaks;
Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,
Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,
In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies;
His wit all see-saw between that and this,
Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
And he himself one vile antithesis. }
Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
The trifling head or the corrupted heart;

Fop at the toilet, flatt'rer at the board,
 Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.
 Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have exprest,
 A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest;
 Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
 Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.

Not Fortune's worshipper nor Fashion's fool,
 Not Lucre's madman nor Ambition's tool,
 Not proud nor servile, be one poet's praise,
 That, if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by many ways;
 That flatt'ry, ev'n to kings, he held a shame,
 And thought a lie in verse or prose the same;
 That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long,
 But stoop'd to truth, and moraliz'd his song;
 That not for fame, but virtue's better end,
 He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,
 The damning critic, half-approving wit,
 The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit;
 Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never had,
 The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
 The distant threats of vengeance on his head,
 The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed;
 The tale reviv'd, the lie so oft' o'erthrown,
 Th' imputed trash, and dulness not his own;

The morals blacken'd when the writings 'scape,
The libell'd person, and the pictur'd shape;
Abuse on all he lov'd or lov'd him, spread,
A friend in exile, or a father dead;
The whisper that, to greatness still too near,
Perhaps yet vibrates on his sov'reign's ear---
Welcome for thee, fair Virtue! all the past;
For thee, fair Virtue! welcome ev'n the last!

A. But why insult the poor, affront the great?

P. A knave's a knave to me in ev'ry state;
Alike my scorn if he succeed or fail
Sporus at court, or Japhet in a jail;
A hireling scribbler or a hireling peer,
Knight of the Post corrupt or of the shire,
If on a pillory, or near a throne,
He gain his prince's ear or lose his own.

Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
Sappho can tell you how this man was bit:
This dreaded fat'rist Dennis will confess
Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress:
So humble, he has knock'd at Tibbald's door,
Has drunk with Cibber, nay, has rhym'd for Moore.
Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply?
Three thousand suns went down on Welsted's lie.

To please a mistress one aspers'd his life;
 He lash'd him not, but let her be his wife:
 Let Budgell charge low Grubstreet on his quill,
 And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his Will;
 Let the two Curls of town and court abuse
 His father, mother, body, soul, and muse:
 Yet why? that father held it for a rule
 It was a sin to call our neighbour Fool;
 That harmless mother thought no wife a whore:
 Hear this, and spare his family, James Moore!
 Unspotted names, and memorable long!
 If there be force in virtue or in song.

Of gentle blood (part shed in Honour's cause,
 While yet in Britain Honour had applause)
 Each parent sprung---A. What fortune, pray?---P. their own;
 And better got than Bestia's from the throne.
 Born to no pride, inheriting no strife,
 Nor marrying discord in a noble wife,
 Stranger to civil and religious rage,
 The good man walk'd innoxious thro' his age:
 No courts he saw, no suits would ever try,
 Nor dar'd an oath, nor hazarded a lie.
 Unlearn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,
 No language but the language of the heart.

By nature honest, by experience wise,
Healthy by temp'rance and by exercise,
His life, tho' long, to sickness past unknown,
His death was instant, and without a groan.
O grant me thus to live and thus to die!
Who sprung from kings shall know less joy than I.

Oh, Friend! may each domestic bliss be thine!
Be no unpleasing melancholy mine:
Me let the tender office long engage
To rock the cradle of reposing age,
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make Languor smile, and smooth the bed of Death,
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep a while one parent from the sky!
On cares like these if length of days attend,
May Heav'n, to bless those days, preserve my friend,
Preserve him social, cheerful, and serene,
And just as rich as when he serv'd a Queen.
A. Whether that blessing be deny'd or giv'n
Thus far 'was right, the rest belongs to Heav'n.

S A T I R E S

AND

E P I S T L E S

OF

H O R A C E

I M I T A T E D.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE occasion of publishing these Imitations was the clamour raised on some of my Epistles. An answer from Horace was both more full and of more dignity than any I could have made in my own person; and the example of much greater freedom in so eminent a divine as Dr. Donne seemed a proof with what indignation and contempt a Christian may treat vice or folly in ever so low or ever so high a station. Both these authors were acceptable to the princes and ministers under whom they lived. The Satires of Dr. Donne I verified at the desire of the Earl of Oxford, while he was Lord Treasurer, and of the Duke of Shrewsbury, who had been Secretary of State, neither of whom looked upon a satire on vicious courts as any reflection on those they served in. And indeed there is not in the world a greater error than that which fools are so apt to fall into, and knaves with good reason to encourage, the mistaking a satirist for a libeller; whereas to a true satirist nothing is so odious as a libeller; for the same reason as to a man truly virtuous nothing is so hateful as a hypocrite.

Uni aequus virtuti atque ejus amicis.

H O R A C E, B O O K I I.

S A T I R E I.

T O M R. F O R T E S C U E.

P. **T** H E R E are, (I scarce can think it, but am told)

¹ There are to whom my Satire seems too bold;

Scarce to wife Peter complaisant enough,

And something said of Chartres much too rough.

² The lines are weak, another's pleas'd to say;

Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a-day.

Tim'rous by nature, of the rich in awe,

³ I come to council learned in the law :

H O R A T I I, L I B. I I.

S A T I R A P R I M A.

H O R A T I U S. T R E B A T I U S.

¹ H. **S** U N T quibus in Satira videar nimis acer, et ultra

Legem tendere opus: ² sine nervis altera, quidquid

Composui, pars esse putat, fimilesque meorum

Mille die versus deduci posse. ³ Trebati,

You'll give me, like a friend both sage and free,
Advice; and (as you use) without a fee.

F. ' I'd write no more.

P. Not write? but then I think,

² And for my soul I cannot sleep a wink.

I nod in company, I wake at night,

Fools rush into my head, and so I write.

F. You could not do a worse thing for your life.

Why, if the nights seem tedious---take a wife:

³ Or rather, truly, if your point be rest,

Lettuce and cowslip-wine: PROBATUM EST.

But talk with Celsus, Celsus will advise

Hartshorn, or something that shall close your eyes.

Quid faciam? Praescribe.

T. ' Quiescas,

H. Ne faciam, inquis,

Omnino versus?

T. Aio.

H. Peream male, si non

Optimum erat: ² verum nequeo dormire.

T. ³ Ter uncti

Transnanto Tiberim, somno quibus est opus alto;

Irriguumque mero sub noctem corpus habento.

¹ Or if you needs must write, write Caesar's praise,

² You'll gain at least a knighthood, or the bays.

P. What? like Sir³ Richard, rumbling, rough, and fierce,
With arms, and George, and Brunswick, crowd the verse,
Rend with tremendous sound your ears asunder,
With gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss, and thunder?
Or nobly wild, with Budgell's fire and force,
Paint angels trembling round his falling horse?

F. ⁴ Then all your Muse's softer art display,
Let Carolina smooth the tuneful lay;
Lull with Amelia's liquid name the Nine,
And sweetly flow thro' all the royal line.

¹ Aut, si tantus amor scribendi te rapit, aude
Caesaris invicti res dicere, ² multa laborum
Praemia laturus.

H. Cupidum, pater optime, vires
Deficiunt: ³ neque enim quivis horrentia pilis
Agmina, nec fracta pereuntes cuspide Gallos,
Aut labentis equo describat vulnera Parthi.

T. ⁴ Attamen et justum poteras et scribere fortem,
Scipiadam ut sapiens Lucilius.

H. Haud mihi deero,

P. ¹ Alas! few verses touch their nicer ear;
 They scarce can bear their Laureate twice a-year;
 And justly Caesar scorns the poet's lays;
 It is to history he trusts for praise.

F. ² Better be Cibber, I'll maintain it still,
 Than ridicule all taste, blaspheme Quadrille,
 Abuse the City's best good men in metre,
 And laugh at peers that put their trust in Peter.
³ Ev'n those you touch not hate you.

P. What should ail them?

F. A hundred smart in Timon and in Balaam:
 The fewer still you name you wound the more;
 Bond is but one, but Harpax is a score.

P. ⁴ Each mortal has his pleasure: none deny
 Scarfdale his bottle, Darty his ham-pie:

Cum res ipsa feret: ¹ nisi dextro tempore, Flacci
 Verba per attentam non ibunt Caesaris aurem;
 Cui male si palpere, recalcitrat undique tutus.

T. ² Quanto rectius hoc, quam tristi laedere versu
 Pantolabum scurram, Nomentanumque nepotem?

³ Cum sibi quisque timet, quanquam est intactus, et odit.

H. ⁴ Quid faciam? saltat Milonius, ut semel icto

Ridotta sips and dances till she see
 The doubling lustres dance as fast as she:
¹ F--- loves the senate, Hockley-hole his brother,
 Like in all else, as one egg to another.
² I love to pour out all myself as plain
 As downright Shippen or as old Montagne:
 In them, as certain to be lov'd as seen,
 The soul stood forth, nor kept a thought within;
 In me what spots (for spots I have) appear
 Will prove at least the medium must be clear.
 In this impartial glass my Muse intends
 Fair to expose myself, my foes, my friends;
 Publish the present age; but where my text
 Is vice too high, reserve it for the next:

Accessit fervor capiti, numerusque lucernis.

¹ Castor gaudet equis; ovo prognatus eodem,
 Pugnis. Quot capitum vivunt, totidem studiorum
 Millia. ² Me pedibus delectat claudere verba,
 Lucili ritu, nostrum melioris utroque.
 Ille velut fidis arcana sodalibus olim
 Credebat libris; neque, si male gesserat, usquam
 Decurrens alio, neque si bene: quo fit ut omnis

My foes shall with my life a longer date,
 And ev'ry friend the less lament my fate.
 My head and heart thus flowing thro' my quill,
¹ Verse-man or Prose-man, term me which you will,
 Papist or Protestant, or both between,
 Like good Erasmus, in an honest mean,
 In moderation placing all my glory,
 While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.

² Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
 To run a-muck, and tilt at all I meet;
³ I only wear it in a land of Hectors,
 Thieves, supercargoes, sharpers, and directors.

Votiva pateat veluti descripta tabella
 Vita senis. Sequor hunc, ¹ Lucanus an Appulus, anceps:
 [Nam Venusinus arat finem sub utrumque colonus,
 Missus ad hoc, pulsus (vetus est ut fama) Sabellis,
 Quo ne per vacuum Romano incurreret hostis;
 Sive quod Appula gens, seu quod Lucania bellum
 Incuteret violenta.] ² Sed hic stylus haud petet ultro
 Quemquam animantem, et me veluti custodiet ensis
 Vagina tectus: quem cur distringere coner,
³ Tutus ab infestis latronibus? O pater et rex

¹ Save but our army! and let Jove incrust
Swords, pikes, and guns, with everlasting rust!

² Peace is my dear delight---not Fleury's more;
But touch me, and no minister so fore.

Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time

³ Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme,
Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
And the sad burthen of some merry song.

⁴ Slander or poison dread from Delia's rage;
Hard words or hanging, if your judge be Page:
From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate,
P-x'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate.

⁵ Its proper pow'r to hurt each creature feels;
Bulls aim their horns, and asses lift their heels;

¹ Jupiter, ut pereat positum rubigine telum,
Nec quisquam noceat ² cupido mihi pacis! at ille,
Qui me commôrit, (melius non tangere, clamo)
³ Flebit, et insignis tota cantabitur urbe.

⁴ Cervius iratus leges minitatur et urnam;
Canidia Albuti, quibus est inimica, venenum;
Grande malum Turius, si quid se judice certes.

⁵ Ut, quò quisque valet, suspectos terreat, utque
Imperet hoc natura potens, sic collige mecum.

'Tis a bear's talent not to kick, but hug;
 And no man wonders he's not stung by pug.
¹ So drink with Walters, or with Chartres eat,
 They'll never poison you, they'll only cheat.

² Then, learned Sir! (to cut the matter short)
 Whate'er my fate, or well or ill at court,
 Whether old age, with faint but cheerful ray,
 Attends to gild the ev'ning of my day,
 Or Death's black wing already be display'd,
 To wrap me in the universal shade;
 Whether the darken'd room to muse invite,
 Or whiten'd wall provoke the skew'r to write;
 In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,
³ Like Lee or Budgell I will rhyme and print.

Dente lupus, cornu taurus petit. Unde, nisi intus
 Monstratum? ¹ Scaevae vivacem crede nepoti
 Matrem; nil faciet sceleris pia dextera: (mirum!
 Ut neque calce lupus quemquam, neque dente petit bos)
 Sed mala tollet anum vitiato melle cicuta.

² Ne longum faciam; seu me tranquilla senectus
 Expectat, seu mors atris circumvolat alis;
 Dives, inops, Romae, seu fors ita jusserit, exsul;
³ Quisquis erit vitae, scribam, color.

F. ¹ Alas, young man! your days can ne'er be long;
 In flow'r of age you perish for a song!
 Plums and directors, Shylock and his wife,
 Will club their testers now to take your life!

P. ² What? arm'd for virtue when I point the pen,
 Brand the bold front of shameless guilty men,
 Dash the proud gamester in his gilded car,
 Bare the mean heart that lurks beneath a star;
 Can there be wanting, to defend her cause,
 Lights of the church, or guardians of the laws?
 Could pension'd Boileau lash in honest strain
 Flatt'ers and bigots ev'n in Louis' reign?
 Could Laureate Dryden pimp and fry'r engage,
 Yet neither Charles nor James be in a rage?
 And I not ³ strip the gilding off a knave,
 Unplac'd, unpension'd, no man's heir or slave?

T. ¹ O puer, ut sis
 Vitalis metuo; et majorum ne quis amicus
 Frigore te feriat.

H. ² Quid? cum est Lucilius ausus
 Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem,
³ Detrahare et pellem, nitidus qua quisque per ora
 Cederet, introrsum turpis; num Laelius, aut qui

I will, or perish in the gen'rous cause:
 Hear this, and tremble! you who 'scape the laws.
 Yes, while I live no rich or noble knave
 Shall walk the world in credit to his grave:
 ' To Virtue only and her friends a friend,
 The world beside may murmur or commend.
 Know, all the distant din that world can keep
 Rolls o'er my grotto, and but sooths my sleep:
 ' There my retreat the best companions grace,
 Chiefs out of war, and statesmen out of place:
 There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl
 The feast of reason and the flow of soul:
 And he whose lightning pierc'd th' Iberian lines
 Now forms my quincunx and now ranks my vines,

Duxit ab oppressa meritum Carthagine nomen,
 Ingenio offensi? aut laeso doluere Metello,
 Famosisque Lupo cooperto versibus? Atqui
 Primores populi arripuit populumque tributim;
 Scilicet ' uni aequus virtuti atque ejus amicis.
 ' Quin, ubi se a vulgo et scena, in secreta remorant
 Virtus Scipiadae et mitis sapientia Laeli,
 Nugari cum illo, et discincti ludere, donec
 Decoqueretur olus, soliti.

Or tames the genius of the stubborn plain
Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.

¹ Envy must own I live among the great,
No pimp of pleasure, and no spy of state,
With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats,
Fond to spread friendships, but to cover heats;
To help who want, to forward who excel;
This all who know me know, who love me tell;
And who unknown defame me, let them be
Scribblers or peers, alike are mob to me.
This is my plea, on this I rest my cause---

² What faith my counsel, learned in the laws?

F. ³ Your plea is good; but still I say Beware!
Laws are explain'd by men---so have a care.

Quidquid sum ego, quamvis

Infra Lucilî censum ingeniumque; tamen me

¹ Cum magnis vixisse invita fatebitur usque

Invidia; et fragili quaerens illidere dentem,

Offendet solido: ² nisi quid tu, docte Trebati,

Dissentis.

T. ³ Equidem nihil hinc diffindere possum.

Sed tamen ut monitus caveas, ne forte negoti

It stands on record, that in Richard's times
A man was hang'd for very honest rhymes.

¹ Consult the statute; *QUART.* I think it is,
EDWARDI SEXT. OR PRIM. ET QUINT. ELIZ.
See Libels, Satires---here you have it---read.

P. ² Libels and satires! lawless things indeed!
But grave epistles, bringing vice to light,
Such as a king might read, a bishop write,
Such as Sir Robert would approve---*F.* Indeed?
The case is alter'd---you may then proceed;
³ In such a cause the plaintiff will be hiss'd,
My lords the judges laugh, and you're dismiss'd.

Incutiat tibi quid sanctarum inscitia legum:

¹ “ Si mala condiderit in quem quis carmina, jus est
“ *Judiciumque.*”

H. *Esto, si quis* ² *mala: sed bona si quis*
Judice condiderit laudatur Caesare. Si quis
Opprobriis dignum latraverit, integer ipse,
T. ³ *Solventur risu tabulae; tu missus abibis.*

HORACE, BOOK II.

SATIRE II.

TO MR. BETHEL.

¹ **W**HAT, and how great, the virtue and the art
To live on little with a cheerful heart!

² (A doctrine sage, but truly none of mine)

Let's talk, my friends, but talk ³ before we dine;

⁴ Not when a gilt buffet's reflected pride

Turns you from sound philosophy aside;

Not when from plate to plate your eye-balls roll,

And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.

Hear Bethel's sermon, one not vers'd in schools,

⁵ But strong in sense, and wise without the rules:

SATIRA II.

¹ **Q**UAE virtus et quanta, boni, fit vivere parvo,

(² Nec meus hic sermo est; sed quem praecepit Ofellus,

Rusticus, ⁵ abnormis sapiens, crassaque Minerva)

Discite, ⁴ non inter lances mensasque nitentes;

Cum stupet infans acies fulgoribus, et cum

Acclinis falsis animus meliora recusat;

³ Verum hic impransi mecum disquirite. Cur hoc?

¹ Go work, hunt, exercise! (he thus began)
Then scorn a homely dinner if you can.
² Your wine lock'd up, your butler stroll'd abroad,
Or fish deny'd, (the river yet unthaw'd)
If then plain bread and milk will do the feat,
The pleasure lies in you, and not the meat.

Dicam, si potero. Male verum examinat omnis
Corruptus iudex. ¹ Leporem sectatus, equove
Lassus ab indomito; vel si Romana fatigat
Militia assuetum Graecari; seu pila velox,
Molliter austerum studio fallente laborem;
Seu te discus agit, pete cedentem aëra disco:
Cum labor extuderit fastidia; ficcus, inanis,
Sperne cibum vilem; nisi Hymettia mella Falerno
Ne biberis diluta. ² Foris est promus, et atrum
Defendens pisces hiemat mare: cum sale panis
Latrantem stomachum bene leniet. Unde putas? aut
Quî partum? Non in caro nidore voluptas
Summa, sed in teipso est. Tu pulmentaria quaere
Sudando. Pinguem vitis albumque, nec ostrea,
Nec scarus, aut poterit peregrina juvare lagois.

¹ Preach as I please, I doubt our curious men
Will chuse a pheasant still before a hen;
Yet hens of Guinea full as good I hold,
Except you eat the feathers green and gold.
² Of carps and mullets why prefer the great,
(Tho' cut in pieces ere my Lord can eat)
Yet for small turbot such esteem profess?
Because God made these large, the other less.

¹ Vix tamen eripiam, posito pavone, velis quin
Hoc potius quam gallina tergere palatum,
Corruptus vanis rerum; quia veneat auro
Rara avis, et picta pandat spectacula cauda:
Tanquam ad rem attineat quicquam. Num vesceris ista,
Quam laudas, pluma? cocto num adest honor idem?
Carne tamen quamvis distat nihil, hac magis illa;
Imparibus formis deceptum te patet. Esto.
Unde datum sentis, lupus hic, Tiberinus, an alto
Captus hiet? pontefne inter jactatus, an amnis
Ostia sub Tusci? ² Laudas, insane, trilibrem
Mullum; in singula quem minuas pulmenta necesse est.
Ducit te species, video. Quo pertinet ergo
Proceros odisse lupos? quia scilicet illis
Majorem natura modum dedit, his breve pondus.

¹ Oldfield, with more than Harpy throat endu'd,
 Cries, " Send me, Gods! a whole hog barbecu'd!"
 Oh blast it, ² South-winds! till a stench exhale
 Rank as the ripeness of a rabbit's tail.
 By what criterion do you eat, d'ye think,
 If this is priz'd for sweetness, that for stink?
 When the tir'd glutton labours thro' a treat,
 He finds no relish in the sweetest meat;
 He calls for something bitter, something sour,
 And the rich feast concludes extremely poor.
³ Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives, still we see;
 Thus much is left of old simplicity!

Jejunus raro stomachus vulgaria temnit.

¹ Porrectum magno magnum spectare catino
 Vellem, ait Harpyiis gula digna rapacibus. At vos
² Praesentes Austri, coquite horum obsonia: quamquam
 Putet aper rhombusque recens, mala copia quando
 Aegrum sollicitat stomachum; cum rapula plenus
 Atque acidas mavult inulas. ³ Necdum omnis abacta
 Pauperies epulis regum: nam vilibus ovis,
 Nigrisque est oleis hodie locus. Haud ita pridem
 Galloni praeconis erat acipensere mensa
 Infamis. Quid? tum rhombos minus aequor alebat?

¹ The robin-redbreast till of late had rest,
And children sacred held a martin's nest,
Till beccaficos fold so dev'lish dear
To one that was, or would have been, a peer.

² Let me extol a cat on oyfters fed,
I'll have a party at the Bedford-head;
Or ev'n to crack live crawfish recommend;
I'd never doubt at court to make a friend.

³ 'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother
About one vice and fall into the other:
Between excess and famine lies a mean;
Plain, but not fordid; tho' not splendid, clean.

⁴ Avidien or his wife (no matter which,
For him you'll call a ⁵ dog, and her a bitch)

¹ Tutus erat rhombus, tutoque ciconia nido;
Donec vos auctor docuit praetorius. Ergo
² Si quis nunc mergos suaves edixerit affos;
Parebit pravi docilis Romana juvenus.

³ Sordidus a tenui victu distabit, Ofello
Judice. Nam frustra vitium vitaveris illud;
Si te alio pravum detorseris. ⁴ Avidienus,
⁵ Cui Canis ex vero ductum cognomen adhaeret,
Quinquennes oleas est, et sylvestria corna;

Sell their presented partridges and fruits,
 And humbly live on rabbits and on roots:
¹ One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine,
 And is at once their vinegar and wine:
 But on some ² lucky day, (as when they found
 A lost bank-bill, or heard their son was drown'd)
 At such a feast, ³ old vinegar to spare,
 Is what two souls so gen'rous cannot bear:
 Oil, tho' it stink, they drop by drop impart,
 But soufe the cabbage with a bounteous heart.

⁴ He knows to live who keeps the middle state,
 And neither leans on this side nor on that;
 Nor ⁵ stops for one bad cork his butler's pay,
 Swears, like Albutius, a good cook away;

¹ Ac, nisi mutatum, parcit defundere vinum; et
 Cujus odorem olei nequeas perferre, (licebit
 Ille repotia, natales, alioſve dierum

² Festos albatus celebret) cornu ipse bilibri
 Caulibus instillat, ³ veteris non parcus aceti.

Quali igitur victu sapiens utetur, et horum
 Utrum imitabitur? Hac urget lupo, hac canis, aiunt.

⁴ Mundus erit, qua non offendat fordibus, atque
 In neutram partem cultus miser. ⁵ Hic neque servis,

Nor lets, like ¹ Naevius, ev'ry error pass,
The musty wine, foul cloth, or greasy glass.

² Now hear what blessings temperance can bring:
(Thus said our friend, and what he said I sing)

³ First health: the stomach (cramm'd from ev'ry dish,
A tomb of boil'd and roast, and flesh and fish,
Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid, jar,
And all the man is one intestine war)
Remembers oft' ⁴ the school-boy's simple fare,
The temp'rate sleeps, and spirits light as air.

⁵ How pale each worshipful and rev'rend guest
Rise from a clergy or a city feast!

Albuti senis exemplo, dum munia didit,
Saevus erit; nec sic ut simplex ¹ Naevius, unctam
Convivis praebebit aquam: vitium hoc quoque magnum.

² Accipe nunc, victus tenuis quae quantaque secum
Afferat. ³ In primis valeas bene: nam variae res
Ut noceant homini, credas, memor illius escae,
Quae simplex ⁴ olim tibi federit. At simul assis
Miscueris elixa, simul conchylia turdis;
Dulcia se in bilem vertent, stomachoque tumultum
Lenta feret pituita. ⁵ Vides, ut pallidus omnis
Coena defurgat dubia? quin corpus onustum

What life in all that ample body say?

What heav'nly particle inspires the clay?

The soul subsides, and wickedly inclines

To seem but mortal ev'n in found divines.

¹ On morning wings how active springs the mind
That leaves the load of yesterday behind!

How easy ev'ry labour it pursues!

How coming to the poet ev'ry Muse!

² Not but we may exceed some holy time,
Or tir'd in search of truth or search of rhyme:

Ill health some just indulgence may engage,

And more the sickness of long life, old age:

³ For fainting age what cordial drop remains,
If our intemp'rate youth the vessel drains?

Hesternis vitiis animum quoque praegravat una,
Atque affigit humo divinae particulam aurae.

¹ Alter, ubi dicto citius curata sopori
Membra dedit, vegetus praescripta ad munia surgit.

² Hic tamen ad melius poterit transcurrere quondam;
Sive diem festum rediens advexerit annus,

Seu recreare volet tenuatum corpus;¹ ubique
Accedent anni, et tractari mollius aetas

Imbecilla volet. ³ Tibi quidnam accedet ad istam,

¹ Our fathers prais'd rank ven'son. You suppose,
Perhaps, young men! our fathers had no nose.
Not so: a buck was then a week's repast,
And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it last;
More pleas'd to keep it till their friends could come
Than eat the sweetest by themselves at home.

² Why had not I in those good times my birth,
Ere coxcomb pies or coxcombs were on earth?

Unworthy he the voice of Fame to hear,
³ That sweetest music to an honest ear;
(For 'faith, Lord Fanny! you are in the wrong,
The world's good word is better than a song)

Quam puer et validus praesumis, mollitiem; seu
Dura valetudo inciderit, seu tarda senectus?

¹ Rancidum aprum antiqui laudabant: non quia natus
Illis nullus erat; sed, credo, hac mente, quod hospes
Tardius adveniens, vitiatum commodius, quam
Integrum edax dominus consumeret. ² Hos utinam inter
Heroas natum tellus me prima tulisset.

³ Das aliquid famae, quae carmine gratior aurem
Occupat humanam? Grandes rhombi, patinaeque

Who has not learn'd ¹ fresh sturgeon and ham-pie
 Are no rewards for want and infamy!
 When luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf,
 Curs'd by thy ² neighbours, thy trustees, thyself;
 To friends, to fortune, to mankind a shame,
 Think how posterity will treat thy name;
 And ³ buy a rope, that future times may tell
 Thou hast at least bestow'd one penny well.

⁴ "Right," cries his lordship; "for a rogue in need
 "To have a taste is insolence indeed:
 "In me 'tis noble, suits my birth and state,
 "My wealth unwieldy, and my heap too great."
 Then, like the sun, let ⁵ Bounty spread her ray,
 And shine that superfluity away.

Grande ferunt una ¹ cum damno dedecus. Adde

² Iratum patrum, vicinos, te tibi iniquum,
 Et frustra mortis cupidum, cum deerit egenti

³ As, laquei pretium.

⁴ Jure, inquis, Trahus istis

Jurgatur verbis: ego vectigalia magna,

Divitiasque habeo tribus amplas regibus. ⁵ Ergo

Quod superat, non est melius quo insumere possis?

Cur eget indignus quisquam, te divite? quare

Oh impudence of wealth! with all thy store
 How dar'st thou let one worthy man be poor?
 Shall half the ¹ new-built churches round thee fall?
 Make quays, build bridges, or repair Whitehall;
 Or to thy country let that heap be lent,
 As M**o's was, but not at five per cent.

² Who thinks that Fortune cannot change her mind
 Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind.
 And ³ who stands safest? tell me, is it he
 That spreads and swells in puff'd prosperity,
 Or, bless'd with little, whose preventing care
 In peace provides fit arms against a war?

⁴ Thus Bethel spoke, who always speaks his thought,
 And always thinks the very thing he ought:

¹ *Templa ruunt antiqua Deum? cur, improbe, carae
 Non aliquid patriae tanto emetiris acervo?
 Uni nimirum recte tibi semper erunt res?*

² *O magnus posthac inimicis risus! uterne*

³ *Ad casus dubios fidet sibi certius? hic, qui
 Pluribus affuerit mentem corpusque superbum;
 An qui contentus parvo, metuensque futuri,
 In pace, ut sapiens, aptarit idonea bello?*

⁴ *Quo magis his credas: puer hunc ego parvus Ofellum*

His equal mind I copy what I can,
 And as I love would imitate the man.
 In South-sea days not happier, when furmis'd
 The lord of thousands, than if now ¹ excis'd;
 In forest planted by a father's hand,
 Than in five acres now of rented land.
 Content with little, I can piddle here
 On ² brocoli and mutton round the year;
 But ³ ancient friends (tho' poor, or out of play)
 That touch my bell, I cannot turn away:
 'Tis true, no ⁴ turbots dignify my boards,
 But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords:
 To Hounslow-heath I point, and Bansted-down,
 Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my own:

Integris opibus novi non latius ufum,
 Quam nunc ¹ accifis. Videas metato in agello,
 Cum pecore et gnatis, fortem mercede colonum,
 Non ego, narrantem, temere edi luce profesta
 Quidquam, praeter ² olus, fumosae cum pede pernae.
 Ac mihi, cum ³ longum post tempus venerat hospes,
 Sive operum vacuo gratus conviva per imbrem
 Vicinus; bene erat, non piscibus urbe petitis,
 Sed pullo, atque hoedo: tum ⁴ pensilis uva secundas

¹ From yon old walnut-tree a show'r shall fall,
 And grapes, long ling'ring on my only wall,
 And figs from standard and espalier join;
 The devil is in you if you cannot dine:
 Then ² cheerful healths, (your mistrefs shall have place)
 And, what's more rare, a poet shall say grace.

³ Fortune not much of humbling me can boast;
 Tho' double tax'd, how little have I lost?
 My life's amusements have been just the same
 Before and after ⁴ standing armies came.
 My lands are sold, my father's house is gone;
 I'll hire another's; is not that my own,
 And yours, my friends? thro' whose free-op'ning gate
 None comes too early, none departs too late;
 (For I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best,
 Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.)

Et nux ¹ ornabat mensas, cum duplice ficu.
 Post hoc ludus erat ² cuppa potare magistra:
 Ac venerata Ceres, ut culmo furgeret alto,
 Explicuit vino contractae seria frontis.
³ Saeviat, atque novos moveat Fortuna tumultus!
 Quantum hinc imminuet? quanto aut ego parcus, aut vos,
 O pueri, nituistis, ut huc ⁴ novus incola venit?

" Pray Heav'n it last! (cries Swift) as you go on;
 " I wish to God this house had been your own!
 " Pity! to build without a son or wife:
 " Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life."
 Well, if the use be mine, can it concern one
 Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon?
 What's ¹ property? dear Swift! you see it alter
 From you to me, from me to ² Peter Walter;
 Or in a mortgage prove a lawyer's share,
 Or in a jointure vanish from the heir;
 Or in pure ³ equity (the case not clear)
 The Chanc'ry takes your rents for twenty year:
 At best it falls to some ⁴ ungracious son,¹
 Who cries, " My father's damn'd, and all's my own."
⁵ Shades that to Bacon could retreat afford,
 Become the portion of a booby lord;

Nam ¹ propriae telluris herum natura, neque illum,
 Nec me, nec quemquam statuit. Nos expulit ille:
 Illum aut ² nequities, aut ³ vafri inscitia juris,
 Postremo expellet certe ⁴ vivacior heres.

⁵ Nunc ager Umbreni sub nomine, nuper Ofelli
 Dictus, erit nulli proprius; sed cedet in usum

And Hemfley, once proud Buckingham's delight,
Slides to a scriv'ner or a city knight.

' Let lands and houses have what lords they will,
Let us be fix'd, and our own masters still.

Nunc mihi, nunc alii. ' Quocirca vivite fortes;
Fortiaque adversis opponite pectora rebus.

HORACE, BOOK I.

EPISTLE I.

TO L. BOLINGBROKE.

ST. JOHN, whose love indulg'd my labours past,
Matures my present, and shall bound my last!
Why ¹ will you break the sabbath of my days?
Now sick alike of envy and of praise.
Public too long, ah! let me hide my age;
See modest ² Cibber now has left the stage:
Our gen'als now, ³ retir'd to their estates,
Hang their old trophies o'er the garden gates,
In life's cool ev'ning satiate of applause,
Nor ⁴ fond of bleeding ev'n in Brunswick's cause.

EPISTOLA I.

PRIMA dicte mihi, summa dicende camena,
¹ Spectatum satis, et donatum jam rude, quaeris,
Maecenas, iterum antiquo me includere ludo.
Non eadem est aetas, non mens. ² Veianius, armis
³ Herculis ad postem fixis, latet abditus agro,
Ne populum ⁴ extrema toties exoret arena.

¹ A voice there is that whispers in my ear,
 ('Tis Reason's voice, which sometimes one can hear)
 " Friend Pope! be prudent, let your ² Muse take breath,
 " And never gallop Pegafus to death;
 " Lest stiff and stately, void of fire or force,
 " You limp, like Blackmore, on a Lord Mayor's horse."

Farewell then ³ verse, and love, and ev'ry toy,
 The rhymes and rattles of the man or boy;
 What ⁴ right, what true, what fit, we justly call,
 Let this be all my care---for this is all:
 To lay this ⁵ harvest up, and hoard with haste
 What ev'ry day will want, and most the last.

But ask not to what ⁶ doctors I apply?
 Sworn to no master, of no sect am I:

¹ Est mihi purgatam crebro qui perfonet aurem;
 Solve ² fenefcentem mature fanus equum, ne
 Peccet ad extremum ridendus, et ilia ducat.
 Nunc itaque et ³ verfus et caetera ludicra pono;
 Quid ⁴ verum atque decens, curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc fum:
⁵ Condo, et compono, quae mox depromere poffim.
 Ac ne forte roges, ⁶ quo me duce, quo lare tuter:
 Nullius addictus jurare in verba magiftri,

As drives the ¹ storm, at any door I knock,
 And house with Montagne now, or now with Locke.
 Sometimes a ² patriot, active in debate,
 Mix with the world, and battle for the state;
 Free as young Lyttleton, her cause pursue,
 Still true to virtue, ³ and as warm as true:
 Sometimes with Aristippus or St. Paul
 Indulge my candour, and grow all to all;
 Back to my ⁴ native moderation slide,
 And win my way by yielding to the tide.

⁵ Long as to him who works for debt the day,
 Long as the night to her whose love's away,
 Long as the year's dull circle seems to run
 When the brisk minor pants for twenty-one;

¹ Quo me cunque rapit tempestas, deferor hospes.
 Nunc agilis fio, et merfor ² civilibus undis,
 Virtutis verae custos, ³ rigidusque fatelles;
 Nunc in Aristippi ⁴ furtim praecepta relabor,
 Et mihi res, non me rebus, subjungere conor.
⁵ Ut nox longa, quibus mentitur amica, diesque
 Lenta videtur opus debentibus; ut piger annus
 Pupillis, quos dura premit custodia matrum:

So flow ' th' unprofitable moments roll,
 That lock up all the functions of my soul;
 That keep me from myself, and still delay
 Life's instant bus'ness to a future day;
 That ² task which, as we follow or despise,
 The eldest is a fool, the youngest wife;
 Which done the poorest can no wants endure;
 And which not done the richest must be poor.

³ Late as it is I put myself to school,
 And feel some ⁴ comfort not to be a fool.
⁵ Weak tho' I am of limb, and short of fight,
 Far from a lynx, and not a giant quite,
 I'll do what Mead and Cheselden advise
 To keep these limbs, and to preserve these eyes.

Sic mihi tarda ¹ fluunt ingrataque tempora, quae spem
 Consiliumque morantur agendi gnaviter ² id, quod
 Aequè pauperibus prodest, locupletibus aequè,
 Aequè neglectum pueris senibusque nocebit.

³ Restat, ut his ego me ipse regam ⁴ solerque elementis:
⁵ Non possis oculo quantum contendere Lynceus;
 Non tamen idcirco contemnas lippus iungi:
 Nec, quia desperes invicti membra Glyconis,
 Nodosa corpus nolis prohibere chiragra.

Not to ¹ go back is somewhat to advance,
And men must walk at least before they dance.

Say, does thy ² blood rebel, thy bosom move
With wretched av'rice, or as wretched love?
Know there are words and spells which can controul,
³ Between the fits, this fever of the soul;
Know there are rhymes which, ⁴ fresh and fresh apply'd,
Will cure the arrant'st puppy of his pride.
Be ⁵ furious, envious, slothful, mad, or drunk,
⁶ Slave to a wife, or vassal to a punk,
A Switz, a High-Dutch or a Low-Dutch ⁷ bear;
All that we ask is but a patient ear.

Est quodam prodire ¹ tenus, si non datur ultra.
² Fervet avaritia, miseroque cupidine pectus?
Sunt verba et voces, quibus hunc lenire dolorem
Possis, et ³ magnam morbi deponere partem.
Laudis amore tumes? sunt ⁴ certa piacula, quae te
Ter pure lecto poterunt recreare libello.
⁵ Invidus, iracundus, iners, vinosus, ⁶ amator;
Nemo ⁷ adeo ferus est, ut non mitescere possit,
Si modo culturae patientem commodet aurem.

¹ 'Tis the first virtue vices to abhor,
 And the first wisdom to be fool no more:
 But to the world no ² bugbear is so great
 As want of figure and a small estate.
³ To either India see the merchant fly,
 Scar'd at the spectre of pale Poverty!
 See him with pains of body, pangs of soul,
 Burn thro' the tropic, freeze beneath the pole!
 Wilt thou do nothing for a nobler end,
 Nothing to make Philosophy thy friend?
 To stop thy foolish views, thy long desires,
 And ⁴ ease thy heart of all that it admires?

¹ Virtus est, vitium fugere; et sapientia prima,
 Stultitia caruisse. Vides, quae ² maxima credis
 Esse mala, exiguum censum, turpemque repulsam,
 Quanto devites animi capitisque labore.
 Impiger extremos curris mercator ad Indos,
 Per ³ mare pauperiem fugiens, per faxa, per ignes:
 Ne cures ⁴ ea, quae stulte miraris et optas,
 Discere, et audire, et meliori credere non vis?
 Quis circum pagos et circum compita pugnax
 Magna coronari contemnat Olympia, cui spes,
 Cui sit conditio dulcis sine pulvere palmae?

Here wisdom calls, ¹ "Seek Virtue first, be bold!

"As gold to silver virtue is to gold."

There London's voice, ² "Get money, money still!

"And then let Virtue follow if she will."

This, this the saving doctrine preach'd to all,

From ³ low St. James's up to high St. Paul;

From him whose ⁴ quills stand quiver'd at his ear,

To him who notches sticks at Westminster.

Barnard in ⁵ spirit, sense, and truth, abounds;

"Pray then what wants he?" Fourscore thousand pounds;

A pension, or such harness for a slave

As Bug now has, and Dorimant would have.

Barnard, thou art a ⁶ Cit, with all thy worth;

But Bug and D^{*1}, Their Honours! and so forth.

Yet ev'ry ⁷ child another song will sing,

"Virtue, brave boys! 'tis virtue makes a king."

"¹ Vilius argentum est auro, virtutibus aurum.

"² O cives, cives, quaerenda pecunia primum est;

"Virtus post nummos:" haec ³ Janus summus ab imo
Perdocet; haec recinunt juvenes dictata senesque,

⁴ Laevo suspensi loculos tabulamque lacerto.

Est ⁵ animus tibi, sunt mores, est lingua, fidesque:

Sed quadringentis sex septem millia desint:

⁶ Plebs eris. ⁷ At pueri ludentes, Rex eris, aiunt,

True conscious honour is to feel no sin;
He's arm'd without that's innocent within:
Be this thy ¹ screen, and this thy wall of brass;
Compar'd to this a minister's an ass.

² And say, to which shall our applause belong,
This new court-jargon, or the good old song?
The modern language of corrupted peers,
Or what was spoke at ³ Cressy or Poitiers?
⁴ Who counsels best? who whispers, "Be but great,
"With praise or infamy leave that to Fate;
"Get place and wealth, if possible, with grace;
"If not, by any means get wealth and place."
For what? to have a ⁵ box where eunuchs sing,
And foremost in the circle eye a king.

Si recte facies. Hic ¹ murus aheneus esto,
Nil conscire sibi, nulla pallescere culpa.

² Roscia, dic fodes, melior lex, an puerorum
Naenia, quae regnum recte facientibus offert,
Et maribus ³ Curiis, et decantata Camillis?

⁴ Isne tibi melius suadet, qui, "Rem facias; rem,
"Si possis recte; si non, quocunque modo rem;"
Ut ⁵ propius spectes lacrymosa poemata Puppi:

Or ¹ he who bids thee face with steady view
 Proud Fortune, and look shallow Greatness thro',
 And ² while he bids thee sets th' example too?
 If ³ such a doctrine, in St. James's air,
 Should chance to make the well-dress'd rabble stare;
 If honest S**z take scandal at a spark
 That less admires the ⁴ Palace than the Park;
 Faith I shall give the answer ⁵ Reynard gave,
 " I cannot like, dread Sir! your royal cave;
 " Because I see, by all the tracts about,
 " Full many a beast goes in, but none comes out."
 Adieu to Virtue if you're once a slave:
 Send her to court, you send her to her grave.

Well, if a king's a lion, at the least
 The ⁶ people are a many-headed beast:

An ¹ qui fortunae te respondere superbae
 Liberum et erectum ² praesens hortatur, et aptat?
³ Quod si me populus Romanus forte roget, cur
 Non, ut ⁴ porticibus, sic judiciis fruar iisdem,
 Nec sequar aut fugiam, quae diligit ipse vel odit;
 Olim quod ⁵ vulpes aegroto cauta leoni
 Respondit, referam: Quia me vestigia terrent,
 Omnia te adversum spectantia, nulla retrorsum.
⁶ Bellua multorum es caput. Nam quid sequar, aut quem?

Can they direct what measures to pursue
 Who know themselves so little what to do?
 Alike in nothing but one lust of gold,
 Just half the land would buy, and half be sold:
 Their ¹ country's wealth our mightier misers drain,
 Or cross, to plunder provinces, the main:
 The rest, some farm the poor-box, some the pews;
 Some keep assemblies, and would keep the stews;
 Some ² with fat bucks on childless dotards fawn;
 Some win rich widows by their chine and brawn;
 While with the silent growth of ten per cent,
 In dirt and darkness ³ hundreds stink content.

Of all these ways, if each ⁴ pursues his own,
 Satire be kind, and let the wretch alone;
 But shew me one who has it in his pow'r
 To act consistent with himself an hour.

Pars hominum gestit ¹ conducere publica: sunt qui

² Cruftis et pomis viduas venentur avaras,

Excipiantque senes, quos in vivaria mittant:

³ Multis occulto crescit res fenore. ⁴ Verum

Esto aliis alios rebus studiisque teneri:

Idem eadem possunt horam durare probantes?

Sir Job ¹ fail'd forth, the ev'ning bright and still,

"No place on earth (he cry'd) like Greenwich hill!"

² Up starts a palace; lo, th' obedient base

Slopes at its foot, the woods its sides embrace,

The silver Thames reflects its marble face.

Now let some whimsy, or that ³ devil within

Which guides all those who know not what they mean,

But give the knight (or give his lady) spleen;

"Away, away! take all your scaffolds down,

"For Snug's the word: my dear! we'll live in Town."

At am'rous Flavio is the ⁴ stocking thrown?

That very night he longs to lie alone.

⁵ The fool whose wife elopes some thrice a quarter,

For matrimonial solace dies a martyr.

¹ Nullus in orbe sinus Baiis praelucet amoenis,

Si dixit dives; ² lacus et mare sentit amorem

Festinantis heri: cui si ³ vitiosa libido

Fecerit auspiciū; cras ferramenta Teanum

Tolletis, fabri. ⁴ Lectus genialis in aula est?

Nil ait esse prius, melius nil coelibe vita:

⁵ Si non est, jurat bene solis esse maritis.

Did ever ¹ Proteus, Merlin, any witch;
 Transform themselves so strangely as the rich?
 Well, but the ² poor---the poor have the same itch;
 They change their ³ weekly barber, weekly news,
 Prefer a new japanner to their shoes,
 Discharge their garrets, move their beds, and run
 (They know not whither) in a chase and one;
 They ⁴ hire their sculler, and when once aboard
 Grow sick, and damn the climate---like a lord.

⁵ You laugh half-beau, half-floven, if I stand,
 My wig all powder, and all snuff my band;
 You laugh if coat and breeches strangely vary,
 White gloves, and linen worthy Lady Mary!
 But when ⁶ no prelate's lawn, with hair-shirt lin'd,
 Is half so incoherent as my mind,

¹ Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo?
 Quid ² pauper? ride: mutat ³ coenacula, lectos,
 Balnea, tonfores; ⁴ conducto navigio aequè
 Nauseat ac locuples, quem ducit priva triremis.

⁵ Si curatus inaequali tonfore capillos
 Occurro; rides: si forte subucula pexae
 Trita subest tunicae, vel si toga diffidet impar;
 Rides: quid, ⁶ mea cum pugnat sententia secum?

When (each opinion with the next at strife,
 One ¹ ebb and flow of follies all my life)
 I ² plant, root up; I build, and then confound;
 Turn round to square, and square again to round;
³ You never change one muscle of your face,
 You think this madness but a common case,
 Nor ⁴ once to Chanc'ry nor to Hale apply,
 Yet hang your lip to see a seam awry!
 Careless how ill I with myself agree,
 Kind to my dress, my figure, not to me.
 Is this my ⁵ guide, philosopher, and friend?
 This he who loves me, and who ought to mend?
 Who ought to make me (what he can, or none)
 That man divine whom Wisdom calls her own;

Quod petiit, spernit; repetit quod nuper omisit;

¹ Aestuat, et vitae disconvenit ordine toto;

² Diruit, aedificat, mutat quadrata rotundis?

³ Infanire putas solennia me, neque rides,

Nec ⁴ medici credis, nec curatoris egere

A praetore dati; rerum ⁵ tutela mearum

Cum sis, et prave sectum stomacheris ob unguem

De te pendentis, te respicientis amici.

Great without title, without fortune blest'd;
 Rich ¹ ev'n when plunder'd, honour'd while oppress'd;
 Lov'd ² without youth, and follow'd without pow'r;
 At home tho' exil'd; ³ free tho' in the Tow'r:
 In short, that reas'ning, high, immortal thing,
 Just ⁴ less than Jove, and ⁵ much above a king:
 Nay, half in heav'n---⁶ except (what's mighty odd)
 A fit of vapours clouds this demi-god.

Ad summam, sapiens uno minor est Jove, ¹ dives,
² Liber, ³ honoratus, ⁴ pulcher, ⁵ rex denique regum;
 Praecipue sanus, ⁶ nisi cum pituita molesta est.

H O R A C E, B O O K I.

E P I S T L E IV.

T O L. BOLINGBROKE.

SAY, ¹ St. John, who alone peruse
With candid eye, the mimic muse,
What schemes of politics, or laws,
In Gallic lands the patriot draws!
Is then a greater work in hand,
Than all the tomes of Haines's band?
“ Or shoots he folly as it flies?
“ Or catches manners as they rise?”
Or urg'd by unquench'd native heat,
² Does St. John Greenwich sports repeat?

E P I S T O L A IV.

¹ ALBI, nostrorum sermonum candide judex,
Quid nunc te dicam facere in regione Pedana?
Scribere quod Cassi Parmensis opuscula vincat;
² An tacitum silvas inter reptare salubres,
Curantem quidquid dignum sapiente bonoque est?

Where (emulous of Chartres' fame)
 Ev'n Chartres' self is scarce a name.

¹ To you (th' all-envy'd gift of Heav'n)
 Th' indulgent gods, unask'd, have giv'n
 A form complete in ev'ry part,
 And, to enjoy that gift, the art.

² What could a tender mother's care
 With better, to her fav'rite heir,
 Than wit, and fame, and lucky hours,
 A stock of health, and golden show'rs,
 And graceful fluency of speech,
 Precepts before unknown to teach?

³ Amidst thy various ebbs of fear;
 And gleaming hope, and black despair,
 Yet let thy friend this truth impart,
 A truth I tell with bleeding heart,

Non tu corpus eras sine pectore. ¹ Dî tibi formam,
 Dî tibi divitias dederunt, artemque fruendi.

² Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno,
 Quam sapere, et fari possit quae sentiat; et cui
 Gratia, fama, valetudo contingat abunde,
 Et mundus victus, non deficiente crumena?

³ Inter spem curamque, timores inter et iras,

(In justice for your labours past)

¹ That ev'ry day shall be your last;

That ev'ry hour you life renew

Is to your injur'd country due.

In spite of fears, of mercy spite,

My genius still must rail, and write.

Haste to thy Twick'nham's safe retreat,

And mingle with the grumbling great:

There, half devour'd by spleen, you'll find

The rhyming bubbler of mankind;

There (objects of our mutual hate)

We'll ridicule both church and state.

¹ Omnem crede diem tibi diluxisse supremum.

Grata superveniet, quae non sperabitur, hora.

Me pinguem et nitidum bene curata cute vides,

Cum ridere voles, Epicuri de grege porcum.

HORACE, BOOK I.

EPISTLE VI.

TO MR. MURRAY.

“NOT to admire is all the art I know

“To make men happy and to keep them so.”

(Plain truth, dear Murray! needs no flow'rs of speech,
So take it in the very words of Creech.)

' This vault of air, this congregated ball,
Self-centred sun, and stars that rise and fall,
There are, my Friend! whose philosophic eyes
Look thro', and trust the Ruler with his skies;
To him commit the hour, the day, the year,
And view ² this dreadful All without a fear.

EPISTOLA VI.

NIL admirari, prope res est una, Numici,
Solaque quae possit facere et servare beatum.

' Hunc solem, et stellas, et decedentia certis
Tempora momentis, sunt qui ² formidine nulla

Admire we then what ¹ earth's low entrails hold,
 Arabian shores, or Indian seas infold;
 All the mad trade of ² fools and slaves for gold?
 Or ³ popularity? or stars and strings?
 The mob's applauses, or the gifts of kings?
 Say with what ⁴ eyes we ought at courts to gaze,
 And pay the great our homage of amaze?

If weak the ⁵ pleasure that from these can spring,
 The fear to want them is as weak a thing:
 Whether we dread, or whether we desire,
 In either case believe me we admire:
 Whether we ⁶ joy or grieve, the same the curse,
 Surpris'd at better, or surpris'd at worse.

Imbuti spectent. ¹ Quid censes munera terrae?
 Quid, maris extremos Arabas ² ditantis et Indos?
 Ludicra, quid, ³ plausus, et amici dona Quiritis?
 Quo spectanda modo, ⁴ quo sensu credis, et ore?
⁵ Qui timet his adversa, fere miratur eodem
 Quo cupiens pacto: pavor est utrobique molestus:
 Improvisa simul species exterret utrumque:
⁶ Gaudeat, an doleat; cupiat, metuatne; quid ad rem:
 Si, quidquid vidit melius pejusse sua spe,
 Defixis oculis, animoque et corpore torpet?

Thus good or bad, to one extreme betray
 Th' unbalanc'd mind, and snatch the man away;
 For ¹ virtue's self may too much zeal be had;
 The worst of madmen is a faint run mad.

² Go then, and if you can, admire the state
 Of beaming diamonds and reflected plate;
 Procure a taste to double the surprise,
 And gaze on ³ Parian charms with learned eyes;
 Be struck with bright ⁴ brocade or Tyrian dye,
 Our birth-day nobles' splendid livery.
 If not so pleas'd, at ⁵ council-board rejoice
 To see their judgments hang upon thy voice;
 From ⁶ morn to night, at senate, rolls, and hall,
 Plead much, read more, dine late or not at all.
 But wherefore all this labour, all this strife?
 For ⁷ fame, for riches, for a noble wife?

¹ Infani sapiens nomen ferat, aequus iniqui;
 Ultra, quam satis est, virtutem si petat ipsam.

² I nunc, argentum, et marmor vetus, aeraque, et artes

³ Suspice: cum gemmis ⁴ Tyrios mirare colores:

Gaude, quod spectant oculi te ⁵ mille loquentem:

Gnavus ⁶ mane forum, et vespertinus pete tectum;

⁷ Ne plus frumenti dotalibus emetat agris

Shall ¹ one whom Nature, learning, birth, conspir'd
 To form not to admire but be admir'd,
 Sigh while his Chloe, blind to wit and worth,
 Weds the rich dulness of some son of earth?
 Yet ² time ennobles or degrades each line;
 It brighten'd Craggs's, and may darken thine.
 And what is fame? the meanest have their day;
 The greatest can but blaze and pass away.
 Grac'd as thou art ³ with all the pow'r of words,
 So known, so honour'd, at the House of Lords:
 Conspicuous scene! another yet is nigh,
 (More silent far) where kings and poets lie;
⁴ Where Murray (long enough his country's pride)
 Shall be no more than Tully or than Hyde!

⁵ Rack'd with sciatics, martyr'd with the stone,
 Will any mortal let himself alone?

Mutius et (indignum; quod fit peioribus ortus)

¹ Hic tibi fit potius, quam tu mirabilis illi.

² Quidquid sub terra est, in apricum proferet aetas;

Defodiet, condetque nitentia. ³ Cum bene notum

Porticus Agrippae, et via te conspexerit Appi;

Ire tamen restat Numa ⁴ quo devenit et Ancus.

⁵ Si latus aut renes morbo tentantur acuto,

See Ward by batter'd beaus invited over,
 And desp'rate Misery lays hold on Dover.
 The case is easier in the mind's disease;
 There all men may be cur'd whene'er they please.
 Would ye be ¹ bless'd? despise low joys, low gains;
 Disdain whatever Cornbury disdains;
 Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains.

² But art thou one whom new opinions sway,
 One who believes as Tindal leads the way,
 Who virtue and a church alike disowns,
 Thinks that but words, and this but brick and stones?
 Fly ³ then on all the wings of wild desire,
 Admire whate'er the maddest can admire.
 Is wealth thy passion? hence! from pole to pole,
 Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll,
 For Indian spices, for Peruvian gold,
 Prevent the greedy, or out-bid the bold:

Quaere fugam morbi. ¹ Vis recte vivere? Quis non?
 Si virtus hoc una potest dare, fortis omiſſis
 Hoc age deliciis.

² Virtutem verba putas, ut
 Lucum ligna? ³ Cave ne portus occupet alter:
 Ne Cibyrica, ne Bithyna negotia perdas:

¹ Advance thy golden mountain to the skies;
 On the broad base of fifty thousand rise;
 Add one round hundred, and (if that's not fair)
 Add fifty more, and bring it to a square:
 For, mark th' advantage; just so many score
 Will gain a ² wife with half as many more,
 Procure her beauty, make that beauty chaste,
 And then such ³ friends---as cannot fail to last.
 A ⁴ man of wealth is dubb'd a man of worth;
 Venus shall give him form, and Anstis birth.
 (Believe me many a ⁵ German prince is worse,
 Who proud of pedigree is poor of purse.)
 His wealth brave ⁶ Timon gloriously confounds;
 Ask'd for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds:

¹ Mille talenta rotundentur, totidem altera; porro
 Tertia succedant, et quae pars quadret acervum.
 Scilicet ² uxorem cum dote, fidemque, et ³ amicos,
 Et genus, et formam, regina ⁴ pecunia donat;
 Ac bene nummatum decorat Suadela, Venusque.
 Mancipiis locuples, eget aeris ⁵ Cappadocum rex:
 Ne fueris hic tu. ⁶ Chlamydes Lucullus, ut aiunt,
 Si posset centum scenae praebere rogatus,
 Qui possum tot? ait: tamen et quaeram, et quot habebo,

Or if three ladies like a luckless play,
Takes the whole House upon the poet's day.

¹ Now, in such exigencies not to need,
Upon my word you must be rich indeed:

A noble superfluity it craves,
Not for yourself, but for your fools and knaves;
Something which for your honour they may cheat,
And which it much becomes you to forget.

² If wealth alone then make and keep us blest,
Still, still be getting, never, never rest.

³ But if to pow'r and place your passion lie,
If in the pomp of life consist the joy,
Then ⁴ hire a slave, or (if you will) a lord,
To do the honours, and to give the word;

Mittam: post paulo scribit, sibi millia quinque
Esse domi chlamydem; partem, vel tolleret omnes.

¹ Exilis domus est, ubi non et multa supersunt,
Et dominum fallunt, et profunt furibus. ² Ergo
Si res sola potest facere et servare beatum;

Hoc primus repetas opus, hoc postremus omittas.

³ Si fortunatum species, et gratia praestat;

⁴ Mercemur servum, qui dicet nomina, laevum

Tell at your levee, as the crowds approach,
 To whom ¹ to nod, whom take into your coach,
 Whom honour with your hand; to make remarks,
 Who ² rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks:
 " This may be troublesome, is near the chair;
 " That makes three members, this can chuse a may'r."
 Instructed thus, you bow, embrace, protest,
 Adopt him ³ son, or cousin at the least,
 Then turn about, and ⁴ laugh at your own jest.

Or if your life be one continu'd treat,
 If ⁵ to live well means nothing but to eat;
 Up, up! cries Gluttony, 'tis break of day,
 Go drive the deer, and drag the finny prey;
 With hounds and horns go hunt an appetite---
 So ⁶ Ruffel did, but could not eat at night;

Qui fodicet latus, et ¹ cogat trans pondera dextram
 Porrigere: ² Hic multum in Fabia valet, ille Velina:
 Cui libet, is fasces dabit; eripietque curule,
 Cui volet, importunus ebur: ³ Frater, Pater, adde:
 Ut cuique est aetas, ita quemque ⁴ facetus adopta.
 Si ⁵ bene qui coenat, bene vivit: lucet, eamus
 Quo ducit gula: piscemur, venemur, (ut ⁶ olim
 Gargilius: qui mane plagas, venabula, servos,

Call'd happy dog the beggar at his door,
And envy'd thirst and hunger to the poor.

Or shall we ¹ ev'ry decency confound,
Thro' taverns, stews, and bagnios, take our round?
Go dine with Chartres, in each vice out-do
² K---l's lewd cargo, or Ty---y's crew,
From Latian Syrens, French Circaean feasts,
Return'd well travell'd, and transform'd to beasts;
Or for a titled punk or foreign flame
Renounce our ³ country, and degrade our name?

If, after all, we must with ⁴ Wilmot own
The cordial drop of life is love alone,
And Swift cry wisely "Vive la bagatelle!"
The man that loves and laughs must sure do well.

Differtum transire forum, populumque jubebat:
Unus ut e multis populo spectante referret
Emtum mulus aprum.) ¹ Crudi tumidique lavemur,
Quid deceat, quid non, obliti; Caerite cera
Digni; ² remigium vitiosum Ithacensis Ulyssæi;
Cui potior ³ patria fuit interdicta voluptas.
⁴ Si, Mimnermus uti censet, sine amore jocisque
Nil est jucundum; vivas in amore jocisque.

' Adieu---if this advice appear the worst,
E'en take the counsel which I gave you first;
Or better precepts if you can impart;
Why do, I'll follow them with all my heart.

' Vive; vale. Si quid novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperti: si non, his utere mecum.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE FOLLOWING EPISTLE.

THE reflections of Horace, and the judgments passed in his Epistle to Augustus, seemed so seasonable to the present times, that I could not help applying them to the use of my own country. The author thought them considerable enough to address them to his prince, whom he paints with all the great and good qualities of a monarch upon whom the Romans depended for the increase of an absolute empire: but to make the Poem entirely English, I was willing to add one or two of those which contribute to the happiness of a free people, and are more consistent with the welfare of our neighbours.

This Epistle will show the learned world to have fallen into two mistakes: one, that Augustus was a patron of poets in general; whereas he not only prohibited all but the best writers to name him, but recommended that care even to the civil magistrate; "*Admonebat praetores, ne paterentur nomen suum obsolescere, &c.*;" the other, that this Piece was only a general discourse of poetry; whereas it was an apology for the poets, in order to render Augustus more their patron. Horace here pleads the cause of his contemporaries; first, against the taste of the Town, whose humour it was to magnify the authors of the preceding age; secondly, against the court and nobility, who encouraged only the writers for the theatre; and, lastly, against the Emperor himself, who had conceived them of little use to the government. He shews (by a view of the progress of learning, and the change of taste among the Romans) that the introduction of the polite arts of Greece had given the writers of his time great advantages over their predecessors; that their morals were much improved, and the licence of those ancient poets restrained; that Satire and Comedy were become more just and useful; that whatever extravagancies were left on the stage were owing to the ill taste of the nobility; that poets, under due regulations, were in many respects useful to the state; and concludes, that it was upon them the Emperor himself must depend for his fame with posterity. We may further learn from this Epistle, that Horace made his court to this great prince by writing with a decent freedom towards him, with a just contempt of his low flatterers, and with a manly regard to his own character.

HORACE, BOOK II.

EPISTLE I.

TO AUGUSTUS.

WHILE you, great Patron of mankind! ¹ sustain
The balanc'd world, and open all the main,
Your country, chief in arms, abroad defend,
At home with morals, arts, and laws, amend;
² How shall the Muse, from such a monarch, steal
An hour, and not defraud the public weal?
³ Edward and Henry, now the boast of fame,
And virtuous Alfred, a more ⁴ sacred name,

EPISTOLA I.

AD AUGUSTUM.

CUM tot ¹ sustineas et tanta negotia solus,
Res Italas armis tuteris, moribus ornes,
Legibus emendes; in ² publica commoda peccem,
Si longo sermone morer tua tempora, Caesar.
³ Romulus, et Liber pater, et cum Castore Pollux,
Post ingentia facta, ⁴ Deorum in templa recepti,

After a life of gen'rous toils endur'd,
 The Gaul subdu'd, or property secur'd,
 Ambition humbled, mighty cities storm'd,
 Or laws establish'd, and the world reform'd,
¹ Clos'd their long glories with a sigh, to find
 Th' unwilling gratitude of base mankind!
 All human virtue, to its latest breath,
² Finds Envy never conquer'd but by Death.
 The great Alcides, ev'ry labour past,
 Had still this monster to subdue at last:
³ Sure fate of all, beneath whose rising ray
 Each star of meaner merit fades away!
 Oppress'd we feel the beam directly beat;
 Those suns of glory please not till they set.

Dum terras hominumque colunt genus, aspera bella
 Componunt, agros assignant, oppida condunt;
¹ Ploravere fuis non respondere favorem
 Speratum meritis. Diram qui contudit Hydram,
 Notaque fatali portenta labore subegit,
 Comperit ² invidiam supremo fine domari.
³ Urit enim fulgore suo, qui praegravat artes
 Infra se positas: extinctus amabitur idem.

To thee the world its present homage pays,
 The harvest early, ¹ but mature the praise:
 Great friend of Liberty! in kings a name
 Above all Greek, above all Roman, fame *;
 Whose word is truth, as sacred and rever'd
² As Heav'n's own oracles from altars heard.
 Wonder of kings! like whom, to mortal eyes,
³ None e'er has risen, and none e'er shall rise.

Just in one instance, be it yet confess'd
 Your people, Sir, are partial in the rest;
 Foes to all living worth except your own,
 And advocates for folly dead and gone.
 Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old;
 It is the rust we value, not the gold.

¹ Praesenti tibi maturos largimur honores,
² Jurandasque tuum per numen ponimus aras,
³ Nil oriturum alias, nil ortum tale fatentes.
 Sed tuus hoc populus, sapiens et justus in uno,
 * Te nostris ducibus, te Graiis anteferendo,
 Caetera nequaquam simili ratione modoque
 Aestimat; et, nisi quae terris semota suisque
 Temporibus defuncta videt, fastidit et odit:

¹ Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learn'd by rote,
 And beastly Skelton heads of houses quote.
 One likes no language but the Faery Queen;
 A Scot will fight for Christ's Kirk o' the Green;
 And each true Briton is to Ben so civil,

² He swears the Muses met him at The Devil.

Tho' justly ³ Greece her eldest sons admires,
 Why should not we be wiser than our fires?

In ev'ry public virtue we excel;

We build, we paint, ⁴ we sing, we dance, as well;

And ⁵ learned Athens to our art must stoop,

Could she behold us tumbling thro' a hoop.

¹ Sic fautor veterum, ut tabulas peccare vetantes,

Quas bis quinque viri sanxerunt, foedera regum,

Vel Gabiis vel cum rigidis aequata Sabinis,

Pontificum libros, annosa volumina vatum,

² Dictitet Albano Mufas in monte locutas.

Si, quia ³ Graecorum sunt antiquissima quaeque

Scripta vel optima, Romani pensantur eadem

Scriptores trutina; non est quod multa loquamur:

Nil intra est oleam, nil extra est in nuce duri.

Venimus ad summum fortunae: pingimus, atque

⁴ Pfallimus, et ⁵ luctamur Achivis doctius unctis.

If ¹ time improve our wits as well as wine,
 Say at what age a poet grows divine?
 Shall we, or shall we not, account him so
 Who dy'd, perhaps, an hundred years ago?
 End all dispute; and fix the year precise
 When British Bards begin t' immortalize?

“ Who lasts a ² century can have no flaw;
 “ I hold that wit a classic good in law.”

Suppose he wants a year will you compound?
 And shall we deem him ³ ancient, right, and sound,
 Or damn to all eternity at once
 At ninety-nine a modern and a dunce?

“ We shall not quarrel for a year or two;
 “ By ⁴ courtesy of England he may do.”

Si ¹ meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit;
 Scire velim, chartis pretium quotus arroget annus.
 Scriptor ab hinc annos centum qui decidit, inter
 Perfectos veteresque referri debet, an inter
 Viles atque novos? Excludat jurgia finis.
 Est vetus atque probus ² centum qui perficit annos.
 Quid? qui deperit minor uno mense vel anno,
 Inter quos referendus erit? ³ veteresne poetas,
 An quos et praesens et postera respuat aetas?
 Iste quidem veteres inter ponetur ⁴ honeste,

Then by the rule that made the ¹ horse-tail bare,
 I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,
 And melt ² down Ancients like a heap of snow,
 While you, to measure merits, look in ³ Stowe,
 And estimating authors by the year,
 Bestow a garland only on a ⁴ bier.

⁵ Shakespear (whom you and ev'ry play-house bill
 Style the Divine, the Matchless, what you will)
 For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
 And grew immortal in his own despight.
 Ben, old and poor, as little seem'd to heed
⁶ The life to come in ev'ry poet's creed,

Qui vel mense brevi, vel toto est junior anno.
 Utor permissō, caudaeque pilos ut ¹ equinae
 Paulatim vello; et demo unum, demo etiam unum;
 Dum cadat elusus ratione ² ruentis acervi,
 Qui redit ad ³ fastos, et virtutem aestimat annis,
 Miraturque nihil, nisi quod ⁴ Libitina sacrauit.

⁵ Ennius et sapiens, et fortis, et alter Homerus,
 Ut critici dicunt, leviter curare videtur
 Quo ⁶ promissa cadant, et somnia Pythagorea.

Who now reads ¹ Cowley? if he pleases yet,
 His moral pleases, not his pointed wit:
 Forgot his Epic, nay, Pindaric art,
 But still ² I love the language of his heart.

“ Yet surely, ³ surely these were famous men!
 “ What boy but hears the sayings of old Ben?
 “ In all ⁴ debates where critics bear a part,
 “ Not one but nods, and talks of Johnson’s art,
 “ Of Shakespear’s nature, and of Cowley’s wit;
 “ How Beaumont’s judgment check’d what Fletcher writ;
 “ How Shadwell hasty, Wycherly was slow;
 “ But, for the passions, Southern, fure, and Rowe!
 “ These, ⁵ only these, support the crowded stage
 “ From eldest Heywood down to Cibber’s age.”

¹ Naevius in manibus non est, et ² mentibus haeret
 Pene recens: ³ adeo sanctum est vetus omne poema.
 Ambigitur ⁴ quoties, uter utro sit prior; aufert
 Pacuvius docti famam senis, Accius alti:
 Dicitur Afrani toga convenisse Menandro;
 Plautus ad exemplar Siculi properare Epicharmi;
 Vincere Caecilius gravitate, Terentius arte.
 Hos ediscit, et hos arcto stipata theatro
 Spectat Roma potens; ⁵ habet hos numeratque poetas

All this may be; ¹ the people's voice is odd;
 It is, and it is not the voice of God.
 To ² Gammer Gurton if it give the bays,
 And yet deny the Careless Husband praise,
 Or say our fathers never broke a rule,
 Why then, I say, the Public is a fool.
 But let them own that greater faults than we
 They had, and greater virtues I'll agree.
 Spenser himself affects the ³ obsolete,
 And Sydney's verse halts ill on ⁴ Roman feet;
 Milton's strong pinion now not heav'n can bound,
 Now, serpent-like, in ⁵ prose he sweeps the ground;
 In quibbles angel and archangel join,
 And God the Father turns a school-divine.
⁶ Not that I'd lop the beauties from his book;
 Like ¹ flashing Bentley with his desp'rate hook,

Ad nostrum tempus, Livî scriptoris ab aevo.

¹ Interdum vulgus rectum videt: est ubi peccat.

Si ² veteres ita miratur laudatque poetas,

Ut nihil anteferat, nihil illis comparet; errat:

Si quaedam nimis ³ antique, si pleraque ⁴ dure

Dicere cedit eos, ⁵ ignave multa fatetur;

Et sapit, et mecum facit, et Jove judicat aequo.

⁶ Non equidem infector, delendaque carmina Livî

Or damn all Shakespear, like th' affected fool
At court, who hates whate'er he ² read at school.

But for the wits of either Charles's days,
The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease;
Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more,
(Like twinkling stars the miscellanies o'er)
One simile that ³ solitary shines
In the dry desert of a thousand lines,
Or ⁴ lengthen'd thought, that gleams thro' many a page,
Has sanctify'd whole poems for an age.
⁵ I lose my patience, and I own it too,
When works are censur'd not as bad, but new;
While if our elders break all Reason's laws,
These fools demand not pardon but applause.

Esse reor, memini quae ¹ plagosum ² mihi parvo
Orbilium dictare;

sed emendata videri,

Pulchraque, et exactis minimum distantia, miror:
Inter quae ³ verbum emicuit si forte decorum, et
Si ⁴ versus paulo concinnior unus et alter;
Injuste totum ducit venditque poema.

⁵ Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia crasse
Compositum, illepideve putetur, sed quia nuper;

¹ On Avon's bank, where flow'rs eternal blow,
 If I but ask if any weed can grow?
 One tragic sentence if I dare deride,
 Which ² Betterton's grave action dignify'd,
 Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphasis proclaims,
 (Tho' but perhaps a muster-roll of names)
 How will our fathers rise up in a rage,
 And swear all shame is lost in George's age!
 You'd think ³ no fools disgrac'd the former reign,
 Did not some grave examples yet remain,
 Who scorn a lad should teach his father skill,
 And having once been wrong will be so still.
 He who to seem more deep than you or I
 Extols old bards, ⁴ or Merlin's Prophecy,

Nec veniam antiquis, sed honorem et praemia posci.

¹ Recte necne crocum floresque perambulet Attae
 Fabula, si dubitem; clament periisse pudorem
 Cuncti pene patres, ea cum reprehendere coner,
 Quae ² gravis Aesopus, quae doctus Roscius egit:
 Vel quia nil ³ rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi, ducunt;
 Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, et, quae
 Imberbi didicere, senes perdenda fateri.
 Jam ⁴ faliare Numae carmen qui laudat, et illud,

Mistake him not; he envies, not admires,

And to debase the sons exalts the fires.

¹ Had ancient times conspir'd to disallow

What then was new, what had been ancient now?

Or what remain'd so worthy to be read

By learned critics of the mighty dead?

² In days of ease, when now the weary sword

Was sheath'd, and Luxury with Charles restor'd;

In ev'ry taste of foreign courts improv'd,

“ All by the King's example liv'd and lov'd.”

Then peers grew proud in ³ horsemanship t' excel,

New-market's glory rose as Britain's fell;

The soldier breath'd the gallantries of France,

And ev'ry flow'ry courtier writ romance.

Quod mecum ignorat, solus vult scire videri;

Ingeniis non ille favet plauditque sepultis,

Nostra sed impugnat, nos nostraque lividus odit.

¹ Quod si tam Graecis novitas invisa fuisset,

Quam nobis; quid nunc esset vetus? aut quid haberet,

Quod legeret tereretque viritim publicus usus?

² Ut primum positis nugari Graecia bellis

Coepit, et in vitium fortuna labier aequa;

Nunc athletarum studiis, nunc arsit ³ equorum;

Then ¹ marble, soften'd into life, grew warm,
 And yielding metal flow'd to human form;
 Lely on ² animated canvas stole
 The sleepy eye that spoke the melting soul.
 No wonder then, when all was love and sport,
 The willing Muses were debauch'd at Court;
 On ³ each enervate string they taught the note
 To pant, or tremble thro' an eunuch's throat.

But ⁴ Britain, changeful as a child at play,
 Now calls in princes, and now turns away.
 Now Whig, now Tory, what we lov'd we hate;
 Now all for pleasure, now for church and state;
 Now for prerogative, and now for laws;
 Effects unhappy! from a noble cause.

⁵ Time was a sober Englishman would knock
 His servants up, and rise by five o'clock;

¹ Marmoris, aut eboris fabros, aut aeris amavit;
 Suspendit ² picta vultum mentemque tabella;
 Nunc ³ tibicinibus, nunc est gavisâ tragoedis:

⁴ Sub nutrice puella velut si luderet infans,
 Quod cupide petiit, mature plena reliquit.
 Quid placet, aut odio est, quod non mutabile credas?
 Hoc paces habuere bonae, ventique secundi.

⁵ Romae dulce diu fuit et solenne, reclusa

Instruct his family in ev'ry rule,
 And fend his wife to church, his son to school.
 To ¹ worship like his fathers was his care;
 To teach their frugal virtues to his heir;
 To prove that luxury could never hold,
 And place on good ² security his gold.
 Now times are chang'd, and one ³ poetic itch
 Has seiz'd the Court and City, poor and rich:
 Sons, fires, and grandfires, all will wear the bays,
 Our wives read Milton, and our daughters plays;
 To theatres and to rehearsals throng,
 And all our grace at table is a song.
 I, who so oft' renounce the Muses, ⁴ lie,
 Not ---'s self e'er tells more fibs than I.

Mane domo vigilare, clienti promere jura;
 Cautos ² nominibus certis expendere nummos;
¹ Majores audire, minori dicere, per quae
 Crescere res posset, minui damnosa libido.
 Mutavit mentem populus levis, ³ et calet uno
 Scribendi studio: pueri patresque severi
 Fronde comas vincti coenant, et carmina dictant.
 Ipse ego, qui nullos me affirmo scribere versus,
 Invenior ⁴ Parthis mendacior; et prius orto

When sick of Muse our follies we deplore,
 And promise our best friends to rhyme no more;
 We wake next morning in a raging fit,
 And call for pen and ink to show our wit.

¹ He serv'd a 'prenticeship who sets up shop:
 Ward try'd on puppies and the poor his drop;
 Ev'n ² Radcliff's doctors travel first to France,
 Nor dare to practise till they've learn'd to dance.
 Who builds a bridge that never drove a pile?
 (Should Ripley venture, all the world would smile:)
 But ³ those who cannot write, and those who can,
 All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble, to a man.

Yet, Sir, ⁴ reflect; the mischief is not great;
 These madmen never hurt the church or state:
 Sometimes the folly benefits mankind,
 And rarely ⁵ av'rice taints the tuneful mind.

Sole vigil, calamum et chartas et scrinia posco.

¹ Navem agere ignarus navis timet: abrotonum aegro
 Non audet, nisi qui didicit, dare: quod medicorum est,
 Promittunt ² medici: tractant fabrilia fabri:

³ Scribimus indocti doctique poemata passim.

⁴ Hic error tamen et levis haec infania, quantas
 Virtutes habeat, sic collige: vatis ⁵ avarus

Allow him but his ¹ plaything of a pen,
 He ne'er rebels, or plots, like other men:
² Flight of cashiers, or mobs, he'll never mind,
 And knows no losses while the Muse is kind.
 To ³ cheat a friend or ward he leaves to Peter;
 The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre,
 Enjoys his garden and his book in quiet;
 And then---a perfect hermit in his ⁴ diet.

Of little use the man you may suppose
 Who says in verse what others say in prose;
 Yet let me show a poet's of some weight,
 And ('⁵ tho' no foldier) useful to the state.
⁶ What will a child learn sooner than a song?
 What better teach a foreigner the tongue?
 What's long or short, each accent where to place,
 And speak in public with some sort of grace?

Non temere est animus: ¹ versus amat, hoc studet unum;
 Detrimenta, ² fugas fervorum, incendia ridet;
 Non ³ fraudem socio, puerove incogitat ullam
 Pupillo; vivit filiquis, et pane secundo ⁴;
⁵ Militiae quanquam piger et malus, utilis urbi,
 Si das hoc, parvis quoque rebus magna juvari;
⁶ Os tenerum pueri balbumque poeta figurat;

I scarce can think him such a worthless thing,
Unless he praise some monster of a king;
Or virtue or religion turn to sport,
To please a lewd or unbelieving Court.
Unhappy Dryden!---In all Charles's days
Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays;
And in our own (excuse some courtly stains)
No whiter page than Addison remains:
He ¹ from the taste obscene reclaims our youth,
And sets the passions on the side of truth,
Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,
And pours each human virtue in the heart.
Let Ireland tell how Wit upheld her cause,
Her trade supported, and supply'd her laws,
And leave on Swift this grateful verse engrav'd,
"The rights a Court attack'd a Poet fav'd."
Behold the hand that wrought a nation's cure
Stretch'd to ² relieve the idiot and the poor,

Torquet ¹ ab obscœnis jam nunc sermonibus aurem;
Mox etiam pectus praeceptis format amicis,
Asperitatis et invidiae corrector et irae;
Recte facta refert; ³ orientia tempora notis
Instruit exemplis; ² inopem solatur et aegrum.

Proud vice to brand, or injur'd worth adorn,
 And ³ stretch the ray to ages yet unborn.
 Not but there are who merit other palms;
 Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with psalms;
 The ¹ boys and girls whom charity maintains
 Implore your help in these pathetic strains:
 How could Devotion ² touch the country pews
 Unless the gods bestow'd a proper Muse?
 Verse cheers their leisure, verse assists their work,
 Verse prays for peace, or sings down ³ Pope and Turk.
 The silenc'd preacher yields to potent strain,
 And feels that grace his pray'r besought in vain;
 The blessing thrills thro' all the lab'ring throng,
 And ⁴ heav'n is won by violence of song.

⁵ Our rural ancestors, with little blest,
 Patient of labour when the end was rest,

Castis cum ¹ pueris ignara puella mariti
 Disceret unde ² preces, vatem ni Musa dedisset?
 Poscit opem chorus, et praesentia numina sentit;
 Coelestes implorat aquas docta prece blandus;
 Avertit morbos, ³ metuenda pericula pellit;
 Impetrat et pacem, et locupletem frugibus annum,
⁴ Carmine Dî superi placantur, carmine Manes.
⁵ Agricolae prisca, fortes, parvoque beati,

Indulg'd the day that hous'd their annual grain
 With feasts, and off'rings, and a thankful strain:
 The joy their wives, their sons, and servants share,
 Ease of their toil, and partners of their care:
 The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,
 Smooth'd ev'ry brow, and open'd ev'ry soul:
 With growing years the pleasing licence grew,
 And ' taunts alternate innocently flew.
 But times corrupt, and ' nature ill-inclin'd,
 Produc'd the point that left a sting behind;

Conditæ post frumenta, levantes tempore festo
 Corpus et ipsum animum spe finis dura ferentem,
 Cum fociis operum pueris et conjuge fida,
 Tellurem porco, Silvanum lacte piabant,
 Floribus et vino Genium memorem brevis ævi.
 Fescennina per hunc inventa licentia morem
 ' Versibus alternis opprobria rustica fudit;
 Libertasque recurrentes accepta per annos
 Ludit amabiliter: ' donec jam saevus apertam
 In rabiem verti coepit jocus, et per honestas
 Ire domos impune minax. Doluere cruento
 Dente laceffiti: fuit intactis quoque cura

Till friend with friend, and families at strife,
 Triumphant malice rag'd thro' private life.
 Who felt the wrong, or fear'd it, took th' alarm,
 Appeal'd to Law, and Justice lent her arm.
 At length, by wholesome ¹ dread of statutes bound,
 The poets learn'd to please, and not to wound:
 Most warp'd to ² Flatt'ry's side, but some, more nice,
 Preserv'd the freedom, and forebore the vice.
 Hence Satire rose, that just the medium hit,
 And heals with morals what it hurts with wit.

³ We conquer'd France, but felt our captive's charms;
 Her arts victorious triumph'd o'er our arms;
 Britain to soft refinements less a foe,
 Wit grew polite, and ⁴ numbers learn'd to flow.

Conditione super communi: ¹ quin etiam lex
 Poenaeque lata, malo que nollet carmine quemquam
 Describi. Vertere modum, formidine fustis
 Ad ² bene dicendum, delectandumque redacti.

³ Graecia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes
 Intulit agresti Latio. Sic horridus ille
 Defluxit ⁴ numerus Saturnius, et grave virus
 Munditiae pepulere: sed in longum tamen aevum

Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join
 The varying verse, the full-resounding line,
 The long majestic march, and energy divine;
 Tho' still some traces of our ¹ rustic vein,
 And play-foot verse remain'd and will remain.
 Late, very late, correctness grew our care,
 When the tir'd nation ² breath'd from Civil war.
 Exact ³ Racine and Corneille's noble fire
 Show'd us that France had something to admire.
 Not but the ⁴ tragic spirit was our own,
 And full in Shakespear, fair in Otway, shone;
 But Otway fail'd to polish or refine,
 And ⁵ fluent Shakespear scarce effac'd a line.
 Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
 The last and greatest art, the art to blot.

Manserunt, hodieque manent, ¹ vestigia ruris.
 Serus enim Graecis admovit acumina chartis;
 Et post ² Punica bella quietus quaerere coepit,
 Quod ³ Sophocles et Thespis et Aeschylus utile ferrent:
 Tentavit quoque rem si digne vertere posset;
 Et placuit sibi, natura sublimis, et acer:
 Nam ⁴ spirat tragicum fatis, et feliciter audet:
 Sed ⁵ turpem putat inscite metuitque lituram.

Some doubt if equal pains or equal fire
 The ¹ humbler Muse of Comedy require.
 But in known images of life I guess
 The labour greater as th' indulgence less.
² Observe how seldom ev'n the best succeed;
 Tell me if ³ Congreve's fools are fools indeed?
 What pert low dialogue has Farquhar writ!
 How Van wants grace, who never wanted wit!
 The stage how ⁴ loosely does *Astraea* tr:
 Who fairly puts all characters to bed!
 And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,
 To make poor Pinky ⁵ eat with vast applause!
 But fill their ⁶ purse our poet's work is done,
 Alike to them by Pathos or by Pun.

Creditur, ex ¹ medio quia res arcessit, habere
 Sudoris minimum; sed habet comoedia tanto
 Plus oneris, quanto veniae minus. ² Aspice, Plautus
 Quo pacto ³ partes tutetur amantis ephebi,
 Ut patris attenti, lenonis ut infidiosi;
 Quantus sit Dossennus ⁴ edacibus in parasitis;
 Quam ⁵ non astricto percurrat pulpita focco:
 Gestit ⁶ enim nummum in loculos demittere; post hoc
 Securus, cadat an recto stet fabula talo.

O you! whom ¹ Vanity's light bark conveys
 On Fame's mad voyage by the wind of praise,
 With what a shifting gale your course you ply,
 For ever sunk too low, or borne too high!
 Who pants for glory finds but short repose;
 A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.
² Farewell the stage! if just as thrives the play
 The silly bard grows fat or falls away.

³ There still remains, to mortify a wit,
 The many-headed monster of the Pit;
 A senseless, worthless, and unhonour'd crowd,
 Who, ⁴ to disturb their betters mighty proud,
 Clatt'ring their sticks before ten lines are spoke,
 Call for the Farce, ⁵ the Bear, or the Black-Jock.

Quem tulit ad scenam ¹ ventoso gloria curru,
 Exanimat lentus spectator, sedulus inflat:
 Sic leve, sic parvum est, animum quod laudis avarum
 Subruit aut reficit. ² Valeat res ludicra, si me
 Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.

³ Saepe etiam audacem fugat hoc terretque poetam;
 Quod numero plures, virtute et honore minores,
 Indocti, stolidique, et ⁴ depugnare parati,
 Si discordet eques, media inter carmina poscunt
 Aut ⁵ ursum aut pugiles: his nam plebecula gaudet.

What dear delight to Britons farce affords!
Ever the taste of mobs, but now ¹ of lords;
(Taste! that eternal wanderer, which flies
From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes.)
The play stands still; damn action and discourse;
Back fly the scenes, and enter foot ² and horse;
Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn,
Peers, heralds, bishops, ermin, gold, and lawn;
The champion too! and, to complete the jest,
Old Edward's armour beams on Cibber's breast.
With ³ laughter sure Democritus had dy'd
Had he beheld an audience gape so wide.
Let bear or ⁴ elephant be e'er so white,
The people, sure, the people are the sight!

Verum ¹ equitis quoque jam migravit ab aure voluptas
Omnis, ad incertos oculos, et gaudia vana.
Quatuor aut plures aulaea premuntur in horas;
Dum fugiunt ² equitum turmae, peditumque catervae:
Mox trahitur manibus regum fortuna retortis;
Effeda festinant, pilenta, petorrita, naves;
Captivum portatur ebur, captiva Corinthus.
³ Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus; seu
Diversum confusa genus panthera camelo,
Sive ⁴ elephas albus vulgi converteret ora.

Ah, luckless ¹ Poet! stretch thy lungs and roar,
That bear or elephant shall heed thee more;
While all its ² throats the gallery extends,
And all the thunder of the pit ascends!
Loud as the wolves on ³ Orcas' stormy steep
Howl to the roarings of the northern deep;
Such is the shout, the long-applauding note,
At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's ⁴ petticoat;
Or when from Court a birth-day suit bestow'd
Sinks the ⁵ lost actor in the tawdry load.
Booth enters---hark! the universal peal!
"But has he spoken?" Not a syllable.

Spectaret populum ludis attentius ipsis,
Ut sibi praebentem mimo spectacula plura:
Scriptores autem ¹ narrare putaret a fello
Fabellam furdo. Nam quae ² pervincere voces
Evalueret sonum, referunt quem nostra theatra?
³ Garganum mugire putes nemus, aut mare Tuscum;
Tanto cum strepitu ludi spectantur, et artes,
⁴ Divitiaeque peregrinae: quibus ⁵ oblitus actor
Cum stetit in scena, concurrat dextera laevae.
Dixit adhuc aliquid? Nil fane. Quid placet ergo?

“What shook the stage, and made the people stare?”

¹ Cato's long wig, flower'd gown, and lacquer'd chair.

Yet, lest you think I rally more than teach,
Or praise malignly arts I cannot reach,
Let me for once presume t' instruct the times,
To know the poet from the man of rhymes.
'Tis he ² who gives my breast a thousand pains,
Can make me feel each passion that he feigns;
Enrage, compose, with more than magic art,
With pity and with terror tear my heart,
And snatch me o'er the earth or thro' the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.

³ But not this part of the poetic state
Alone deserves the favour of the great.

¹ Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.

Ac ne forte putes me, quae facere ipse recusem,

Cum recte tractent alii, laudare maligne;

Ille per extentum funem mihi posse videtur

Ire poeta, ² meum qui pectus inaniter angit,

Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,

Ut magus; et modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.

³ Verum age, et his, qui se lectori credere malunt,

Quam spectatoris fastidia ferre superbi,

Think of those authors, Sir, who would rely
 More on a reader's sense than gazer's eye.
 Or who shall wander where the Muses sing?
 Who climb their mountain, or who taste their spring!
 How shall we fill ¹ a library with wit,
 When Merlin's cave is half unfurnish'd yet?

My Liege! why writers little claim your thought
 I guess, and, with their leave, will tell the fault.
 We ² poets are (upon a Poet's word)
 Of all mankind the creatures most absurd:
 The ³ season when to come and when to go,
 To sing, or cease to sing, we never know;
 And if we will recite nine hours in ten,
 You lose your patience just like other men.
 Then, too, we hurt ourselves when, to defend
 A ⁴ single verse, we quarrel with a friend;

Curam impende brevem; si ¹ munus Apolline dignum
 Vis complere libris, et vatibus addere calcar,
 Ut studio majore petant Helicon virentem.

² Multa quidem nobis facimus mala saepe poetae,
 (Ut vineta egomet caedam mea) cum tibi librum

³ Sollicito damus, aut fesso: cum laedimur, ⁴ unum
 Si quis amicorum est ausus reprehendere versum:

Repeat ¹ unask'd; lament the ² wit's too fine
For vulgar eyes, and point out ev'ry line:
But most when straining with too weak a wing
We needs will write epistles to the King;
And ³ from the moment we oblige the Town,
Expect a place or pension from the Crown;
Or, dubb'd Historians, by express command
T' enrol your triumphs o'er the seas and land,
Be call'd to Court to plan some work divine,
As once for Louis, Boileau, and Racine.

Yet ⁴ think, great Sir! (so many virtues shown)
Ah! think what poet best may make them known;
Or chuse at least some minister of grace,
Fit to bestow the ⁵ Laureat's weighty place.

Cum loca jam ¹ recitata revolvimus irrevocati:
Cum ² lamentamur non apparere labores
Nostros, et tenui deducta poemata filo;
Cum ³ speramus eo rem venturam, ut, simul atque
Carmina rescieris nos fingere, commodus ultro
Arceffas, et egere vetes, et scribere cogas.
Sed tamen est ⁴ operae pretium cognoscere, quales
Aedituos habeat belli spectata domique
Virtus, ⁵ indigno non committenda poetæ.

¹ Charles, to late times to be transmitted fair,
 Assign'd his figure to Bernini's care;
 And great ² Nassau to Kneller's hand decreed
 To fix him graceful on the bounding steed;
 So well in paint and stone they judg'd of merit:
 But kings in wit may want discerning spirit.
 The hero William, and the martyr Charles,
 One knighted Blackmore, and one pension'd Quarles,
 Which made old Ben and surly Dennis swear
 "No Lord's anointed, but a ³ Russian bear."

¹ Gratus Alexandro regi Magno fuit ille
 Choerilus, incultis qui versibus et male natis
 Rettulit acceptos, regale numisma, Philippos.
 Sed veluti tractata notam labemque remittunt
 Atramenta, fere scriptores carmine foedo
 Splendida facta linunt. Idem rex ille, poema
 Qui tam ridiculum tam care prodigus emit,
 Edicto vetuit, ne quis se, praeter Apellem,
 Pingeret, aut alius Lysippo duceret aera
 Fortis ² Alexandri vultum simulantia. Quod si
 Judicium subtile videndis artibus illud
 Ad libros et ad haec Musarum dona vocares;
³ Boeotum in crasso jurares aëre natum.

Not with such ¹ majesty, such bold relief,
 The forms august of king, or conqu'ring chief,
 E'er swell'd on marble, as in verse have shin'd
 (In polish'd verse) the manners and the mind.
 Oh! could I mount on the Maeonian wing,
 Your ² arms, your actions, your repose, to sing!
 What ³ seas you travers'd, and what fields you fought!
 Your country's peace how oft', how dearly bought!
 How ⁴ barb'rous rage sub sided at your word,
 And nations wonder'd while they dropp'd the sword!
 How, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep
⁵ Peace stole her wing, and wrapt the world in sleep,

[At neque dedecorant tua de se judicia, atque
 Munera, quae multa dantis cum laude tulerunt,
 Dilecti tibi Virgilius Variusque poetae;]
 Nec magis expressi ¹ vultus per aeneas signa,
 Quam per vatis opus mores animique virorum
 Clarorum apparent. Nec sermones ego mallem
 Repentes per humum, ² quam res componere gestas,
 Terrarumque ³ situs, et flumina dicere, et arces
 Montibus impositas, et ⁴ barbaras regna, tuisque
 Auspiciis totum ⁵ confecta duella per orbem,
 Claustraque custodem pacis cohibentia Janum,

'Till earth's extremes your mediation own,
 And ¹ Asia's tyrants tremble at your throne---
 But ² verse, alas! your majesty disdains;
 And I'm not us'd to panegyric strains.
 The zeal of ³ fools offends at any time,
 But most of all the zeal of fools in rhyme.
 Besides, a fate attends on all I write,
 That when I aim at praise they say ⁴ I bite.
 A vile ⁵ encomium doubly ridicules;
 There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.
 If true, a ⁶ woful likeness; and if lies,
 "Praise undeserv'd is scandal in disguise."

Et ¹ formidatam Parthis, te principe, Romam;
 Si quantum cuperem, possem quoque. Sed neque parvum
² Carmen majestas recipit tua; nec meus audet
 Rem tentare pudor, quam vires ferre recusent.
 Sedulitas autem ³ stulte, quem diligit, urget;
 Praecipue cum se numeris commendat et arte.
 Discit enim citius, meminitque libentius illud
 Quod quis ⁴ deridet, quam quod probat et veneratur.
 Nil moror ⁵ officium quod me gravat: ac neque ficto
 In ⁶ pejus vultu proponi cereus usquam,
 Nec prave factis decorari versibus opto:

Well may he ' blush who gives it, or receives;
And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves
(Like ' journals, odes, and such forgotten things
As Eusden, Philips, Settle, writ of kings)
Clothe spice, line trunks, or, flutt'ring in a row,
Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho.

Ne ' rubeam pingui donatus munere, et una
Cum ' scriptore meo, capsâ porrectus aperta,
Deferar in vicum vendentem thus et odores,
Et piper, et quidquid chartis amicitur ineptis.

HORACE, BOOK II.

EPISTLE II.

DEAR Col'nel, Cobham's and your country's friend!
You love a verse; take such as I can send.

' A Frenchman comes, presents you with his boy,
Bows and begins---" This lad, Sir, is of Blois:

" Observe his shape how clean! his locks how curl'd!

" My only son, I'd have him see the world:

" His French is pure; his voice too---you shall hear.

" Sir, he's your slave for twenty pound a-year.

EPISTOLA II.

FLORE, bono claroque fidelis amici Neroni,

' Si quis forte velit puerum tibi vendere natum

Tibure vel Gabiis, et tecum sic agat: " Hic et

" Candidus, et talos a vertice pulcher ad imos,

" Fiet eritque tuus nummorum millibus octo;

" Verna ministeriis ad nutus aptus heriles;

" Literulis Graecis imbutus, idoneus arti

- “ Mere wax as yet, you fashion him with ease,
“ Your barber, cook, upholst’rer; what you please:
“ A perfect genius at an op’ra song---
“ To say too much might do my honour wrong.
“ Take him, with all his virtues, on my word;
“ His whole ambition was to serve a lord.
“ But, Sir, to you with what would I not part?
“ Tho’, faith, I fear ’twill break his mother’s heart.
“ Once (and but once) I caught him in a lie,
“ And then, unwhipp’d, he had the grace to cry:
“ The fault he has I fairly shall reveal,
“ (Could you o’erlook but that) it is to steal.”
‘ If, after this, you took the graceless lad,
Could you complain, my friend, he prov’d so bad?
-

- “ Cuilibet: argilla quidvis imitaberis uda:
“ Quin etiam canet indoctum, sed dulce bibenti.
“ Multa fidem promissa levant, ubi plenius aequo
“ Laudat venales, qui vult extrudere, merces.
“ Res urget me nulla: meo sum pauper in aere.
“ Nemo hoc mangonum faceret tibi: non temere a me
“ Quivis ferret idem: semel hic cessavit; et (ut fit)
“ In scalis latuit metuens pendentis habenae.
“ Des nummos, excepta nihil te si fuga laedit.”
‘ Ille ferat pretium, poenae securus, opinor.

Faith, in such case, if you should prosecute,
 I think Sir Godfrey should decide the suit,
 Who sent the thief that stole the cash away,
 And punish'd him that put it in his way.

¹ Consider then, and judge me in this light;
 I told you when I went I could not write;
 You said the same; and are you discontent
 With laws to which you gave your own assent?
 Nay, worse, to ask for verse at such a time!
 D'ye think me good for nothing but to rhyme?

² In Anna's wars a soldier, poor and old,
 Had dearly earn'd a little purse of gold:
 Tir'd with a tedious march, one luckless night
 He slept, (poor dog!) and lost it to a doit.

Prudens emisisti vitiosum: dicta tibi est lex.
 Insequeris tamen hunc, et lite moraris iniqua.

¹ Dixi me pigrum proficiscenti tibi, dixi
 Talibus officiis prope mancum: ne mea saevus
 Jurgares ad te quod epistola nulla veniret.
 Quid tum profeci, mecum facientia jura
 Si tamen attentas? Quereris super hoc etiam, quod
 Expectata tibi non mittam carmina mendax.

² Luculli miles collecta viatica multis

This put the man in such a desp'rate mind,
 Between revenge, and grief, and hunger join'd,
 Against the foe, himself, and all mankind,
 He leap'd the trenches, scal'd a castle-wall,
 Tore down a standard, took the fort and all.
 "Prodigious well!" his great commander cry'd,
 Gave him much praise, and some reward beside.
 Next pleas'd his Excellence a town to batter;
 (Its name I know not, and 'tis no great matter)
 "Go on, my friend," he cry'd, "see yonder walls!
 "Advance and conquer! go where Glory calls!

*Aerumnis, lassus dum noctu stertit, ad assem
 Perdiderat: post hoc vehemens lupus, et sibi et hosti
 Iratus pariter, jejunis dentibus acer,
 Praesidium regale loco dejecit, ut aiunt,
 Summe munito, et multarum divite rerum.
 Clarus ob id factum, donis ornatur honestis,
 Accipit et bis dena super sestertia nummum.
 Forte sub hoc tempus castellum evertere praetor
 Nescio quod cupiens, hortari coepit eundem
 Verbis, quae timido quoque possent addere mentem:
 I bone, quo virtus tua te vocat: i pede fausto,*

“ More honours, more rewards, attend the brave.”

Don't you remember what reply he gave?

“ D'ye think me, noble Gen'ral! such a sot?

“ Let him take castles who has ne'er a groat.”

‘ Bred up at home, full early I begun
To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' son:
Besides, my father taught me from a lad
The better art, to know the good from bad;
(And little sure imported to remove,
To hunt for truth in Maudlin's learned grove.)
But knottier points we knew not half so well
Depriv'd us soon of our paternal cell;
And certain laws, by suff'ers thought unjust,
Deny'd all posts of profit or of trust:

Grandia laturus meritorum praemia. Quid stas?
Post haec ille catus, quantumvis rusticus, “ Ibit,
“ Ibit eo, quo vis, qui zonam perdidit,” inquit.

‘ Romae nutriri mihi contigit, atque doceri,
Iratus Graiis quantum nocuisset Achilles.
Adjecere bonae paulo plus artis Athenae:
Scilicet ut possem curvo dignoscere rectum,
Atque inter silvas Academi quaerere verum.
Dura sed emovere loco me tempora grato;

Hopes after hopes of pious Papists fail'd,
While mighty William's thund'ring arm prevail'd.
For right hereditary tax'd and fin'd,
He stuck to poverty with peace of mind;
And me the Muses help to undergo it,
Convict a Papist he, and I a poet.
But (thanks to Homer) since I live and thrive,
Indebted to no prince or peer alive,
Sure I should want the care of ten Monroes
If I would scribble rather than repose.

' Years foll'wing years steal something ev'ry day,
At last they steal us from ourselves away;
In one our frolics, one amusements end,
In one a mistress drops, in one a friend.

Civilisque rudem belli tulit aestus in arma,
Caesaris Augusti non responsura lacertis.
Unde simul primum me dimisere Philippi,
Decisis humilem pennis, inopemque paterni
Et laris et fundi, paupertas impulit audax
Ut versus facerem: sed, quod non desit, habentem,
Quae poterunt unquam satis expurgare cicutae,
Ni melius dormire putem, quam scribere versus?

' Singula de nobis anni praedantur euntes;

This subtle thief of life, this paltry time,
 What will it leave me if it snatch my rhyme?
 If ev'ry wheel of that unweary'd mill
 That turn'd ten thousand verses now stands still?

' But, after all, what would you have me do,
 When out of twenty I can please not two?
 When this Heroics only deigns to praise,
 Sharp Satire that, and that Pindaric lays?
 One likes the pheasant's wing, and one the leg;
 The vulgar boil, the learned roast, an egg:
 Hard task to hit the palate of such guests,
 When Oldfield loves what Dartineuf detests!

Eripuere jocos, venerem, convivia, ludum;
 Tendunt extorquere poëmata. Quid faciam vis?

' Denique non omnes eadem mirantur amantque.
 Carmine tu gaudes: hic delectatur iambis;
 Ille Bioneis sermonibus, et fale nigro.
 Tres mihi convivae prope dissentire videntur,
 Poscentes vario multum diversa palato.
 Quid dem? quid non dem? renuis quod tu, jubet alter:
 Quod petis, id sane est invisum acidumque duobus.

' But grant I may relapse, for want of grace,
 Again to rhyme, can London be the place?
 Who there his Muse, or self, or soul, attends,
 In crowds, and courts, law, bus'ness, feasts, and friends?
 My counsel sends to execute a deed;
 A poet begs me I will hear him read.
 In Palace-yard at nine you'll find me there---
 At ten, for certain, Sir, in Bloomsb'ry square---
 Before the Lords at twelve my cause comes on---
 There's a rehearsal, Sir, exact at one.---
 " Oh! but a wit can study in the streets,
 " And raise his mind above the mob he meets."
 Not quite so well, however, as one ought;
 A hackney-coach may chance to spoil a thought;

' Praeter caetera, me Romaene poëmata censes
 Scribere posse, inter tot curas totque labores?
 Hic sponsum vocat, hic auditum scripta, relictis
 Omnibus officiis: cubat hic in colle Quirini,
 Hic extremo in Aventino; visendus uterque.
 Intervalla vides humane commoda. " Verum
 " Purae sunt plateae, nihil ut meditantibus obstat."
 Festinat calidus mulis gerulisque redemptor:

And then a nodding beam, or pig of lead,
God knows, may hurt the very ablest head.
Have you not seen, at Guildhall's narrow pass,
Two aldermen dispute it with an ass?
And peers give way, exalted as they are,
Ev'n to their own f-r-v--nce in a car?

' Go, lofty poet! and in such a crowd
Sing thy sonorous verse---but not aloud.
Alas! to grottoes and to groves we run
To ease and silence ev'ry Muse's son:
Blackmore himself, for any grand effort,
Would drink and dose at Tooting or Earl's-court.
How shall I rhyme in this eternal roar?
How match the bards whom none e'er match'd before?

Torquet nunc lapidem, nunc ingens machina tignum:
Tristia robustis luctantur funera plaustris:
Hac rabiosa fugit canis, hac lutulenta ruit fus.
' I nunc, et versus tecum meditare canoros.
Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus, et fugit urbes,
Rite cliens Bacchi fomno gaudentis et umbra.
Tu me inter strepitus nocturnos atque diurnos
Vis canere, et contracta sequi vestigia vatum?

¹ The man who, stretch'd in Isis' calm retreat,
To books and study gives sev'n years complete,
See! strow'd with learned dust, his night-cap on,
He walks an object new beneath the sun!

The boys flock round him, and the people stare:
So stiff, so mute! some statue you would swear
Stept from its pedestal to take the air!

And here, while Town, and Court, and City, roars,
With mobs, and duns, and foldiers at their doors,
Shall I in London act this idle part,
Composing songs for fools to get by heart?

² The Temple late two brother Sergeants saw,
Who deem'd each other oracles of law;
With equal talents these congenial souls,
One lull'd th' Exchequer, and one stunn'd the Rolls;

¹ Ingenium, sibi quod vacuas defumfit Athenas,
Et studiis annos septem dedit, infenuitque
Libris et curis, statua taciturnius exit
Plerumque, et risu populum quatit: hic ego rerum
Fluctibus in mediis, et tempestatibus Urbis,
Verba lyrae motura sonum connectere digner?

² Frater erat Romae consulti rhetor; ut alter
Alterius sermone meros audiret honores:

Each had a gravity would make you split,
 And shook his head at Murray as a wit.
 " 'Twas, Sir, your law"---and, " Sir, your eloquence,"
 " Yours Cowper's manner---and yours Talbot's sense."
 ' Thus we dispose of all poetic merit,
 Your's Milton's genius, and mine Homer's spirit.
 Call Tibbald Shakespear, and he'll swear the Nine,
 Dear Cibber! never match'd one ode of thine.
 Lord! how we strut thro' Merlin's cave, to see
 No poets there but Stephen, you, and me.
 Walk with respect behind, while we at ease
 Weave laurel crowns, and take what names we please.
 " My dear Tibullus!" if that will not do,
 " Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you:

Gracchus ut hic illi foret, huic ut Mutius ille.
 Qui minus argutos vexat furor iste poetas?
 ' Carmina compono, hic elegos; mirabile visu,
 Caelatumque novem Musis opus. Aspice primum,
 Quanto cum fastu, quanto molimine circum-
 spectemus vacuum Romanis vatibus aedem.
 Mox etiam (si forte vacas) sequere, et procul audi,
 Quid ferat, et quare sibi nectat uterque coronam.
 Caedimur, et totidem plagis consumimus hostem,

“ Or, I’m content, allow me Dryden’s strains,
“ And you shall rise up Otway for your pains.”
Much do I suffer, much, to keep in peace
This jealous, waspish, wrong-head, rhyming race;
And much must flatter, if the whim should bite,
To court applause by printing what I write:
But let the fit pass o’er; I’m wise enough
To stop my ears to their confounded stuff.

‘ In vain bad rhymers all mankind reject,
They treat themselves with most profound respect;
’Tis to small purpose that you hold your tongue,
Each prais’d within is happy all day long:

Lento Samnites ad lumina prima duello.
Discedo Alcaeus puncto illius; ille meo quis?
Quis, nisi Callimachus? Si plus adposcere visus;
Fit Mimnermus, et optivo cognomine crescit.
Multa fero, ut placem genus irritabile vatum,
Cum scribo, et supplex populi suffragia capto:
Idem, finitis studiis, et mente recepta,
Obturem patulas impune legentibus aures.

‘ Ridentur mala qui componunt carmina: verum
Gaudent scribentes, et se venerantur, et ultro,

But how severely with themselves proceed
The men who write such verse as we can read?
Their own strict judges, not a word they spare
That wants of force, or light, or weight, or care,
How'er unwillingly it quits its place,
Nay, tho' at Court (perhaps) it may find grace:
Such they'll degrade; and, sometimes, in its stead,
' In downright charity revive the dead;
Mark where a bold expressive phrase appears,
Bright thro' the rubbish of some hundred years;
Command old words that long have slept to wake,
Words that wise Bacon or brave Rawleigh spake;

Si taceas, laudant; quidquid scripsere, beati.
At qui legitimum cupiet fecisse poema,
Cum tabulis animum censoris fumet honesti:
Audebit quaecunque parum splendoris habebunt,
Et sine pondere erunt, et honore indigna ferentur,
Verba movere loco; quamvis invita recedant,
Et versentur adhuc intra penetralia Vestae:
' Obscurata diu populo bonus eruet, atque
Proferet in lucem speciosa vocabula rerum,
Quae priscis memorata Catonibus atque Cethegis,
Nunc situs informis premit et deserta vetustas:

Or bid the new be English ages hence,
 (For Use will father what's begot by Sense)
 Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
 Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong,
 Rich with the treasures of each foreign tongue;
 Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,
 But show no mercy to an empty line;
 Then polish all with so much life and ease
 You think 'tis Nature, and a knack to please:
 " But ease in writing flows from art, not chance,
 " As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance."
 ' If such the plague and pains to write by rule,
 Better (say I) be pleas'd, and play the fool;
 Call, if you will, bad rhyming a disease,
 It gives men happiness, or leaves them ease.

Adsciscet nova, quae genitor produxerit usus:
 Vehemens, et liquidus, puroque simillimus amni,
 Fundet opes, Latiumque beabit divite lingua:
 Luxuriantia compescet: nimis aspera fano
 Levabit cultu, virtute carentia tollet:
 Ludentis speciem dabit; et torquebitur, ut qui
 Nunc Satyrum, nunc agrestem Cyclopa movetur.

' Praetulerim scriptor delirus inersque videri,

There liv'd IN PRIMO GEORGII (they record)
A worthy member, no small fool, a lord;
Who, tho' the House was up, delighted fate,
Heard, noted, answer'd, as in full debate:
In all but this a man of sober life,
Fond of his friend, and civil to his wife;
Not quite a madman tho' a pafty fell,
And much too wife to walk into a well.
Him the damn'd doctors and his friends immur'd,
They bled, they cupp'd, they purg'd; in fhort they cur'd:
Whereat the gentleman began to ftare---
“ My friends! (he cry'd) p-x take you for your care!

Dum mea delectent mala me, vel denique fallant,
Quam fapere, et ringi. Fuit haud ignobilis Argis,
Qui fe credebat miros audire tragoedos,
In vacuo laetus felfor plauforque theatro:
Caetera qui vitae fervaret munia recto
More; bonus fane vicinus, amabilis hofpes,
Comis in uxorem; poffet qui ignofcere fervis,
Et figno laefo non infanire lagenae:
Poffet qui rupem, et puteum vitare patentem.
Hic ubi cognatorum opibus curisque relectus,
Expulit elleboro morbum bilemque meraco,

" That from a patriot of distinguish'd note

" Have bled and purg'd me to a simple vote."

' Well, on the whole, plain prose must be my fate:

Wisdom (curse on it!) will come soon or late.

There is a time when poets will grow dull;

I'll e'en leave verses to the boys at school:

To rules of poetry no more confin'd,

I'll learn to smoothe and harmonize my mind,

Teach ev'ry thought within its bounds to roll,

And keep the equal measure of the soul.

' Soon as I enter at my country door

My mind resumes the thread it dropp'd before;

Thoughts which at Hyde-park Corner I forgot

Meet and rejoin me in the pensive grot:

There all alone, and compliments apart,

I ask these sober questions of my heart.

Et redit ad sese: Pol me occidistis, amici,

Non servastis, ait; cui sic extorta voluptas,

Et demtus per vim mentis gratissimus error.

' Nimirum sapere est abjectis utile nugis,

Et tempestivum pueris concedere ludum;

' Ac non verba sequi fidibus modulanda Latinis,

Sed verae numerosque modosque ediscere vitae.

Quocirca mecum loquor haec, tacitusque recordor:

¹ If, when the more you drink the more you crave,
 You tell the doctor; when the more you have
 The more you want, why not, with equal ease,
 Confess as well your folly as disease?
 The heart resolves this matter in a trice,
 “Men only feel the smart, but not the vice.”

² When golden angels cease to cure the evil,
 You give all royal witchcraft to the devil:
 When servile chaplains cry that birth and place
 Endue a peer with honour, truth, and grace,
 Look in that breast, most dirty D---! be fair,
 Say, can you find out one such lodger there?
 Yet still, not heeding what your heart can teach,
 You go to church to hear these flatt'ers preach.

¹ Si tibi nulla fitim finiret copia lymphæ,
 Narrares medicis: quod quanto plura parâsti,
 Tanto plura cupis, nulline faterier audes?

² Si vulnus tibi monstrata radice vel herba
 Non fieret levius, fugeres radice vel herba
 Proficiente nihil curarier: audieras, cui
 Rem Dî donarent, illi decedere pravam
 Stultitiam; ex cum sis nihilo sapientior, ex quo
 Plenior es, tamen uteris monitoribus îsdem?

Indeed, could wealth bestow or wit or merit,
 A grain of courage, or a spark of spirit,
 The wisest man might blush, I must agree,
 If D*** lov'd sixpence more than he.

¹ If there be truth in law, and use can give
 A property, that's yours on which you live.
 Delightful Abs-court, if its fields afford
 Their fruits to you, confesses you its lord:
 All ² Worldly's hens, nay, partridge, fold to Town,
 His ven'son too a guinea makes your own:
 He bought at thousands what with better wit
 You purchase as you want, and bit by bit:

At si divitiae prudentem reddere possent,
 Si cupidum timidumque minus te; nempe ruberes,
 Viveret in terris te si quis avarior uno.

¹ Si proprium est, quod quis libra mercatus et aere est,
 Quaedam (si credis consultis) mancipat usus:
 Qui te pascit ager, tuus est; et villicus Orbî,
 Cum segetes occat tibi mox frumenta daturas,
 Te dominum sentit. ² Das nummos; accipis uvam,
 Pullos, ova, cadum temeti: nempe modo isto
 Paulatim mercaris agrum, fortasse trecentis,
 Aut etiam supra, nummorum millibus emtum.

Now, or long since, what diff'rence will be found?

You pay a penny and he paid a pound.

¹ Heathcote himself, and such large-acred men,
Lords of fat E'sham, or of Lincoln Fen,

Buy ev'ry stick of wood that lends them heat,

Buy ev'ry pullet they afford to eat.

Yet these are wights who fondly call their own

Half that the devil o'erlooks from Lincoln town.

The laws of God, as well as of the land,

Abhor a perpetuity should stand:

Estates have wings, and hang in Fortune's pow'r,

² Loose on the point of ev'ry wav'ring hour,

Ready by force, or of your own accord,

By sale, at least by death, to change their lord.

Quid refert, vivas numerato nuper, an olim?

¹ Emtor Aricini quondam, Veientis et arvi,

Emtum coenat olus, quamvis aliter putat; emtis

Sub noctem gelidam lignis calefactat ahenum.

Sed vocat usque suum, qua populus adfita certis

Limitibus vicina refigit jurgia: tanquam

² Sit proprium quidquam, puncto quod mobilis horae,

Nunc prece, nunc pretio, nunc vi, nunc morte suprema,

Permutet dominos, et cedat in altera jura.

Man? and for ever? wretch! what wouldst thou have?

Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave.

All vast possessions, (just the same the case

Whether you call them Villa, Park, or Chace)

Alas, my Bathurst! what will they avail?

Join Cotswood hills to Saperton's fair dale;

Let rising granaries and temples here,

There mingled farms and pyramids, appear,

Link towns to towns with avenues of oak,

Enclose whole downs in walls, 'tis all a joke!

Inexorable Death shall level all,

And trees, and stones, and farms, and farmer, fall.

 ' Gold, silver, iv'ry vases sculptur'd high,

Paint, marble, gems, and robes of Persian dye,

Sic, quia perpetuus nulli datur usus, et haeres

Haeredem alterius, velut unda supervenit undam;

Quid vici profunt, aut horrea? Quidve Calabris

Saltibus adjecti Lucani; si metit Orcus

Grandia cum parvis, non exorabilis auro?

 ' Gemmas, marmor, ebur, Tyrrhena figilla, tabellas,

Argentum, vestes Gaetulo murice tinctas,

There are who have not---and thank Heav'n there are
Who, if they have not, think not worth their care.

' Talk what you will of taste, my friend! you'll find
Two of a face as soon as of a mind.

Why of two brothers, rich and restless one
Plows, burns, manures, and toils from sun to sun;
The other flights for women sports and wines,
All Townshend's turnips, and all Grosvenor's mines:
Why one, like Bu---, with pay and scorn content,
Bows and votes on in Court and Parliament;
One, driv'n by strong benevolence of soul,
Shall fly, like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole;
Is known alone to that directing Pow'r
Who forms the genius in the natal hour;
That God of Nature who, within us still,
Inclines our action, not constrains our will.

Sunt qui non habeant; est qui non curat habere.

' Cur alter fratrum cessare, et ludere, et ungi
Praeferat Herodis palmetis pinguibus; alter
Dives et importunus, ad umbram lucis ab ortu
Silvestrem flammis et ferro mitiget agrum:
Scit Genius, natale comes qui temperat astrum,
Naturae Deus humanae, mortalis in unum-

Various of temper, as of face or frame,
Each individual; his great end the same.

' Yes, Sir, how small soever be my heap,
A part I will enjoy as well as keep.
My heir may sigh, and think it want of grace
A man so poor would live without a place;
But sure no statute in his favour says
How free or frugal I shall pass my days;
I who at sometimes spend, at others spare,
Divided between carelessness and care.
'Tis one thing madly to disperse my store,
Another not to heed to treasure more;
Glad like a boy to snatch the first good day,
And pleas'd if fordid want be far away.

quodque caput, vultu mutabilis, albus, et ater.

' Utar, et ex modico, quantum res poscet, acervo
Tollam: nec metuum, quid de me judicet haeres,
Quod non plura datis invenerit. Et tamen idem
Scire volam, quantum simplex hilarisque nepoti
Discrepet, et quantum discordet parcus avaro.
Distat enim, spargas tua prodigus, an neque sumtum
Invitus facias, neque plura parare labores;
Ac potius, puer ut festis Quinquatribus olim,
Exiguo gratoque fruaris tempore raptim.

¹ What is't to me (a passenger, God wot)
 Whether my vessel be first rate or not?
 The ship itself may make a better figure,
 But I that sail am neither less nor bigger.
 I neither strut with ev'ry fav'ring breath,
 Nor strive with all the tempest in my teeth;
 In pow'r, wit, figure, virtue, fortune, plac'd
 Behind the foremost, and before the last.

² "But why all this of av'rice? I have none."
 I wish you joy, Sir, of a tyrant gone:
 But does no other lord it at this hour
 As wild and mad? the avarice of pow'r?
 Does neither rage inflame nor fear appal?
 Not the black fear of death, that saddens all?

¹ Pauperies immunda procul procul absit. Ego, utrum
 Nave ferar magna an parva; ferar unus et idem.
 Non agimur tumidis velis Aquilone secundo:
 Non tamen adversis aetatem ducimus Austris.
 Viribus, ingenio, specie, virtute, loco, re,
 Extremi primorum, extremis usque priores.

² Non es avarus: Abi. Quid? Caetera jam simul isto
 Cum vitio fugere? Caret tibi pectus inani.

With terrors round, can Reason hold her throne,
Despise the known, nor tremble at th' unknown?
Survey both worlds, intrepid and entire,
In spite of witches, devils, dreams, and fire?
Pleas'd to look forward, pleas'd to look behind,
And count each birth-day with a grateful mind?
Has life no founes drawn so near its end?
Canst thou endure a foe, forgive a friend?
Has age but melted the rough parts away,
As winter-fruits grow mild ere they decay?
Or will you think, my friend! your bus'ness done,
When of a hundred thorns you pull out one?

' Learn to live well, or fairly make your will;
You've play'd, and lov'd, and ate, and drank your fill.

Ambitione? Caret mortis formidine et ira?
Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, fagas,
Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Theffala rides?
Natales grate numeras? Ignoscis amicis?
Lenior et melior fis accedente senecta?
Quid te exemta juvat spinis de pluribus una?
' Vivere si recte nescis, decede peritis.
Lufisti fatis, edisti fatis, atque bibisti:

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Walk sober off, before a sprightlier age
Comes titt'ring on, and shoves you from the stage:
Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease
Whom folly pleases, and whose follies please.

Tempus abire tibi est: ne potum largius aequo
Rideat et pulset lasciva decentius aetas.

H O R A C E, B O O K I.

E P I S T L E VII.

IMITATED IN THE MANNER OF DR. SWIFT.

'T IS true, my Lord, I gave my word,
I would be with you, June the third;
Chang'd it to August, and (in short)
Have kept it---as you do at court.
You humour me when I am sick,
Why not when I am splenetick?
In town, what objects could I meet?
The shops shut up in ev'ry street,
And fun'ral black'ning all the doors,
And yet more melancholy whores:

E P I S T O L A VII.

QUINQUE dies tibi pollicitus me rure futurum,
Sextilem totum mendax desideror. Atqui,
Si me vivere vis sanum recteque valentem;
Quam mihi das aegro, dabis aegrotare timenti,
Maecenas, veniam: dum ficus prima calorque
Designatorem decorat licitoribus atris:

And what a dust in ev'ry place?
 And a thin court that wants your face,
 And fevers raging up and down,
 And W* and H** both in town!

“ The dog-days are no more the case.”
 'Tis true, but Winter comes apace:
 Then southward let your bard retire,
 Hold out some months 'twixt fun and fire,
 And you shall see the first warm weather,
 Me and the butterflies together.

My Lord, your favours well I know;
 'Tis with distinction you bestow;
 And not to ev'ry one that comes,
 Just as a Scotsman does his plumbs.

Dum pueris omnis pater, et matercula pallet;
 Officiosaque sedulitas, et opella forensis
 Adducit febres, et testamenta resignat.
 Quod si bruma nives Albanis illinet agris;
 Ad mare descendet vates tuus, et sibi parcet,
 Contractusque leget; te, dulcis amice, reviset
 Cum Zephyris, si concedes, et hirundine prima.

Non, quo more pyris vesci Calaber jubet hospes,
 Tu me fecisti locupletem. Vescere fodes.

“ Pray take them, Sir,---enough’s a feast :

“ Eat some, and pocket up the rest---

What rob your boys? those pretty rogues!

“ No, Sir, you’ll leave them to the hogs.”

Thus fools with compliments besiege ye,

Contriving never to oblige ye.

Scatter your favours on a fop,

Ingratitude’s the certain crop;

And ’tis but just, I’ll tell ye wherefore,

You give the things you never care for.

A wise man always is or shou’d

Be mighty ready to do good;

But makes a diff’rence in his thought

Betwixt a guinea and a groat.

Jam fatis est. At tu quantumvis tolle. Benigne.

Non invisa feres pueris munuscula parvis.

Tam teneor dono, quam si dimittar onustus.

Ut libet: haec porcis hodie comedenda relinques.

Prodigus et stultus donat quae spernit et odit:

Haec seges ingratos tulit et feret omnibus annis.

Vir bonus et sapiens, dignis ait esse paratus;

Nec tamen ignorat, quid distent aera lupinis.

Dignum praestabo me, etiam pro laude merentis.

Now this I'll say, you'll find in me
A safe companion, and a free;
But if you'd have me always near---
A word, pray, in your Honour's ear.
I hope it is your resolution
To give me back my constitution!
The sprightly wit, the lively eye,
Th' engaging smile, the gaiety,
That laugh'd down many a summer fun,
And kept you up so oft' till one:
And all that voluntary vein,
As when Belinda rais'd my strain.

A weasel once made shift to flink
In at a corn-loft thro' a chink;
But having amply stuff'd his skin,
Could not get out as he got in:

Quod si me noles usquam discedere; reddes
Forte latus, nigros angusta fronte capillos:
Reddes dulce loqui: reddes ridere decorum, et
Inter vina fugam Cynarae moerere protervae.

Forte per angustam tenuis vulpecula rimam
Repserat in cumeram frumenti; pastaque, rursus
Ire foras pleno tendebat corpore frustra.

Which one belonging to the house
(’Twas not a man, it was a mouse)
Observing, cry’d, “ You ’scape not so,
“ Lean as you came, Sir, you must go.”
Sir, you may spare your application,
I’m no such beast, nor his relation;
Nor one that temperance advance,
Cramm’d to the throat with ortolans:
Extremely ready to resign
All that may make me none of mine.
South-sea subscriptions take who please,
Leave me but liberty and ease.
’Twas what I said to Craggs and Child,
Who prais’d my modesty, and smil’d.
Give me, I cry’d, (enough for me)
My bread, and independency!

Cui mustela procul, Si vis, ait, effugere istinc;
Macra cavum repetes arctum, quem macra subisti.
Haec ego si compellar imagine, cuncta resigno;
Nec somnum plebis laudo fatur altilium, nec
Otia divitiis Arabum liberrima muto.
Saepe verecundum laudasti: Rexque, Paterque
Audisti coram, nec verbo parcius absens:

So bought an annual rent or two,
 And liv'd---just as you see I do;
 Near fifty, and without a wife,
 I trust that sinking fund, my life.
 Can I retrench? Yes, mighty well,
 Shrink back to my paternal cell,
 A little house, with trees a-row,
 And, like its master, very low.
 There dy'd my father, no man's debtor,
 And there I'll die, nor worse nor better.

To set this matter full before ye,
 Our old friend Swift will tell his story.

“Harley, the nation's great support,”---
 But you may read it, I stop short.

Inspice, si possum donata reponere laetus.

* * * * *

* * * * *

Parvum parva decent. Mihi jam non regia Roma,
 Sed vacuum Tibur placet, aut imbellis Tarentum.

Strenuus et fortis, causisque Philippus agendis
 Clarus, &c.

HORACE, BOOK II.

SATIRE VI.

THE FIRST PART IMITATED IN THE YEAR 1714, BY DR.
SWIFT; THE LATTER PART ADDED AFTERWARDS.

I'VE often wish'd that I had clear
For life, six hundred pounds a year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terras-walk, and half a rood
Of land, set out to plant a wood.

Well, now I have all this and more,
I ask not to encrease my store;
' But here a grievance seems to lie,
' All this is mine but till I die;

SATIRA VI.

HOC erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus,
Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquae fons,
Et paulum silvae super his foret. Auctius, atque
Dì melius fecere. Bene est. Nil amplius oro,
Maia nate, nisi ut propria haec mihi munera faxis.

- ‘ I can’t but think ’twould sound more clever,
 - ‘ To me and to my heirs for ever.
 - ‘ If I ne’er got or lost a groat,
 - ‘ By any trick, or any fault;
 - ‘ And if I pray by Reason’s rules,
 - ‘ And not like forty other fools:
 - ‘ As thus, “ Vouchsafe, oh gracious Maker!
 - “ To grant me this and t’other acre:
 - “ Or, if it be thy will and pleasure,
 - “ Direct my plow to find a treasure:”
 - ‘ But only what my station fits,
 - ‘ And to be kept in my right wits.
 - ‘ Preserve, Almighty Providence!
 - ‘ Just what you gave me, competence:
-

Si neque majorem feci ratione mala rem,
Nec sum facturus vitio culpave minorem:
Si veneror stultus nihil horum; O si angulus ille
Proximus accedat, qui nunc denormat agellum!
O si urnam argenti fors quae mihi monstret! ut illi,
Thesauro invento qui mercenarius agrum
Illum ipsum mercatus aravit, dives amico
Hercule: si, quod adest, gratum juvat: hac prece te oro,
Pingue pecus domino facias, et caetera praeter

' And let me in these shades compose
 ' Something in verse as true as prose;
 ' Remov'd from all th' ambitious scene,
 ' Nor puff'd by pride, nor sunk by spleen.'

In short, I'm perfectly content,
 Let me but live on this side Trent;
 Nor cross the Channel twice a-year,
 To spend six months with statesmen here.

I must by all means come to town,
 'Tis for the service of the crown.
 " Lewis, the Dean will be of use,
 " Send for him up, take no excuse."
 The toil, the danger of the seas;
 Great ministers ne'er think of these;

Ingenium; utque soles, custos mihi maximus adsis.
 Ergo ubi me in montes et in arcem ex Urbe removi,
 Quid prius illustrem Satiris Musaque pedestri?
 Nec mala me ambitio perdit, nec plumbeus Auster,
 Autumnusque gravis, Libitinae quaestus acerbae.

Matutine pater, seu Jane libentius audis,
 Unde homines operum primos vitaeque labores
 Instituunt, (sic Dîs placitum) tu carminis esto
 Principium: Romae sponforem me rapis: Eia,

Or let it cost five hundred pound,
 No matter where the money's found,
 It is but so much more in debt,
 And that they ne'er consider'd yet.

“ Good Mr. Dean go change your gown,
 “ Let my Lord know you're come to town.”
 I hurry me in haste away,
 Not thinking it is levee-day;
 And find his Honour in a pound,
 Hemm'd by a triple circle round,
 Chequer'd with ribbons blue and green:
 How should I thrust myself between?
 Some wag observes me thus perplexed,
 And smiling, whispers to the next,
 “ I thought the Dean had been too proud,
 “ To juggle here among a crowd.”

Ne prior officio quisquam respondeat, argue:
 Sive Aquilo radit terras, seu bruma nivalem
 Interiore diem gyro trahit, ire necesse est.
 Postmodo, quod mihi obfit, clare certumque locuto,
 Luctandum in turba, et facienda injuria tardis.
 Quid tibi vis, insane? et quas res agis? improbus arguet
 Iratis precibus. Tu pulses omne quod obstat,

Another in a furly fit,
Tells me I have more zeal than wit,
“ So eager to exprefs your love,
“ You ne’er confider whom you fhove,
“ But rudely prefs before a duke.”
I own I’m pleas’d with this rebuke,
And take it kindly meant to fhew
What I defire the world fhould know.

I get a whifper, and withdraw;
When twenty fools I never faw
Come with petitions fairly penn’d,
Defiring I would ftand their friend.

This, humbly offers me his cafe---
That, begs my int’reft for a place---
A hundred other men’s affairs,
Like bees, are humming in my ears.
“ To-morrow my appeal comes on,
“ Without your help the caufe is gone” ---

Ad Maecenatem memori fi mente recurras.
Hoc juvat, et melli eft; ne mentiar. At fimul atras
Ventum eft Esquillas; aliena negotia centum
Per caput, et circa faliunt latus. Ante fecundam
Roscius orabat fibi adeffes ad Puteal cras.

The duke expects my Lord and you,
About some great affair, at two---

"Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind,

"To get my warrant quickly sign'd:

"Confider, 'tis my first request."---

Be fatisfy'd, I'll do my best:---

Then prefently he falls to teize,

"You may for certain, if you please;

"I doubt not, if his Lordship knew---

"And, Mr. Dean, one word from you."---

'Tis (let me fee) three years and more,
(October next it will be four)

Since Harley bid me firft attend,

And chofe me for an humble friend;

Would take me in his coach to chat,

And question me of this and that;

De re communi fcribae magna atque nova te

Orabant hodie meminiffes, Quinte, reverti.

Imprimat his cura Maecenas figna tabellis.

Dixeris, Experiar: Si vis, potes, addit; et inftat.

Septimus octavo propior jam fugerit annus,

Ex quo Maecenas me coepit habere fuorum

In numero: duntaxat ad hoc, quem tollere rheda

As, "What's o'clock?" and, "How's the wind?"

"Who's chariot's that we left behind?"

Or gravely try to read the lines

Writ underneath the country signs;

Or, "Have you nothing new to-day

"From Pope, from Parnel, or from Gay?"

Such tattle often entertains

My Lord and me as far as Stains,

As once a week we travel down

To Windsor, and again to town,

Where all that passes, INTER NOS,

Might be proclaim'd at Charing-Cross.

Yet some I know with envy swell,

Because they see me us'd so well:

"How think you of our friend the Dean?"

"I wonder what some people mean;

Vellet, iter faciens, et cui concedere nugas

Hoc genus: Hora quota est? Thrax est Gallina Syro par?

Matutina parum cautos jam frigora mordent:

Et quae rimosa bene deponuntur in aure.

Per totum hoc tempus, subjectior in diem et horam

Invidiae noster. Ludos spectaverit una:

Luferit in campo: Fortunae filius, omnes.

“ My Lord and he are grown so great,
 “ Always together, TETE A TETE.
 “ What, they admire him for his jokes---
 “ See but the fortune of some folks!”
 There flies about a strange report
 Of some express arriv'd at Court;
 I'm stopp'd by all the fools I meet,
 And catechis'd in ev'ry street.
 “ You, Mr. Dean, frequent the great,
 “ Inform us, will the emp'ror treat?
 “ Or do the prints and papers lie?”
 Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.
 “ Ah Doctor, how you love to jest?
 “ 'Tis now no secret”---I protest
 'Tis one to me---“ Then tell us, pray,
 “ When are the troops to have their pay?”

Frigidus a Rostris manat per compita rumor:
 Quicunque obvius est, me consulit; O bone (nam te
 Scire, Deos quoniam propius contingis, oportet)
 Num quid de Dacis audisti? Nil equidem. Ut tu
 Semper eris derisor! At omnes Dî exagitent me,
 Si quidquam. Quid? militibus promissa Triquetra
 Praedia Caesar, an est Itala tellure daturus?

And, tho' I solemnly declare
I know no more than my Lord Mayor,
They stand amaz'd, and think me grown
The closest mortal ever known.

Thus in a sea of folly tofs'd,
My choicest hours of life are lost;
Yet always wishing to retreat,
Oh, could I see my country-seat!
There, leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruse some ancient book,
And there in sweet oblivion drown
Those cares that haunt the Court and Town.

Jurantem me scire nihil, mirantur, ut unum
Scilicet egregii mortalem atque silenti.

Perditur haec inter misero lux, non sine votis:
O rus, quando ego te aspiciam? quandoque licebit,
Nunc veterum libris, nunc fomno et inertibus horis,
Ducere sollicitae jucunda obliviae vitae?
O quando faba Pythagorae cognata, simulque
Uncta fati pingui ponentur oluscula lardo?
O noctes, coenaeque Deum! quibus ipse, meique
Ante Larem proprium vescor, vernasque procaces
Pasco libatis dapibus: cum, ut cuique libido est,

O charming noons! and nights divine!
 Or when I sup, or when I dine,
 My friends above, my folks below,
 Chatting and laughing all-a-row,
 The beans and bacon set before 'em,
 The grace-cup serv'd with all decorum:
 Each willing to be pleas'd, and please,
 And ev'n the very dogs at ease!
 Here no man prates of idle things,
 How this or that Italian sings;
 A neighbour's madness, or his spouse's,
 Or what's in either of the houses:
 But something much more our concern,
 And quite a scandal not to learn:

Siccat inaequales calices conviva, solutus
 Legibus infanis: seu quis capit acria fortis
 Pocula; seu modicis uvescit laetius. Ergo
 Sermo oritur, non de villis domibusve alienis,
 Nec male necne Lepos saltet: sed quod magis ad nos
 Pertinet, et nescire malum est, agitamus; utrumne
 Divitiis homines, an sint virtute beati:
 Quidve ad amicitias, usus rectumne, trahat nos:
 Et quae sit natura boni, summumque quid ejus.

Which is the happier, or the wiser,
A man of merit, or a miser?
Whether we ought to chuse our friends,
For their own worth, or our own ends?
What good, or better, we may call,
And what, the very best of all?

Our friend Dan Prior told (you know)
A tale extremely A PROPOS:
Name a town life, and in a trice
He had a story of two mice.
Once on a time (so runs the fable)
A country mouse, right hospitable,
Receiv'd a town mouse at his board,
Just as a farmer might a lord.
A frugal mouse upon the whole,
Yet lov'd his friend, and had a soul,

Cervius haec inter vicinus garrit aniles
Ex re fabellas. Si quis nam laudat Arelli
Sollicitas ignarus opes; sic incipit: Olim
Rusticus urbanum murem mus paupere fertur
Accepisse cavo, veterem vetus hospes amicum;
Asper, et attentis quaesitis; ut tamen arctum
Solveret hospitiiis animum. Quid multa? Neque ille

Knew what was handsome, and would do't,
On just occasion, COUTE QUI COUTE.
He brought him bacon, (nothing lean)
Pudding, that might have pleas'd a Dean;
Cheese, such as men in Suffolk make,
But wish'd it Stilton for his sake;
Yet, to his guest tho' no way sparing,
He eat himself the rind and paring.
Our courtier scarce could touch a bit,
But show'd his breeding and his wit;
He did his best to seem to eat,
And cry'd, " I vow you're mighty neat.
" But, Lord, my friend, this savage scene!
" For God's sake, come, and live with men:

Sepositi ciceris, nec longae invidit avenae:
Aridum et ore ferens acinum, femesque lardi
Frustra dedit, cupiens varia fastidia coena
Vincere tangentis male singula dente superbo:
Cum pater ipse domus palea porrectus in horna
Effet ador loliumque, dapis meliora relinquens.
Tandem urbanus ad hunc, Quid te juvat, inquit, amice,
Praerupti nemoris patientem vivere dorso?
Vin' tu homines urbemque feris praeponere sylvis?

" Consider, mice, like men, must die,

" Both small and great, both you and I:

" Then spend your life in joy and sport,

" (This doctrine, friend, I learnt at court.)"

The veriest hermit in the nation

May yield, God knows, to strong temptation.

Away they come, thro' thick and thin,

To a tall house near Lincoln's-Inn;

('Twas on the night of a debate,

When all their Lordships had fate late.)

Behold the place, where if a poet

Shin'd in description he might show it;

Tell how the moon-beam trembling falls,

And tips with silver all the walls;

Palladian walls, Venetian doors,

Grotesco roofs, and stucco floors:

Carpe viam (mihi crede) comes: terrestria quando

Mortales animas vivunt fortita, neque ulla est,

Aut magno aut parvo, leti fuga. Quo, bone, circa,

Dum licet, in rebus jucundis vive beatus:

Vive memor, quam sis aevi brevis. Haec ubi dicta

Agrestem pepulere, domo levis exsilit: inde

Ambo propositum peragunt iter, urbis aventes

But let it (in a word) be said,
 The moon was up, and men a-bed,
 The napkins white, the carpet red:
 The guests withdrawn had left the treat,
 And down the mice fate, TETE A TETE.

Our courtier walks from dish to dish,
 Tastes for his friend of fowl and fish;
 Tells all their names, lays down the law,
 "QUE CA EST BON! AH GOUTER CA!
 "That jelly's rich, this malmsey healing,
 "Pray, dip your whiskers and your tail in."
 Was ever such a happy swain?
 He stuffs and swills, and stuffs again.
 "I'm quite aham'd---'tis mighty rude
 "To eat so much---but all's so good.

Moenia nocturni subrepere. Jamque tenebat
 Nox medium coeli spatium, cum ponit uterque
 In locuplete domo vestigia: rubro ubi cocco
 Tincta super lectos canderet vestis eburnos;
 Multaque de magna superessent fercula coena,
 Quae procul exstructis inerant hesternae canistris.
 Ergo ubi purpurea porrectum in veste locavit
 Agrestem; veluti succinctus cursitat hospes,

" I have a thousand thanks to give---

" My Lord alone knows how to live."

No sooner said, but from the hall

Rush chaplain, butler, dogs and all:

" A rat, a rat! clap to the door"---

The cat comes bouncing on the floor.

O for the heart of Homer's mice,

Or gods to save them in a trice!

(It was by Providence they think,

For your damn'd stucco has no chink.)

" An't please your Honour, quoth the peasant,

" This same desert is not so pleasant:

" Give me again my hollow tree,

" A crust of bread, and liberty!"

Continuatque dapes: necnon vernaliter ipsis
Fungitur officiis, praelibans omne quod affert.
Ille cubans gaudet mutata forte, bonisque
Rebus agit laetum convivam: cum subito ingens
Valvarum strepitus lectis excussit utrumque.
Currere per totum pavidum conclave; magisque
Exanimes trepidare, simul domus alta Molossis
Personuit canibus. Tum rusticus, Haud mihi vita
Est opus hac, ait; et valeas: me sylva, cavusque
Tutus ab insidiis tenui solabitur ervo.

HORACE, BOOK IV.

O D E I.

T O V E N U S.

AGAIN? new tumults in my breast?

Ah spare me, Venus! let me, let me rest!

I am not now, alas! the man

As in the gentle reign of my Queen Anne.

Ah sound no more thy soft alarms,

Nor circle sober fifty with thy charms.

O D E I.

A D V E N E R E M.

INTERMISSA, Venus, diu

Rurfus bella moves? Parce precor, precor. >

Non sum qualis eram bonae

Sub regno Cynarae. Desine, dulcium

Mater faeva Cupidinum,

Circa lustra decem flectere mollibus

Mother too fierce of dear desires!

Turn, turn to willing hearts your wanton fires.

To Number Five direct your doves,

There spread round Murray all your blooming loves;

Noble and young, who strikes the heart

With ev'ry sprightly, ev'ry decent part;

Equal, the injur'd to defend,

To charm the mistress, or to fix the friend.

He, with a hundred arts refin'd,

Shall stretch thy conquests over half the kind.

To him each rival shall submit,

Make but his riches equal to his wit.

Jam durum imperiis: abi

Quo blandae juvenum te revocant preces.

Tempestivius in domo

Pauli, purpureis ales oloribus,

Commeffabere Maximi;

Si torrere jecur quaeris idoneum.

Namque et nobilis, et decens,

Et pro sollicitis non tacitus reis,

Et centum puer artium,

Late signa feret militiae tuae.

Then shall thy form the marble grace,
 (Thy Grecian form) and Chloe lend the face:
His house, embosom'd in the grove,
 Sacred to social life and social love,
Shall glitter o'er the pendent green,
 Where Thames reflects the visionary scene:
Thither, the silver-sounding lyres
 Shall call the smiling loves, and young desires;
There, ev'ry grace and muse shall throng,
 Exalt the dance, or animate the song;
There youths and nymphs, in consort gay,
 Shall hail the rising, close the parting day.

Et, quandoque potentior
 Largis muneribus riferit aemuli,
Albanos prope te lacus
 Ponet marmoream sub trabe citrea.
Illic plurima naribus
 Duces thura; lyraque et Berecynthia
Delectabere tibiae
 Mixtis carminibus, non sine fistula.
Illic bis pueri die
 Numen cum teneris virginibus tuum

With me, alas! those joys are o'er;

For me, the vernal garlands bloom no more.

Adieu! fond hope of mutual fire,

The still-believing, still-renew'd desire;

Adieu! the heart-expanding bowl,

And all the kind deceivers of the soul!

But why? ah tell me, ah too dear!

Steals down my cheek th' involuntary tear?

Why words so flowing, thoughts so free,

Stop, or turn nonsense, at one glance of thee?

Thee, drest in Fancy's airy beam,

Absent I follow thro' th' extended dream;

Laudantes, pede candido

In morem Salium ter quatient humum.

Me nec femina, nec puer

Jam, nec spes animi credula mutui,

Nec certare juvat mero,

Nec vincere novis tempora floribus.

Sed cur, heu! Ligurine, cur

Manat rara meas lacryma per genas?

Cur facunda parum decoro

Inter verba cadit lingua silentio?

Now, now I feize, I clasp thy charms,

And now you burst (ah cruel!) from my arms;

And swiftly shoot along the Mall,

Or softly glide by the Canal,

Now shown by Cynthia's silver ray,

And now, on rolling waters snatch'd away.

Nocturnis ego somniis

Jam captum teneo, jam volucrem sequor

Te per gramina Martii

Campi, te per aquas, dure, volubiles.

H O R A C E, B O O K I V.

O D E I X.

A F R A G M E N T.

LEST you should think that verse shall die,
Which sounds the silver Thames along,
Taught on the wings of Truth to fly
Above the reach of vulgar song;

Tho' daring Milton fits sublime,
In Spencer native muses play;
Nor yet shall Waller yield to time,
Nor pensive Cowley's moral lay.

O D E I X.

NE forte credas interitura, quae
Longe sonantem natus ad Aufidum
Non ante vulgatas per artes
Verba loquor focianda chordis;
Non, si priores Maconius tenet
Sedes Homerus, Pindaricae latent
Caeque, et Alcaei minaces
Stesichorique graves Camenae:

Sages and chiefs long since had birth
Ere Caesar was, or Newton nam'd;
These rais'd new empires o'er the earth,
And those new heav'ns and systems fram'd.

Vain was the chief's, the sage's pride!
They had no poet, and they dy'd.
In vain they schem'd, in vain they bled!
They had no poet, and are dead.

Nec, si quid olim lussit Anacreon,
Delevit aetas: spirat adhuc amor,
Vivuntque commissi calores
Aeoliae fidibus puellae.
Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi; sed omnes illacrymabiles
Urguentur ignotique longa
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.

OLIVER C. BURTON

NEW YORK, N. Y.

1880

1881

1882

1883

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T H E
S A T I R E S
O F
D R. J O H N D O N N E,
D E A N O F S T. P A U L ' S ,
V E R S I F I E D.

Quid vetat et nosmet Lucilî scripta legentes
Quaerere, num illius, num rerum dura negarit
Verficulos natura magis factos, et euntes
Mollius?

H O R.

S A T I R E II.

YES, thank my stars! as early as I knew
This Town, I had the sense to hate it too;
Yet here, as ev'n in hell, there must be still
One giant-vice so excellently ill,
That all beside one pities, not abhors,
As who knows Sappho smiles at other whores.

I grant that poetry's a crying sin;
It brought (no doubt) th' Excise and Army in:
Catch'd like the plague, or love, the Lord knows how,
But that the cure is starving all allow.
Yet like the Papist's is the poet's state,
Poor and disarm'd, and hardly worth your hate!

Here a lean bard, whose wit could never give
Himself a dinner, makes an actor live:
The thief condemn'd, in law already dead,
So prompts and saves a rogue who cannot read.
Thus as the pipes of some carv'd organ move,
The gilded puppets dance and mount above:
Heav'd by the breath th' inspiring bellows blow;
Th' inspiring bellows lie and pant below.

One sings the fair; but songs no longer move;
No rat is rhym'd to death, nor maid to love:

In love's, in Nature's, spite the siege they hold,
And scorn the flesh, the devil, and all but gold.

These write to lords, some mean reward to get,
As needy beggars sing at doors for meat:
Those write because all write, and so have still
Excuse for writing, and for writing ill.

Wretched indeed! but far more wretched yet
Is he who makes his meal on others wit:
'Tis chang'd, no doubt, from what it was before;
His rank digestion makes it wit no more:
Sense pass'd thro' him no longer is the same;
For food digested takes another name.

I pass o'er all those confessors and martyrs
Who live like S---tt---n, or who die like Chartres,
Out-cant old Esdras, or out-drink his heir,
Out-usure Jews, or Irishmen out-swear;
Wicked as pages, who in early years
Acts fins which Prisca's confessor scarce hears.
Ev'n those I pardon, for whose sinful sake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make;
Of whose strange crimes no canonist can tell
In what commandment's large contents they dwell.

One, one man only breeds my just offence,
Whom crimes gave wealth, and wealth gave impudence:

Time, that at last matures a clap to pox,
 Whose gentle progress makes a calf an ox,
 And brings all natural events to pass,
 Hath made him an Attorney of an Ass.
 No young divine, new-benefic'd, can be
 More pert, more proud, more positive, than he.
 What further could I wish the fop to do
 But turn a wit, and scribble verses too?
 Pierce the soft labyrinth of a lady's ear
 With rhymes of this per cent. and that per year?
 Or court a wife, spread out his wily parts,
 Like nets, or lime-twigs, for rich widows hearts;
 Call himself Barrister to ev'ry wench,
 And wooe in language of the Pleas and Bench?
 Language which Boreas might to Auster hold,
 More rough than forty Germans when they scold.

Curs'd be the wretch, so venal and so vain,
 Paltry and proud as drabs in Drury-lane.
 'Tis such a bounty as was never known,
 If Peter deigns to help you to your own:
 What thanks, what praise, if Peter but supplies!
 And what a solemn face if he denies!
 Grave, as when pris'ners shake the head and swear
 'Twas only suretiship that brought them there.

His office keeps your parchment fates entire,
 He starves with cold to save them from the fire;
 For you he walks the streets thro' rain or dust,
 For not in chariots Peter puts his trust:
 For you he sweats and labours at the laws,
 Takes God to witness he affects your cause,
 And lies to ev'ry lord in ev'ry thing,
 Like a king's favourite---or like a king.
 These are the talents that adorn them all,
 From wicked Waters ev'n to godly **
 Not more of Simony beneath black gowns,
 Not more of bastardy in heirs to crowns.
 In shillings and in pence at first they deal,
 And steal so little, few perceive they steal;
 Till, like the sea, they compass all the land,
 From Scots to Wight, from Mount to Dover strand:
 And when rank widows purchase luscious nights,
 Or when a duke to Jansen punts at White's,
 Or city-heir in mortgage melts away,
 Satan himself feels far less joy than they.
 Piece-meal they win this acre first, then that,
 Glean on, and gather up the whole estate;
 Then strongly fencing ill-got wealth by law,
 Indentures, cov'nants, articles, they draw,

Large as the fields themselves, and larger far
 Than Civil codes, with all their glosses, are;
 So vast, our new divines, we must confess,
 Are fathers of the church for writing less.
 But let them write, for you each rogue impairs
 The deeds, and dext'rously omits SES HEIRES:
 No commentator can more flily pass
 O'er a learn'd unintelligible place;
 Or in quotation shrewd divines leave out
 Those words that would against them clear the doubt.

So Luther thought the Pater-noster long,
 When doom'd to say his beads and even-song;
 But having cast his cowl and left those laws,
 Adds to Christ's pray'r the Pow'r and Glory clause.

The lands are bought; but where are to be found
 Those ancient woods that shaded all the ground?
 We see no new-built palaces aspire,
 No kitchens emulate the vestal fire.
 Where are those troops of poor that throng'd of yore
 The good old landlord's hospitable door?
 Well, I could wish that still, in lordly domes,
 Some beasts were kill'd, tho' not whole hecatombs;
 That both extremes were banish'd from their walls,
 Carthusian fasts and fulsome Bacchanals;

And all mankind might that just mean observe
 In which none e'er could surfeit, none could starve.
 These as good works, 'tis true, we all allow,
 But, oh! these works are not in fashion now:
 Like rich old wardrobes, things extremely rare,
 Extremely fine, but what no man will wear.

Thus much I've said, I trust without offence;
 Let no court sycophant pervert my sense,
 Nor fly informer watch, these words to draw
 Within the reach of treason or the law.

S A T I R E IV.

WELL; if it be my time to quit the stage,
Adieu to all the follies of the age!
I die in charity with fool and knave,
Secure of peace at least beyond the grave.
I've had my Purgatory here betimes,
And paid for all my fatires, all my rhymes.
The poet's hell, its tortures, fiends, and flames,
To this were trifles, toys, and empty names.

With foolish pride my heart was never fir'd,
Nor the vain itch t' admire or be admir'd;
I hop'd for no commission from his Grace;
I bought no benefice, I begg'd no place;
Had no new verses nor new suit to show,
Yet went to Court!---the devil would have it so.
But as the fool that in reforming days
Would go to mass in jest, (as story says)
Could not but think to pay his fine was odd,
Since 'twas no form'd design of serving God;
So was I punish'd, as if full as proud,
As prone to ill, as negligent of good,

As deep in debt, without a thought to pay,
 As vain, as idle, and as false, as they
 Who live at court, for going once that way!
 Scarce was I enter'd, when, behold! there came
 A thing which Adam had been pos'd to name;
 Noah had refus'd it lodging in his ark,
 Where all the race of reptiles might embark:
 A verier monster than on Afric's shore
 The sun e'er got, or slimy Nilus bore,
 Or Sloane or Woodward's wondrous shelves contain,
 Nay, all that lying travellers can feign.
 The watch would hardly let him pass at noon,
 At night would swear him dropp'd out of the moon:
 One whom the mob, when next we find or make
 A popish plot, shall for a Jesuit take,
 And the wise justice, starting from his chair,
 Cry, by your priesthood, tell me what you are?
 Such was the wight: th' apparel on his back,
 Tho' coarse was rev'rend, and tho' bare was black:
 The suit, if by the fashion one might guess,
 Was velvet in the youth of good Queen Bess,
 But mere tufftaffety what now remain'd;
 So Time, that changes all things, had ordain'd!

Our sons shall see it leisurely decay,
First turn plain rash, then vanish quite away.

This thing has travell'd, speaks each language too,
And knows what's fit for ev'ry state to do;
Of whose best phrase and courtly accent join'd,
He forms one tongue exotic and refin'd.
Talkers I've learn'd to bear; Motteux I knew,
Henley himself I've heard, and Budgell too,
The Doctor's wormwood style, the hash of tongues
A pedant makes, the storm of Gonsou's lungs,
The whole artill'ry of the terms of war,
And (all those plagues in one) the bawling bar:
These I could bear; but not a rogue so civil
Whose tongue will compliment you to the devil:
A tongue that can cheat widows, cancel scores,
Make Scots speak treason, cozen subtlest whores,
With royal favourites in flatt'ry vie,
And Oldmixon and Burnet both out-lie.

He spies me out; I whisper, Gracious God!
What sin of mine could merit such a rod?
That all the shot of dulness now must be
From this thy blunderbuss discharg'd on me!
Permit (he cries) no stranger to your fame
To crave your sentiment, if -----'s your name.

What speech esteem you most? "The King's," said I.

But the best words?---"O Sir, the Dictionary."

You miss my aim; I mean the most acute

And perfect speaker?---"Onflow, past dispute."

But, Sir, of writers? "Swift, for closer style,

"But Hoadly for a period of a mile."

Why yes, 'tis granted, these indeed may pass:

Good common linguists, and so Panurge was;

Nay, troth th' Apostles (tho' perhaps too rough)

Had once a pretty gift of tongues enough:

Yet these were all poor gentlemen! I dare

Affirm, 'twas travel made them what they were.

Thus others talents having nicely shown,

He came by sure transition to his own:

Till I cry'd out, You prove yourself so able,

Pity you was not druggier-man at Babel;

For had they found a linguist half so good,

I make no question but the Tow'r had stood.

"Obliging Sir! for courts you sure were made:

"Why then for ever bury'd in the shade?

"Spirits like you should see and should be seen,

"The King would smile on you---at least the Queen."

Ah, gentle Sir! you courtiers so cajole us---

But Tully has it, NUNQUAM MINUS SOLUS:

And as for courts, forgive me if I say
 No lessons now are taught the Spartan way:
 Tho' in his pictures Lust be full display'd,
 Few are the converts Aretine has made;
 And tho' the Court show vice exceeding clear,
 None should, by my advice, learn virtue there.

At this entranc'd, he lifts his hands and eyes,
 Squeaks like a high-stretch'd lute-string, and replies;
 " Oh 'tis the sweetest of all earthly things
 " To gaze on princes, and to talk of kings!"
 Then, happy man who shows the tombs! said I,
 He dwells amidst the royal family;
 He ev'ry day from king to king can walk,
 Of all our Harries, all our Edwards talk,
 And get by speaking truth of monarchs dead,
 What few can of the living, ease and bread.
 " Lord, Sir, a mere mechanic! strangely low,
 " And coarse of phrase,---your English all are so.
 " How elegant your Frenchmen?" Mine, d'ye mean?
 I have but one, I hope the fellow's clean.
 " Oh! Sir, politely so! nay, let me die,
 " Your only wearing is your Padua-foy."
 Not, Sir, my only, I have better still,
 And this you see is but my dishabille---

Wild to get loose, his patience I provoke,
 Mistake, confound, object at all he spoke.
 But as coarse iron, sharpen'd, mangles more,
 And itch most hurts when anger'd to a fore;
 So when you plague a fool, 'tis still the curse,
 You only make the matter worse and worse.

He past it o'er, affects an easy smile,
 At all my peevishness, and turns his style.
 He asks, "What news?" I tell him of new plays,
 New eunuchs, harlequins, and operas.
 He hears, and as a still with simples in it
 Between each drop it gives, stays half a minute,
 Loath to enrich me with too quick replies,
 By little and by little drops his lies.
 Mere household trash! of birth-nights, balls, and shows,
 More than ten Hollinsheds, or Halls, or Stows.
 When the Queen frown'd or smil'd, he knows; and what
 A subtle minister may make of that:
 Who sins, with whom: who got his pension rug,
 Or quicken'd a reversion by a drug:
 Whose place is quarter'd out, three parts in four,
 And whether to a bishop or a whore:
 Who having lost his credit, pawn'd his rent,
 Is therefore fit to have a government:

Who in the secret deals in stocks secure,
And cheats th' unknowing widow and the poor:
Who makes a trust of charity a job,
And gets an act of parliament to rob:
Why turnpikes rise, and now no cit nor clown
Can gratis see the country, or the town:
Shortly no lad shall chuck, or lady vole,
But some excising courtier will have toll.
He tells what strumpet places sells for life,
What 'squire his lands, what citizen his wife:
At last (which proves him wiser still than all)
What lady's face is not a whited wall.

As one of Woodward's patients, sick, and sore,
I puke, I nauseate---yet he thrusts in more:
Trims Europe's balance, tops the statesman's part,
And talks gazettes and post-boys o'er by heart.
Like a big wife at sight of loathsome meat
Ready to cast, I yawn, I figh, and sweat:
Then as a licens'd spy, whom nothing can
Silence or hurt, he libels the great man;
Swears ev'ry place entail'd for years to come,
In sure succession to the day of doom:
He names the price for ev'ry office paid,
And says our wars thrive ill, because delay'd:

Nay hints, 'tis by connivance of the Court,
 That Spain robs on, and Dunkirk's still a port.
 Not more amazement seiz'd on Circe's guests
 To see themselves fall endlong into beasts,
 Than mine to find a subject stay'd and wife
 Already half-turn'd traitor by surprise.
 I felt th' infection slide from him to me,
 As in the pox, some give it to get free;
 And quick to swallow me, methought I saw
 One of our giant statues ope its jaw.

In that nice moment, as another lie
 Stood just a-tilt, the minister came by.
 To him he flies, and bows, and bows again,
 Then, close as Umbra, joins the dirty train.
 Not Fannius' self more impudently near,
 When half his nose is in his prince's ear.
 I quak'd at heart; and, still afraid to see
 All the Court fill'd with stranger things than he,
 Ran out as fast as one that pays his bail,
 And dreads more actions, hurries from a jail.

Bear me, some god! oh quickly bear me hence
 To wholesome solitude, the nurse of sense:
 Where Contemplation prunes her ruffled wings,
 And the free soul looks down to pity kings!

There sober thought pursu'd th' amusing theme,
 Till fancy colour'd it, and form'd a dream.
 A vision hermits can to hell transport,
 And forc'd ev'n me to see the damn'd at Court.
 Not Dante dreaming all th' infernal state
 Beheld such scenes of envy, sin, and hate.
 Base fear becomes the guilty, not the free,
 Suits tyrants, plunderers, but suits not me:
 Shall I, the terror of this sinful Town,
 Care if a liv'ry'd lord or smile or frown?
 Who cannot flatter, and detest who can,
 Tremble before a noble serving-man?
 O my fair mistress, Truth! shall I quit thee
 For huffing, braggart, puff nobility?
 Thou who, since yesterday, hast roll'd o'er all
 The busy, idle blockheads of the ball,
 Hast thou, oh Sun! beheld an emptier fort,
 Than such as swell this bladder of a Court?
 Now pox on those who shew a court in wax!
 It ought to bring all courtiers on their backs:
 Such painted puppets! such a varnish'd race
 Of hollow gew-gaws, only dress and face!
 Such waxen noses, stately staring things---
 No wonder some folks bow, and think them kings.

See! where the British youth, engag'd no more
 At Fig's, at White's, with felons, or a whore,
 Pay their last duty to the Court, and come
 All fresh and fragrant to the drawing-room;
 In hues as gay, and odours as divine,
 As the fair fields they sold to look so fine.
 "That's velvet for a king!" the flatt'rer swears;
 'Tis true, for ten days hence 'twill be King Lear's.
 Our Court may justly to our stage give rules,
 That helps it both to fools-coats and to fools.
 And why not players strut in courtiers clothes?
 For these are actors too as well as those:
 Wants reach all states; they beg but better drest,
 And all is splendid poverty at best.

Painted for sight, and essenc'd for the smell,
 Like frigates fraught with spice and cochineal,
 Sail in the ladies: how each pirate eyes
 So weak a vessel, and so rich a prize!
 Top-gallant he, and she in all her trim,
 He boarding her, she striking sail to him:
 "Dear Countess! you have charms all hearts to hit!"
 And, "Sweet Sir Fopling! you have so much wit!"
 Such wits and beauties are not prais'd for nought,
 For both the beauty and the wit are bought.

'Twould burst ev'n Heraclitus with the spleen
 To see those antics, Fopling and Courtin:
 The pretence seems, with things so richly odd,
 The mosque of Mahound, or some queer pagod.
 See them survey their limbs by Durer's rules,
 Of all beau-kind the best-proportion'd fools!
 Adjust their clothes, and to confession draw
 Those venial sins, an atom, or a straw;
 But oh! what terrors must distract the soul
 Convicted of that mortal crime, a hole?
 Or should one pound of powder less bespread
 Those monkey tails that wag behind their head;
 Thus finish'd, and corrected to a hair,
 They march, to prate their hour before the fair.
 So first to preach a white-glov'd chaplain goes,
 With band of lily, and with cheek of rose,
 Sweeter than Sharon, in immac'late trim,
 Neatness itself impertinent in him.
 Let but the ladies smile and they are blest:
 Prodigious! how the things protest, protest.
 Peace, fools! or Gonson will for Papists seize you,
 If once he catch you at your Jesu! Jesu!

Nature made ev'ry fop to plague his brother,
 Just as one beauty mortifies another.
 But here's the captain that will plague them both,
 Whose air cries Arm! whose very look's an oath:
 The captain's honest, Sirs, and that's enough,
 Tho' his soul's bullet, and his body buff.
 He spits fore-right; his haughty chest before,
 Like batt'ring rams, beats open ev'ry door;
 And with a face as red, and as awry,
 As Herod's hang-dogs in old tapestry,
 Scare-crow to boys, the breeding woman's curse,
 Has yet a strange ambition to look worse;
 Confounds the civil, keeps the rude in awe,
 Jest's like a licens'd fool, commands like law.

Frighted, I quit the room, but leave it so
 As men from jails to execution go;
 For hung with deadly sins I see the wall,
 And lin'd with giants deadlier than them all:
 Each man an Askapart, of strength to tofs,
 For quoits, both Temple-bar and Charing-cross.
 Scar'd at the grisly forms, I sweat, I fly,
 And shake all o'er, like a discover'd spy.

Courts are too much for wits so weak as mine:
 Charge them with Heav'n's artill'ry, bold divine!
 From such alone the great rebukes endure,
 Whose satire's sacred, and whose rage secure:
 'Tis mine to wash a few light stains, but theirs
 To deluge sin, and drown a court in tears.
 Howe'er, what's now apocrypha, my wit,
 In time to come, may pass for holy writ.

E P I L O G U E

T O T H E

S A T I R E S.

I N T W O D I A L O G U E S.

W R I T T E N I N M . D C C . X X X V I I I .

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D I A L O G U E I.

F. **N**OT twice a twelve-month you appear in print,
And when it comes the Court see nothing in't.
You grow correct that once with rapture writ,
And are, besides, too moral for a wit.
Decay of parts, alas! we all must feel---
Why now, this moment, don't I see you steal?
'Tis all from Horace; Horace long before ye
Said " Tories call'd him Whig, and Whigs a Tory;"
And taught his Romans, in much better metre,
" To laugh at fools who put their trust in Peter."

But Horace, Sir, was delicate, was nice;
Bubo observes he lash'd no sort of vice:
Horace would say Sir Billy serv'd the Crown,
Blunt could do bus'ness, Higgins knew the Town;
In Sappho touch the failings of the sex,
In rev'rend bishops note some small neglects,
And own the Spaniard did a waggish thing,
Who cropt our ears, and sent them to the King.
His sly, polite, insinuating style
Could please at Court, and make Augustus smile:

An artful manager, that crept between
 His friend and shame, and was a kind of screen.
 But, 'faith, your very friends will soon be fore;
 Patriots there are who wish you'd jest no more---
 And where's the glory? 'twill be only thought
 The great man never offer'd you a groat.
 Go see Sir Robert---

P. See Sir Robert!---hum---

And never laugh---for all my life to come?
 Seen him I have; but in his happier hour
 Of social pleasure, ill-exchang'd for pow'r;
 Seen him, uncumber'd with a venal tribe,
 Smile without art, and win without a bribe.
 Would he oblige me? let me only find
 He does not think me what he thinks mankind.
 Come, come, at all I laugh he laughs, no doubt;
 The only diff'rence is I dare laugh out.

F. Why, yes: with Scripture still you may be free;
 A horse-laugh, if you please, at honesty,
 A joke on Jekyll, or some odd old Whig,
 Who never chang'd his principle or wig.
 A patriot is a fool in ev'ry age,
 Whom all lord chamberlains allow the stage:

These nothing hurts; they keep their fashion still,
And wear their strange old virtue as they will.

If any ask you, "Who's the man so near
"His prince that writes in verse, and has his ear?"

Why, answer Lyttleton! and I'll engage
The worthy youth shall ne'er be in a rage:
But were his verses vile, his whisper base,
You'd quickly find him in Lord Fanny's case.

Sejanus, Wolsey, hurt not honest Fleury,
But well may put some statesmen in a fury.

Laugh then at any but at fools or foes;
These you but anger, and you mend not those.
Laugh at your friends, and if your friends are sore
So much the better, you may laugh the more.
To vice and folly to confine the jest
Sets half the world, God knows, against the rest,
Did not the sneer of more impartial men
At sense and virtue balance all agen.
Judicious wits spread wide the ridicule,
And charitably comfort knave and fool.

P. Dear Sir, forgive the prejudice of youth:
Adieu distinction, satire, warmth, and truth!
Come, harmless characters that no one hit;
Come, Henley's oratory, Osborne's wit!

The honey dropping from Favonia's tongue,
 The flow'rs of Bubo, and the flow of Young!
 The gracious dew of pulpit eloquence,
 And all the well-whipt cream of courtly sense;
 The first was H---vy's, F---'s next, and then
 The S---te's, and then H---vy's once agen.
 O come! that easy Ciceronian style,
 So Latin yet so English all the while,
 As, tho' the pride of Middleton and Bland,
 All boys may read, and girls may understand!
 Then might I sing without the least offence,
 And all I sung should be the nation's sense;
 Or teach the melancholy Muse to mourn,
 Hang the sad verse on Carolina's urn,
 And hail her passage to the realms of rest,
 All parts perform'd, and all her children blest!
 So---Satire is no more---I feel it die---
 No Gazetteer more innocent than I---
 And let, a God's name! ev'ry fool and knave
 Be grac'd thro' life, and flatter'd in his grave.

F. Why so? if Satire knows its time and place,
 You still may lash the greatest---in disgrace;
 For merit will by turns forsake them all;
 Would you know when? exactly when they fall.

But let all satire in all changes spare
 Immortal S---k, and grave De-----re.
 Silent and soft, as saints remove to heav'n,
 All ties dissolv'd, and ev'ry sin forgiv'n,
 These may some gentle ministerial wing
 Receive, and place for ever near a king!
 There where no passion, pride, or shame, transport,
 Lull'd with the sweet nepenthe of a court;
 There where no father's, brother's, friend's, disgrace
 Once break their rest, or stir them from their place;
 But past the sense of human miseries,
 All tears are wip'd for ever from all eyes;
 No cheek is known to blush, no heart to throb,
 Save when they lose a question or a job.

P. Good Heav'n forbid that I should blast their glory,
 Who know how like Whig ministers to Tory,
 And when three sov'reigns dy'd could scarce be vexed,
 Consid'ring what a gracious prince was next.
 Have I, in silent wonder, seen such things
 As pride in slaves, and avarice in kings?
 And at a peer or peers shall I fret,
 Who starves a sister or forswears a debt?
 Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boast;
 But shall the dignity of vice be lost?

Ye Gods! shall Cibber's son, without rebuke,
 Swear like a lord, or Rich out-whore a duke?
 A fav'rite's porter with his master vie,
 Be brib'd as often, and as often lie?
 Shall Ward draw contracts with a statesman's skill?
 Or Japhet pocket, like his Grace, a will?
 Is it for Bond or Peter (paltry things)
 To pay their debts, or keep their faith, like kings?
 If Blount dispatch'd himself, he play'd the man,
 And so may'st thou, illustrious Passeran!
 But shall a printer, weary of his life,
 Learn from their books to hang himself and wife?
 This, this, my friend, I cannot, must not, bear;
 Vice thus abus'd demands a nation's care;
 This calls the church to deprecate our sin,
 And hurls the thunder of the laws on gin.

Let modest Foster, if he will, excel
 Ten metropolitans in preaching well;
 A simple Quaker, or a Quaker's wife,
 Out-do Landaffe in doctrine---yea in life:
 Let humble Allen, with an awkward shame,
 Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.
 Virtue may chuse the high or low degree,
 'Tis just alike to Virtue and to me;

Dwell in a monk, or light upon a king,
 She's still the same belov'd contented thing.
 Vice is undone if she forgets her birth,
 And stoops from angels to the dregs of earth;
 But 'tis the fall degrades her to a whore;
 Let Greatness own her, and she's mean no more:
 Her birth, her beauty, crowds and courts confess,
 Chaste matrons praise her, and grave bishops bless;
 In golden chains the willing world she draws,
 And her's the gospel is and her's the laws;
 Mounts the tribunal, lifts her scarlet head,
 And fees pale Virtue carted in her stead.
 Lo! at the wheels of her triumphal car
 Old England's Genius, rough with many a scar,
 Dragg'd in the dust! his arms hang idly round,
 His flag inverted trails along the ground!
 Our youth, all liv'ry'd o'er with foreign gold,
 Before her dance; behind her crawl the old!
 See thronging millions to the pagod run,
 And offer country, parent, wife, or son!
 Hear her black trumpet thro' the land proclaim,
 That not to be corrupted is the shame.
 In soldier, churchman, patriot, man in pow'r,
 'Tis av'rice all, ambition is no more!

See all our nobles begging to be slaves!
See all our fools aspiring to be knaves!
The wit of cheats, the courage of a whore,
Are what ten thousand envy and adore:
All, all look up, with reverential awe,
At crimes that 'scape, or triumph o'er the law:
While truth, worth, wisdom, daily they decry---
" Nothing is sacred now but villainy."

Yet may this verse (if such a verse remain)
Show there was one who held it in disdain.

DIALOGUE II.

F. 'TIS all a libel---Paxton, Sir, will say.

P. Not yet, my Friend! to-morrow, 'faith it may;
And for that very cause I print to-day.

How should I fret to mangle ev'ry line

In rev'rence to the sins of Thirty-nine?

Vice with such giant strides comes on amain,

Invention strives to be before in vain;

Feign what I will, and paint it e'er so strong,

Some rising genius sins up to my song.

F. Yet none but you by name the guilty lash;

Ev'n Guthry saves half Newgate by a dash.

Spare then the person, and expose the vice.

P. How, Sir! not damn the sharper, but the dice?

Come on then, Satire! gen'ral, unconfin'd,

Spread thy broad wing, and fouse on all the kind.

Ye Statesmen, Priests, of one religion all!

Ye Tradesmen, vile in army, court, or hall!

Ye rev'rend Atheists. F. Scandal! name them, who?

P. Why that's the thing you bid me not to do.

Who starv'd a sister, who forswore a debt,

I never nam'd; the Town's inquiring yet.

The pois'ning dame--F. You mean--P. I don't.--F. You do.

P. See, now I keep the secret, and not you!

The bribing statesman---F. Hold, too high you go.

P. The brib'd elector---F. There you stoop too low.

P. I fain would please you if I knew with what;

Tell me which knave is lawful game, which not?

Must great offenders, once escap'd the Crown,

Like royal harts, be never more run down?

Admit your law to spare the knight requires,

As beasts of nature may we hunt the squires?

Suppose I censure---you know what I mean---

To save a bishop may I name a dean?

F. A dean, Sir? no: his fortune is not made;

You hurt a man that's rising in the trade.

P. If not the tradesman who set up to-day,

Much less the 'prentice who to-morrow may.

Down, down, proud Satire! tho' a realm be spoil'd,

Arraign no mightier thief than wretched Wild;

Or, if a court or country's made a job,

Go drench a pick-pocket, and join the mob.

But, Sir, I beg you (for the love of vice!)

The matter's weighty, pray consider twice:

Have you less pity for the needy cheat,

The poor and friendless villain, than the great?

Alas! the small discredit of a bribe
 Scarce hurts the lawyer, but undoes the scribe.
 Then better sure it charity becomes
 To tax directors, who (thank God!) have plums;
 Still better ministers, or if the thing
 May pinch ev'n there---Why lay it on a king.

F. Stop! stop!

P. Must Satire then nor rise nor fall?
 Speak out, and bid me blame no rogues at all.

F. Yes, strike that Wild, I'll justify the blow.

P. Strike? why the man was hang'd ten years ago:
 Who now that obsolete example fears?
 Ev'n Peter trembles only for his ears.

F. What, always Peter? Peter thinks you mad;
 You make men desp'rate if they once are bad;
 Else might he take to virtue some years hence---

P. As S---k, if he lives, will love the prince.

F. Strange spleen to S---k!

P. Do I wrong the man?

God knows I praise a courtier where I can.
 When I confess there is who feels for fame,
 And melts to goodness, need I Scarb'row name?
 Pleas'd let me own, in Esther's peaceful grove,
 (Where Kent and Nature vie for Pelham's love)

The scene, the master, op'ning to my view,
I sit and dream I see my Craggs anew!

Ev'n in a bishop I can spy desert;
Secker is decent, Rundel has a heart;
Manners with candour are to Benson giv'n,
To Berkley ev'ry virtue under heav'n.

But does the Court a worthy man remove?
That instant, I declare, he has my love:
I shun his zenith, court his mild decline;
Thus Somers once and Halifax were mine.
Oft' in the clear still mirror of retreat
I study'd Shrewsbury, the wise and great:
Carleton's calm sense and Stanhope's noble flame
Compar'd, and knew their gen'rous end the same:
How pleasing Atterbury's softer hour!
How shin'd the soul, unconquer'd, in the Tow'r!
How can I Pult'ney, Chesterfield, forget,
While Roman spirit charms, and Attic wit?
Argyle, the state's whole thunder born to wield,
And shake alike the senate and the field?
Or Wyndham just to freedom and the throne,
The master of our passions and his own?
Names which I long have lov'd, nor lov'd in vain,
Rank'd with their friends, not number'd with their train;

And if yet higher the proud list should end,
Still let me say No foll'wer, but a friend.

Yet think not friendship only prompts my lays;
I follow Virtue; where she shines I praise,
Point she to Priest or Elder, Whig or Tory,
Or round a Quaker's beaver cast a glory.
I never (to my sorrow I declare)

Din'd with the Man of Rofs or my Lord May'r.
Some in their choice of friends (nay, look not grave)
Have still a secret bias to a knave:
To find an honest man I beat about,
And love him, court him, praise him, in or out.

F. Then why so few commended?

P. Not so fierce;
Find you the virtue and I'll find the verse.
But random praise---the task can ne'er be done;
Each mother asks it for her booby son,
Each widow asks it for the best of men,
For him she weeps, and him she weds agen.
Praise cannot stoop, like Satire, to the ground;
The number may be hang'd but not be crown'd.
Enough for half the greatest of these days
To 'scape my censure, not expect my praise.

Are they not rich? what more can they pretend?

Dare they to hope a poet for their friend?

What Richlieu wanted Louis scarce could gain,

And what young Ammon wish'd, but wish'd in vain.

No pow'r the Muse's friendship can command;

No pow'r, when Virtue claims it, can withstand.

To Cato Virgil paid one honest line;

O let my country's friends illumine mine!

---What are you thinking? F. Faith the thought's no sin;

I think your friends are out, and would be in.

P. If merely to come in, Sir, they go out,

The way they take is strangely round about.

F. They too may be corrupted, you'll allow?

P. I only call those knaves who are so now.

Is that too little? come then, I'll comply---

Spirit of Arnall! aid me while I lie.

Cobham's a coward, Polwarth is a slave,

And Lyttleton a dark designing knave,

St. John has ever been a wealthy fool---

But let me add, Sir Robert's mighty dull,

Has never made a friend in private life,

And was, besides, a tyrant to his wife.

But pray, when others praise him do I blame?

Call Verres, Wolsey, any odious name?

Why rail they then if but a wreath of mine,
Oh all-accomplish'd St. John! deck thy shrine?

What! shall each spur-gall'd hackney of the day,
When Paxton gives him double pots and pay,
Or each new-pension'd sycophant pretend
To break my windows if I treat a friend,
Then wisely plead to me they meant no hurt,
But 'twas my guest at whom they threw the dirt?
Sure if I spare the minister, no rules
Of honour bind me not to maul his tools;
Sure if they cannot cut, it may be said
His saws are toothless, and his hatchets lead.

It anger'd Turenne, once upon a day,
To see a footman kick'd that took his pay;
But when he heard th' affront the fellow gave,
Knew one a man of honour, one a knave,
The prudent gen'ral turn'd it to a jest,
And begg'd he'd take the pains to kick the rest;
Which not at present having time to do---

F. Hold, Sir! for God's sake; where's th' affront to you?
Against your Worship when had S---k writ?
Or P---ge pour'd forth the torrent of his wit?
Or grant the bard whose distich all commend
[In pow'r a servant, out of pow'r a friend]

To W---le guilty of some venial sin,
 What's that to you who ne'er was out nor in?

The priest whose flattery be-dropp'd the crown
 How hurt he you? he only stain'd the gown.
 And how did, pray, the florid youth offend,
 Whose speech you took, and gave it to a friend?

P. Faith it imports not much from whom it came;
 Whoever borrow'd could not be to blame,
 Since the whole House did afterwards the same. }
 Let courtly wits to wits afford supply,
 As hog to hog in huts of Westphaly:
 If one, thro' Nature's bounty or his lord's,
 Has what the frugal dirty foil affords,
 From him the next receives it, thick or thin,
 As pure a mess almost as it came in;
 The blessed benefit, not there confin'd,
 Drops to the third, who nuzzles close behind;
 From tail to mouth they feed and they carouse;
 The last full fairly gives it to the House.

This filthy simile, this beastly line,
 Quite turns my stomach---P. So does flatt'ry mine;
 And all your courtly civet-cats can vent,
 Perfume to you, to me is excrement.

But hear me further---Japhet, 'tis agreed,
 Writ not, and Chartres scarce could write or read;
 In all the courts of Pindus guiltless quite;
 But pens can forge, my friend, that cannot write;
 And must no egg in Japhet's face be thrown
 Because the deed he forg'd was not my own?
 Must never patriot then declaim at gin
 Unless, good man! he has been fairly in?
 No zealous pastor blame a failing spouse
 Without a staring reason on his brows?
 And each blasphemer quite escape the rod,
 Because the insult's not on man but God?

Ask you what provocation I have had?
 The strong antipathy of good to bad.
 When truth or virtue an affront endures,
 Th' affront is mine, my friend, and should be your's.
 Mine as a foe profess'd to false pretence,
 Who think a coxcomb's honour like his sense;
 Mine as a friend to ev'ry worthy mind;
 And mine as man, who feel for all mankind.

F. You're strangely proud.

P. So proud, I am no slave;
 So impudent, I own myself no knave;
 So odd, my country's ruin makes me grave.

Yes, I am proud; I must be proud to see
 Men not afraid of God afraid of me;
 Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
 Yet touch'd and sham'd by ridicule alone.

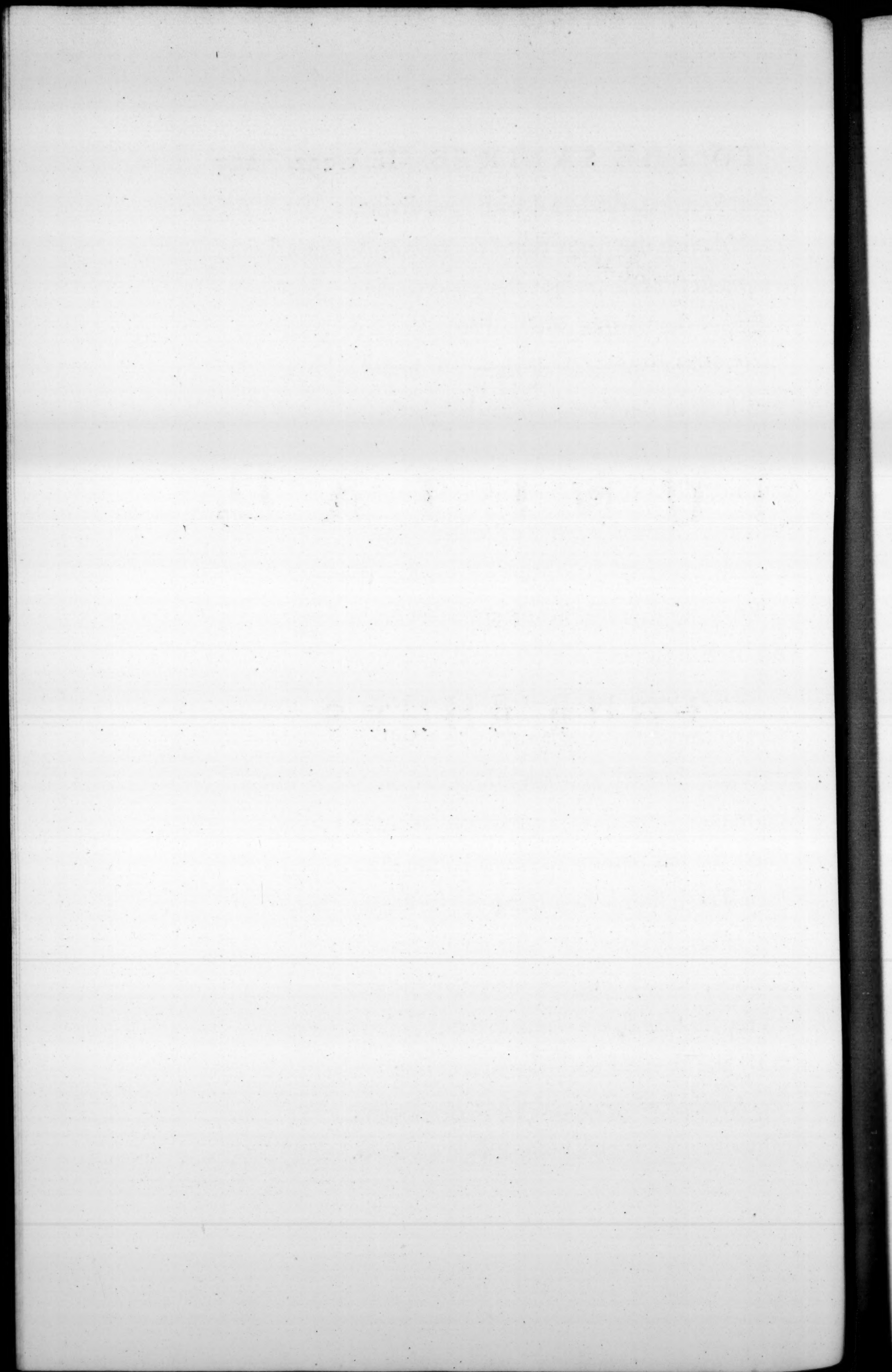
O sacred weapon! left for truth's defence,
 Sole dread of folly, vice, and insolence!
 To all but heav'n-directed hands deny'd,
 The Muse may give thee, but the gods must guide:
 Rev'rent I touch thee! but with honest zeal,
 To rouse the watchmen of the public weal,
 To Virtue's work provoke the tardy hall,
 And goad the prelate slumb'ring in his stall.
 Ye tinsel Insects! whom a court maintains,
 That counts your beauties only by your stains,
 Spin all your cobwebs o'er the eye of Day,
 The Muse's wing shall brush you all away:
 All his Grace preaches, all his Lordship sings,
 All that makes faints of queens and gods of kings;
 All, all but truth, drops dead-born from the press,
 Like the last Gazette or the last Address.

When black Ambition stains a public cause,
 A monarch's sword when mad Vain-glory draws,
 Not Waller's wreath can hide the nation's scar,
 Not Boileau turn the feather to a star.

Not so when, diadem'd with rays divine,
 Touch'd with the flame that breaks from Virtue's shrine,
 Her priestess Muse forbids the good to die,
 And opes the temple of Eternity.
 There other trophies deck the truly brave
 Than such as Anstis casts into the grave;
 Far other stars than * and ** wear,
 And may descend to Mordington from Stair;
 (Such as on Hough's unfully'd mitre shine,
 Or beam, good Digby! from a heart like thine.)
 Let Envy howl, while heav'n's whole chorus sings,
 And bark at honour not conferr'd by kings;
 Let Flatt'ry sick'ning see the incense rise,
 Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies:
 Truth guards the poet, sanctifies the line,
 And makes immortal verse as mean as mine.

Yes, the last pen for freedom let me draw,
 When Truth stands trembling on the edge of law.
 Here, last of Britons! let your names be read:
 Are none, none living? let me praise the dead;
 And for that cause which made your fathers shine,
 Fall by the votes of their degen'rate line.

F. Alas! alas! pray end what you began,
 And write next winter more Essays on Man.



THE
D U N C I A D,
IN
FOUR BOOKS.

3 T

NO. 1000

A
L E T T E R
TO THE
P U B L I S H E R,

Occasioned by the first edition of
THE D U N C I A D.

IT is with pleasure I hear that you have procured a correct copy of the Dunciad, which the many surreptitious ones have rendered so necessary; and it is yet with more that I am informed it will be attended with a Commentary; a work so requisite, that I cannot think the Author himself would have omitted it, had he approved of the first appearance of this Poem.

Such Notes as have occurred to me I herewith send you: you will oblige me by inserting them amongst those which are, or will be, transmitted to you by others; since not only the Author's friends, but even strangers, appear engaged, by humanity, to take some care of an orphan of so much genius and spirit, which its Parent seems to have abandoned from the very beginning, and suffered to step into the world naked, unguarded, and unattended.

It was upon reading some of the abusive papers lately published that my great regard to a person, whose friendship I esteem as one of the chief honours of my life, and a much greater respect to truth than to him or any man living, engaged me in inquiries of which the inclosed Notes are the fruit.

I perceived that most of these authors had been (doubtless very wisely) the first aggressors. They had tried, till they were weary, what was to be got by railing at each other: no body was either concerned or surpris'd if this or that scribbler was proved a dunce, but every one was curious to read what could be said to prove Mr. Pope one, and was ready to pay something for such a discovery;

a stratagem which, would they fairly own it, might not only reconcile them to me, but screen them from the resentment of their lawful superiors, whom they daily abuse, only (as I charitably hope) to get that by them which they cannot get from them.

I found this was not all: ill success in that had transported them to personal abuse either of himself, or (what I think he could less forgive) of his friends. They had called men of virtue and honour bad men long before he had either leisure or inclination to call them bad writers; and some had been such old offenders, that he had quite forgotten their persons, as well as their slanders, till they were pleased to revive them.

Now, what had Mr. Pope done before to incense them? He had published those works which are in the hands of every body, in which not the least mention is made of any of them. And what has he done since? He has laughed, and written the *Dunciad*. What has that said of them? A very serious truth, which the Public had said before, that they were dull; and what it had no sooner said but they themselves were at great pains to procure, or even purchase, room in the prints, to testify under their hands to the truth of it.

I should still have been silent if either I had seen any inclination in my friend to be serious with such accusers, or if they had only meddled with his writings; since whoever publishes puts himself on his trial by his country: but when his moral character was attacked, and in a manner from which neither truth nor virtue can secure the most innocent; in a manner which, though it annihilates the credit of the accusation with the just and impartial, yet aggravates very much the guilt of the accusers, I mean by authors without names; then I thought, since the danger was common to all, the concern ought to be so; and that it was an act of justice to detect the authors, not only on this account, but as many of them are the same who, for several years past, have made free with the greatest names in Church and State, exposed to the world the private misfortunes of families, abused all, even to women, and whose prostituted papers (for one or other party in the unhappy divisions of their country) have insulted the fallen, the friendless, the exiled, and the dead.

Besides this, which I take to be a public concern, I have already confessed I had a private one. I am one of that number who have long loved and esteemed Mr. Pope; and had often declared it was not his capacity or writings, (which

we ever thought the least valuable part of his character) but the honest, open, and beneficent, man that we most esteemed and loved in him. Now, if what these people say were believed, I must appear to all my friends either a fool or a knave; either imposed on myself, or imposing on them; so that I am as much interested in the confutation of these calumnies as he himself.

I am no author, and consequently not to be suspected either of jealousy or resentment against any of the men, of whom scarce one is known to me by sight; and as for their writings, I have fought them (on this one occasion) in vain, in the closets and libraries of all my acquaintance. I had still been in the dark if a gentleman had not procured me (I suppose from some of themselves, for they are generally much more dangerous friends than enemies) the passages I send you. I solemnly protest I have added nothing to the malice or absurdity of them; which it behoves me to declare, since the vouchers themselves will be so soon and so irrecoverably lost. You may, in some measure, prevent it, by preserving at least their titles, and discovering (as far as you can depend on the truth of your information) the names of the concealed authors.

The first objection I have heard made to the Poem is, that the persons are too *obscure* for satire. The persons themselves, rather than allow the objection, would forgive the satire; and if one could be tempted to afford it a serious answer, were not all assassins, popular insurrections, the insolence of the rabble without doors, and of domestics within, most wrongfully chastised, if the meanness of offenders indemnified them from punishment? On the contrary, obscurity renders them more dangerous, as less thought of: law can pronounce judgment only on open facts: morality alone can pass censure on intentions of mischief; so that for secret calumny, or the arrow flying in the dark, there is no public punishment left but what a good writer inflicts.

The next objection is, that these sort of authors are *poor*. That might be pleaded as an excuse at the Old Bailey for lesser crimes than defamation, (for it is the case of almost all who are tried there) but sure it can be none here: for who will pretend that the robbing another of his reputation supplies the want of it in himself? I question not but such authors are poor, and heartily wish the objection were removed by any honest livelihood; but poverty is here the accident, not the subject. He who describes malice and villany to be pale and meagre, expresses not the least anger against paleness or leanness, but against malice and villany. The Apothecary in Romeo and Juliet is poor; but is he

therefore justified in vending poison? Not but poverty itself becomes a just subject of satire when it is the consequence of vice, prodigality, or neglect of one's lawful calling; for then it increases the public burden, fills the streets and highways with robbers, and the garrets with clippers, coiners, and weekly Journalists.

But admitting that two or three of these offend less in their morals than in their writings, must poverty make nonsense sacred? If so, the fame of bad authors would be much better consulted than that of all the good ones in the world; and not one of an hundred had ever been called by his right name.

They mistake the whole matter: it is not charity to encourage them in the way they follow, but to get them out of it; for men are not bunglers because they are poor, but they are poor because they are bunglers.

Is it not pleasant enough to hear our authors crying out, on the one hand, as if their persons and characters were too sacred for satire, and the public objecting, on the other, that they are too mean even for ridicule? But whether bread or fame be their end, it must be allowed our Author, by and in this poem, has mercifully given them a little of both.

There are two or three who, by their rank and fortune, have no benefit from the former objections, supposing them good, and these I was sorry to see in such company: but if, without any provocation, two or three gentlemen will fall upon one, in an affair wherein his interest and reputation are equally embarked, they cannot, certainly, after they have been content to print themselves his enemies, complain of being put into the number of them.

Others, I am told, pretend to have been once his friends. Surely they are their enemies who say so, since nothing can be more odious than to treat a friend as they have done. But of this I cannot persuade myself, when I consider the constant and eternal aversion of all bad writers to a good one.

Such as claim a merit from being his admirers, I would gladly ask if it lays him under a personal obligation? At that rate he would be the most obliged humble servant in the world. I dare swear for these in particular, he never desired them to be his admirers, nor promised, in return, to be theirs: that had truly been a sign he was of their acquaintance; but would not the malicious world have suspected such an approbation of some motive worse than ignorance in the Author of the Essay on Criticism? Be it as it will, the reasons of their admiration and of his contempt are equally subsisting, for his works and theirs are the very same that they were.

One, therefore, of their assertions I believe may be true, "that he has a contempt for their writings." And there is another which would probably be sooner allowed by himself than by any good judge beside, "that his own have found too much success with the Public." But as it cannot consist with his modesty to claim this as a justice, it lies not on him, but entirely on the Public, to defend its own judgment.

There remains what, in my opinion, might seem a better plea for these people than any they have made use of. If *obscurity* or *poverty* were to exempt a man from satire, much more should *folly* or *dullness*, which are still more involuntary; nay, as much so as personal deformity. But even this will not help them: deformity becomes an object of ridicule when a man sets up for being handsome; and so must dullness when he sets up for a wit. They are not ridiculed because ridicule in itself is, or ought to be, a pleasure; but because it is just to undeceive and vindicate the honest and unpretending part of mankind from imposition; because particular interest ought to yield to general, and a great number who are not naturally fools ought never to be made so in complaisance to a few who are. Accordingly we find that, in all ages, all vain pretenders, were they ever so poor or ever so dull, have been constantly the topics of the most candid satirists, from the Codrus of Juvenal to the Damon of Boileau.

Having mentioned Boileau, the greatest poet and most judicious critic of his age and country, admirable for his talents, and yet, perhaps, more admirable for his judgment in the proper application of them, I cannot help remarking the resemblance betwixt him and our Author in qualities, fame, and fortune; in the distinctions shewn them by their superiors, in the general esteem of their equals, and in their extended reputation amongst foreigners; in the latter of which ours has met with the better fate, as he has had for his translators persons of the most eminent rank and abilities in their respective nations*. But the resemblance holds in nothing more than in their being equally abused by the ignorant pretenders to poetry of their times, of which not the least memory will remain but in their own writings, and in the notes made upon them. What Boileau has done in almost all his poems our Author has only in this: I dare answer for him he will do it in no more; and on this principle, of attacking few but who had slandered him, he could not have done it at all had he been confined from cen-

* Essay on Criticism, in French verse, by General Hamilton; the same, in verse also, by Monsieur Roboton, counsellor and privy secretary to King George I. after by the Abbé Reynel, in verse, with notes. Rape of the Locke, in French, by the Princess of Conti, Paris, 1728; and in Italian verse by the Abbé Conti, a noble Venetian, and by the Marquis Rangoni, envoy extraordinary from Modena to King George II. Others of his works by Salvini of Florence, &c. His Essays and Dissertations on Homer several times translated into French. Essay on Man, by the Abbé Reynel, in verse; by Monsieur Silhout, in prose, 1737; and since by others in French, Italian, and Latin.

firing obscure and worthless persons, for scarce any other were his enemies. However, as the parity is so remarkable, I hope it will continue to the last; and if ever he should give us an edition of this Poem himself, I may see some of them treated as gently, on their repentance or better merit, as Perrault and Quinault were at last by Boileau.

In one point I must be allowed to think the character of our English poet the more amiable. He has not been a follower of fortune or success; he has lived with the great without flattery; been a friend to men in power without pensions; from whom as he asked so he received no favour, but what was done him in his friends. As his Satires were the more just for being delayed, so were his Panegyrics bestowed only on such persons as he had familiarly known, only for such virtues as he had long observed in them, and only at such times as others cease to praise, if not begin to calumniate them, I mean when out of power, or out of fashion *. A satire, therefore, on writers so notorious for the contrary practice became no man so well as himself; as none, it is plain, was so little in their friendships, or so much in that of those whom they had most abused, namely, the greatest and best of all parties. Let me add a further reason, that, though engaged in their friendships, he never espoused their animosities; and can almost singly challenge this honour, not to have written a line of any man which, through guilt, through shame, or through fear, through variety of fortune, or change of interests, he was ever unwilling to own.

I shall conclude with remarking what a pleasure it must be to every reader of humanity to see all along that our Author, in his very laughter, is not indulging his own ill-nature, but only punishing that of others. As to his Poem, those alone are capable of doing it justice who, to use the words of a great writer, know how hard it is (with regard both to his subject and his manner) VETUSTIS DARE NOVITATEM, OBSOLETIS NITOREM, OBSCURIS LUCEM, FASTIDITIS GRATIAM.

I am

ST. JAMES'S,
Dec. 22, 1728.

Your most humble servant,

WILLIAM CLELAND †.

* As Mr. Wycherley, at the time the Town declaimed against his book of Poems; Mr. Walsh, after his death; Sir William Trumbull, when he had resigned the office of Secretary of State; Lord Bolingbroke, at his leaving England after the Queen's death; Lord Oxford, in his last decline of life; Mr. Secretary Craggs, at the end of the South-sea year, and after his death: others only in Epitaphs.

† This gentleman was of Scotland, and bred at the university of Utrecht with the Earl of Mar. He served in Spain under Earl Rivers. After the peace he was made one of the Commissioners of the customs in Scotland, and then of taxes in England; in which having shewn himself for twenty years diligent, punctual, and incorruptible, (though without any other assistance of fortune) he was suddenly displaced by the minister, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, and died two months after, in 1741. He was a person of universal learning and an enlarged conversation; no man had a warmer heart for his friend, or a sincerer attachment to the constitution of his country.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

HIS

PROLEGOMENA AND ILLUSTRATIONS

TO THE

D U N C I A D.

WITH THE

HYPERCRITICS OF ARISTARCHUS.

DENNIS, *Remarks on Pr. Arthur.*

I CANNOT but think it the most reasonable thing in the world to distinguish good writers, by discouraging the bad: nor is it an ill-natured thing, in relation even to the very persons upon whom the reflections are made. It is true, it may deprive them a little the sooner of a short profit and a transitory reputation; but then it may have a good effect, and oblige them (before it be too late) to decline that for which they are so very unfit, and to have recourse to something in which they may be more successful.

Character of Mr. P. 1716.

The persons whom Boileau has attacked in his writings have been for the most part authors, and most of those authors poets; and the censures he hath passed upon them have been confirmed by all Europe.

GILDON, *Pref. to his new Rehearsal.*

It is the common cry of the poetasters of the Town, and their fautors, that it is an ill-natured thing to expose the pretenders to wit and poetry. The judges and magistrates may with full as good reason be reproached with ill-nature for putting the laws in execution against a thief or impostor.—The same will hold in the republic of Letters, if the critics and judges will let every ignorant pretender to scribbling pass on the world.

THEOBALD, *Letter to Mistr. June 22, 1728.*

Attacks may be levelled either against failures in genius, or against the pretensions of writing without one.

CONCANEN, *Ded. to the Author of the Dunciad.*

A Satire upon dullness is a thing that has been used and allowed in all ages.

Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, wicked Scribbler!

TESTIMONIES OF AUTHORS

CONCERNING

OUR POET AND HIS WORKS.

M. SCRIBLERUS LECTORI S.

BEFORE we present thee with our Exercitations on this most delectable poem, (drawn from the many volumes of our *adversaria* on modern authors) we shall here, according to the laudable usage of editors, collect the various judgments of the learned concerning our Poet; various, indeed, not only of different authors, but of the same author at different seasons. Nor shall we gather only the Testimonies of such eminent wits as would of course descend to posterity, and consequently be read without our collection; but we shall likewise, with incredible labour, seek out for divers others which, but for this our diligence, could never, at the distance of a few months, appear to the eye of the most curious. Hereby thou mayest not only receive the delectation of variety, but also arrive at a more certain judgment, by a grave and circumspect comparison of the witnesses with each other, or of each with himself. Hence, also, thou wilt be enabled to draw reflections not only of a critical but a moral nature, by being let into many particulars of the person as well as genius, and of the fortune as well as merit, of our author; in which, if I relate some things of little concern, peradventure, to thee, and some of as little even to him, I entreat thee to consider how minutely all true critics and commentators are wont to insist upon such, and how material they seem to themselves, if to none other. Forgive me, gentle Reader! if (following learned example) I ever and anon become tedious; allow me to take the same pains to find whether my Author were good or bad, well or ill-natured, modest or arrogant, as another whether his author was fair or brown, short or tall, or whether he wore a coat or a cassock.

We purposed to begin with his life, parentage, and education; but as to these even his contemporaries do exceedingly differ. One saith ¹ he was educated at home; another, ² that he was bred at St. Omer's by Jesuits; a third, ³ not at St. Omer's but at Oxford; a fourth, ⁴ that he had no university education at all. Those who allow him to be bred at home differ as much concerning his tutor: one saith ⁵ he was kept by his father on purpose; a second, ⁶ that he was an itinerant priest; a third, ⁷ that he was a parson: one ⁸ calleth him a secular clergyman of the Church of Rome; another, ⁹ a monk. As little do they agree about his father, whom ¹⁰ one supposeth, like the father of Hesiod, a tradesmen or merchant; another, ¹¹ a husbandman; another, ¹² a hatter, &c. Nor has an author been wanting to give our Poet such a father as Apuleius hath to Plato, Jamblichus to Pythagoras, and divers to Homer, namely, a daemon: for thus Mr. Gildon ¹³;

¹ Giles Jacob's Lives of the Poets, vol. II. in his life.

² Dennis's Reflections on the Essay on Criticism, p. 4.

³ Dunciad Dissected, p. 4.

⁴ Guardian, No. 40.

⁵ Jacob's Lives, &c. vol. II.

⁶ Dunciad Dissected, p. 4.

⁷ Farmer P. and his son.

⁸ Dunciad Dissected.

⁹ Charact. of the Times, p. 45.

¹⁰ Female Dunciad, p. ult.

¹¹ Dunciad Dissected.

¹² Roome, Paraph. on Gen. iv. 1729.

¹³ Character of Mr. P. and his writings, in a letter to a friend, printed for S. Popping, 1716, p. 10. Curl in his Key to the Dunciad, (first edit. said to be printed for A. Dodd) in p. 10. declared Gildon to be author of that libel; though in the subsequent editions of his Key he left out this assertion, and affirmed (in the Curliad, p. 4. and 8.) that it was written by Dennis only.

“ Certain it is that his original is not from Adam, but the devil; and that he wanteth nothing but
 “ horns and tail to be the exact resemblance of his infernal father.” Finding, therefore, such con-
 trariety of opinions, and (whatever be ours of this sort of generation) not being fond to enter in-
 to controversy, we shall defer writing the life of our Poet till authors can determine among them-
 selves what parents or education he had, or whether he had any education or parents at all.

Proceed we to what is more certain, his Works; though not less uncertain the judgments
 concerning them; beginning with his Essay on Criticism, of which hear first the most ancient of
 critics,

MR. JOHN DENNIS.

“ His precepts are false, or trivial, or both; his thoughts are crude and abortive, his expressions
 “ absurd, his numbers harsh and unmusical, his rhymes trivial and common.—Instead of majesty
 “ we have something that is very mean; instead of gravity something that is very boyish; and in-
 “ stead of perspicuity and lucid order, we have but too often obscurity and confusion.” And in
 another place; “ What rare Numbers are here! would not one swear that this youngster had espou-
 “ sed some antiquated Muse, who had sued out a divorce from some superannuated sinner upon ac-
 “ count of impotence, and who, being poxed by her former spouse, has got the gout in her decre-
 “ pit age, which makes her hobble so damnably?”

No less peremptory is the censure of our hypercritical historian

MR. OLDMIXON.

“ I dare not say any thing of the Essay on Criticism in verse; but if any more curious reader
 “ has discovered in it something *new*, which is not in Dryden's Prefaces, Dedications, and his
 “ Essay on Dramatic Poetry, not to mention the French critics, I should be very glad to have the
 “ benefit of the discovery.”

He is followed (as in fame, so in judgment) by the modest and simple-minded

MR. LEONARD WELSTED,

who, out of great respect to our Poet, not naming him, doth yet glance at his Essay, together with
 the Duke of Buckingham's, and the Criticisms of Dryden and of Horace, which he more openly
 taxeth¹. “ As to the numerous treatises, essays, arts, &c. both in verse and prose, that have been
 “ written by the Moderns on this ground-work, they do but hackney the same thoughts over
 “ again, making them still more trite. Most of their pieces are nothing but a pert insipid heap
 “ of common place. Horace has, even in his Art of Poetry, thrown out several things which
 “ plainly shew he thought an Art of Poetry was of no use, even while he was writing one.”

To all which great authorities we can only oppose that of

MR. ADDISON.

“ The Art of Criticism,” saith he², “ which was published some months ago, is a master-piece
 “ in its kind. The observations follow one another like those in Horace's Art of Poetry, with-
 “ out that methodical regularity which would have been requisite in a prose writer. They are
 “ some of them *uncommon*, but such as the reader must assent to, when he sees them explained with
 “ that ease and perspicuity in which they are delivered. As for those which are the most

¹ Reflections Critical and Satirical on a Rhapsody called, An Essay on Criticism, printed for Bernard Lintot, 8vo.

² Essay on Criticism in prose, 8vo, 1728, by the author of the Critical history of England.

³ Preface to his poems, p. 18, 53.

⁴ Spectator, No. 253.

“ known, and the most received, they are placed in so beautiful a light, and illustrated with such
 “ apt allusions, that they have in them all the graces of novelty, and make the reader, who was
 “ before acquainted with them, still more convinced of their truth and solidity. And here give me
 “ leave to mention what *Monf. Boileau* has so well enlarged upon in the Preface to his Works,
 “ that wit and fine writing doth not consist so much in advancing things that are new, as in giving
 “ things that are known an agreeable turn. It is impossible for us who live in the latter ages of
 “ the world to make observations in criticism, morality, or any art and science, which have not
 “ been touched upon by others. We have little else left us but to represent the common sense of
 “ mankind in more strong, more beautiful, or more uncommon lights. If a reader examines
 “ *Horace's Art of Poetry*, he will find but few precepts in it which he may not meet with in
 “ *Aristotle*, and which were not commonly known by all the poets of the Augustan age. His
 “ way of expressing and applying them, not his invention of them, is what we are chiefly to ad-
 “ mire.

“ *Longinus*, in his *Reflections*, has given us the same kind of sublime which he observes in the
 “ several passages which occasioned them. I cannot but take notice that our English Author
 “ has, after the same manner, exemplified several of his precepts in the very precepts themselves.”
 He then produces some instances of a particular beauty in the Numbers, and concludes
 with saying, that “ there are three poems in our tongue of the same nature, and each a master-piece
 “ in its kind; the *Essay on Translated Verse*, the *Essay on the Art of Poetry*, and the *Essay on*
 “ *Criticism*.”

Of *Windfor-Forest* positive is the judgment of the affirmative

MR. JOHN DENNIS,

“ ‘ That it is a wretched rhapsody, impudently writ in emulation of the *Cooper's Hill* of
 “ *Sir John Denham*: the author of it is obscure, is ambiguous, is affected, is temerarious, is
 “ barbarous.”

But the author of the *Dispensary*,

DR. GARTH,

in the Preface to his *Poem of Claremont*¹, differs from this opinion: “ Those who have seen these
 “ two excellent poems of *Cooper's Hill* and *Windfor-Forest*, the one written by *Sir John Den-*
 “ *ham*, the other by *Mr. Pope*, will shew a great deal of candour if they approve of this.”

Of the *Epistle of Eloisa*, we are told by the obscure writer of a poem called *Sawney*, “ That
 “ because *Prior's Henry and Emma* charmed the finest tastes, our Author writ his *Eloise* in oppo-
 “ sition to it, but forgot innocence and virtue: if you take away her tender thoughts, and her
 “ fierce desires, all the rest is of no value.” In which, methinks, his judgment resembleth that of
 “ a French tailor on a villa and gardens by the *Thames*: “ All this is very fine; but take away
 “ the river, and it is good for nothing.”

But very contrary hereunto was the opinion of

MR. PRIOR

himself, saying in his *Alma*²,

“ O *Abelard*! ill-fated youth,

“ Thy tale will justify this truth;

¹ Letter to B. B. at the end of the *Remarks on Pope's Homer*, 1717.

² Printed 1728, p. 12.

³ *Alma*, canto 2.

" But well I weet thy cruel wrong
 " Adorns a nobler poet's song :
 " Dan Pope, for thy misfortune griev'd,
 " With kind concern and skill has weav'd
 " A filken web; and ne'er shall fade
 " Its colours: gently has he laid
 " The mantle o'er thy sad distress,
 " And Venus shall the texture blefs," &c.

Come we now to his Translation of the Iliad, celebrated by numerous pens; yet shall it suffice to mention the indefatigable

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE, Kt.

who (though otherwise a severe censurer of our Author) yet styleth this "a laudable Translation".
That ready writer,

MR. OLD MIXON,

in his forementioned Essay, frequently commends the same. And the painful

MR. LEWIS THEOBALD

thus extols it²: "The spirit of Homer breathes all through this Translation.—I am in doubt whether I should most admire the justness to the Original, or the force and beauty of the Language, or the sounding variety of the numbers; but when I find all these meet, it puts me in mind of what the poet says of one of his heroes, that he alone raised and flung with ease a weighty stone that two common men could not lift from the ground; just so one single person has performed, in this Translation, what I once despaired to have seen done by the force of several masterly hands." Indeed the same gentleman appears to have changed his sentiment in his Essay on the Art of Sinking in Reputation, (printed in MIST'S JOURNAL, March 30, 1728,) where he says thus: "In order to sink in reputation, let him take it into his head to descend into Homer, (let the world wonder, as it will, how the devil he got there) and pretend to do him into English, so his version denote his neglect of the manner how." Strange variation! We are told in

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8,

"that this Translation of the Iliad was not in all respects conformable to the fine taste of his friend Mr. Addison; inasmuch that he employed a younger Muse in an undertaking of this kind, which he supervised himself." Whether Mr. Addison did find it conformable to his taste or not, best appears from his own testimony the year following its publication, in these words:

MR. ADDISON, FREEHOLDER, N^o. 40.

" When I consider myself as a British freeholder, I am in a particular manner pleased with the
 " labours of those who have improved our language with the translations of old Greek and Latin authors.—We have already most of their historians in our own tongue, and, what is more
 " for the honour of our language, it has been taught to express, with elegance, the greatest of
 " their poets in each nation. The illiterate among our own countrymen may learn to judge from
 " Dryden's Virgil of the most perfect epic performance; and those parts of Homer which have

¹ In his Essays, vol. I. printed for E. Curl.

² Censor, vol. II. N^o. 33.

" been published already by Mr. Pope give us reason to think that the Iliad will appear in English
" with as little disadvantage to that immortal poem."

As to the rest, there is a slight mistake; for this younger muse was an elder: nor was the gentleman (who is a friend of our Author) employed by Mr. Addison to translate it *after* him, since he faith himself that he did it *before* ¹. Contrariwise, that Mr. Addison engaged our Author in this work appeareth by declaration thereof in the Preface to the Iliad, printed some time before his death, and by his own letters of October 26, and November 2, 1713, where he declares it is his opinion that no other person was equal to it.

Next comes his Shakespear on the stage: " Let him" (quoth one, whom I take to be

MR. THEOBALD, MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728,)

" publish such an author as he has least studied, and forget to discharge even the dull duty of an
" editor. In this project let him lend the bookseller his name (for a competent sum of money) to
" promote the credit of an exorbitant subscription." Gentle reader! be pleased to cast thine eye
on the Proposal below quoted, and on what follows (some months after the former assertion) in the
same Journalist of June 8. " The bookseller proposed the book by subscription, and raised some
" thousands of pounds for the same: I believe the gentleman did *not* share in the profits of this ex-
" travagant subscription."

" After the Iliad, he undertook (faith

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728,)

" the sequel of that work, the Odyssey; and having secured the success by a numerous subscription,
" he employed some *underlings* to perform what, according to his Proposals, should come from his
" own hands." To which heavy charge we can in truth oppose nothing but the words of

MR. POPE'S PROPOSAL for the ODYSSEY,

(printed by J. WATTS, Jan. 10, 1724,)

" I take this occasion to declare that the subscription for Shakespear belongs wholly to Mr. Tonson:
" and that the benefit of this Proposal is not solely for my own use, but for that of two of my
" friends, who have assisted me in this work." But these very gentlemen are extolled above our
Poet himself in another of MIST'S JOURNALS, March 30, 1728, saying, " That he would not ad-
" vise Mr. Pope to try the experiment again of getting a great part of a book done by assistants,
" lest those extraneous parts should unhappily ascend to the sublime, and retard the declension of
" the whole." Behold! these *underlings* are become good writers!

If any say, that before the said Proposals were printed the subscription was begun without declaration of such assistance, verily those who set it on foot, or (as the term is) secured it, to wit, the Right Honourable the Lord Viscount Harcourt, were he living, would testify, and the Right Honourable the Lord Bathurst, now living, doth testify, the same is a falsehood.

Sorry I am that persons professing to be learned, or of whatever rank of authors, should either falsely tax, or be falsely taxed. Yet let us, who are only reporters, be impartial in our citations, and proceed.

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728.

" Mr. Addison raised this Author from obscurity, obtained him the acquaintance and friendship
" of the whole body of our nobility, and transferred his powerful interests with those great men to

¹ Vide Preface to Mr. Tickell's Translation of the First Book of the Iliad, 4to.

“ this rising bard, who frequently levied, by that means, unusual contributions on the Public.” Which surely cannot be, if, as the author of the *Dunciad* Dissected reporteth, “ Mr. Wycherley “ had before introduced him into a familiar acquaintance with the greatest peers and brightest wits “ then living.”

“ No sooner (saith the same Journalist) was his body lifeless, but this Author, reviving his resentment, libelled the memory of his departed friend; and, what was still more heinous, made “ the scandal public.” Grievous the accusation! unknown the accuser! the person accused no witness in his own cause! the person in whose regard accused dead! But if there be living any one nobleman whose friendship, yea, any one gentleman whose subscription, Mr. Addison procured to our Author, let him stand forth, that truth may appear! *Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica Veritas.* In verity, the whole story of the libel is a lie; witness those persons of integrity who, several years before Mr. Addison’s decease, did see and approve of the said verses, in no wise a libel, but a friendly rebuke, sent privately, in our Author’s own hand, to Mr. Addison himself, and never made public till after their own Journals and Curl had printed the same. One name alone, which I am here authorised to declare, will sufficiently evince this truth, that of the Right Honourable the Earl of Burlington.

Next is he taxed with a crime, (in the opinion of some authors, I doubt, more heinous than any in morality) to wit, Plagiarism, from the inventive and quaint-conceited

JAMES MOORE-SMITH, GENT.

“ ¹ Upon reading the third volume of Pope’s *Miscellanies*, I found five lines which I thought excellent; and happening to praise them, a gentleman produced a modern comedy, (*The Rival Modes*) published last year, where were the same verses to a tittle.

“ These gentlemen are undoubtedly the first plagiarists that pretend to make a reputation by “ stealing from a man’s works in his own life-time, and out of a public print.” Let us join to this what is written by the author of the *Rival Modes*, the said Mr. James Moore-Smith, in a letter to our Author himself who had informed him, a month before that play was acted, Jan. 27, 1726-7, that “ these verses, which he had before given him leave to insert in it would be known for his, “ some copies being got abroad. He desires, nevertheless, that since the lines had been read in his “ Comedy to several, Mr. P. would not deprive it of them,” &c. Surely if we add the testimonies of the Lord Bolingbroke, of the lady to whom the said verses were originally addressed, of Hugh Bethel, Esq. and others, who knew them as our Author’s long before the said gentleman composed his play, it is hoped the ingenuous, that affect not error, will rectify their opinion by the suffrage of so honourable personages.

And yet followeth another charge, insinuating no less than his enmity both to Church and State, which could come from no other informer than the said

MR. JAMES MOORE-SMITH.

“ ² The *Memoirs of a Parish Clerk* was a very dull and unjust abuse of a person who wrote in “ defence of our religion and constitution, and who has been dead many years.” This seemeth also most untrue, it being known to diverse that these *Memoirs* were written at the seat of the Lord Harcourt, in Oxfordshire, before that excellent person’s (Bishop Burnet) death, and many years before the appearance of that history of which they are pretended to be an abuse. Most true it is that Mr. Moore had such a design, and was himself the man who pressed Dr. Arbuthnot and Mr.

¹ Daily Journal, March 18, 1728.

² Ibid. April 3, 1728.

Pope to assist him therein; and that he borrowed those Memoirs of our Author when that history came forth, with intent to turn them to such abuse; but being able to obtain from our Author but one single hint, and either changing his mind, or having more mind than ability, he contented himself to keep the said Memoirs, and read them as his own to all his acquaintance. A noble person there is into whose company Mr. Pope once chanced to introduce him, who well remembereth the conversation of Mr. Moore to have turned upon the "contempt he had for the work of that reverend prelate, and how full he was of a design he declared himself to have of exposing it." This noble person is the Earl of Peterborough.

Here, in truth, should we crave pardon of all the foresaid Right Honourable and worthy personages, for having mentioned them in the same page with such weekly riff-raff railers and rhymers, but that we had their ever-honoured commands for the same; and that they are introduced not as witnesses in the controversy, but as witnesses that cannot be controverted; not to dispute, but to decide.

Certain it is, that dividing our writers into two classes, of such who were acquaintance, and of such who were strangers, to our Author, the former are those who speak well, and the other those who speak evil, of him. Of the first class the most noble

JOHN DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM

furnishes up his character in these lines:

"¹ And yet so wondrous, so sublime a thing,
 " As the great Iliad, scarce could make me sing,
 " Unless I justly could at once commend
 " A good companion, and as firm a friend.
 " One moral, or a mere well-natur'd deed,
 " Can all desert in sciences exceed."

So also is he deciphered by the Honourable

SIMON HARCOURT.

"² Say, wondrous Youth! what column wilt thou chuse,
 " What laurell'd arch for thy triumphant Muse?
 " Tho' each great Ancient court thee to his shrine,
 " Tho' ev'ry laurel thro' the dome be thine,
 " Go to the good and just, an awful train!
 " Thy soul's delight——"

Recorded in like manner, for his virtuous disposition and gentle bearing, by the ingenious

MR. WALTER HART,

in this apostrophe:

"³ Oh! ever worthy, ever crown'd with praise!
 " Bless'd in thy life, and bless'd in all thy lays.
 " Add, that the Sisters ev'ry thought refine,
 " And ev'n thy life be faultless as thy line,
 " Yet Envy still with fiercer rage pursues,
 " Obscures the virtue, and defames the Muse.
 " A soul like thine, in pain, in grief, resign'd,
 " Views with just scorn the malice of mankind."

¹ Verses to Mr. P. on his Translation of Homer.

² Poem prefixed to his Works.

³ In his Poems, printed for B. Lintot.

The witty and moral satirist

DR. EDWARD YOUNG,

wishing some check to the corruption and evil manners of the times, calleth out upon our Poet to undertake a task so worthy of his virtue:

“ ‘ Why slumbers Pope, who leads the Muse’s train,
“ Nor hears that Virtue, which he loves, complain?”

MR. MALLETT,

in his Epistle on Verbal Criticism:

“ Whose life, severely scann’d, transcends his lays;
“ For wit supreme is but his second praise.”

MR. HAMMOND,

that delicate and correct imitator of Tibullus, in his Love Elegies, Elegy xiv.

“ Now, fir’d by Pope and Virtue, leave the age,
“ In low pursuit of self-undoing wrong,
“ And trace the Author thro’ his moral page,
“ Whose blameless life still answers to his song.”

MR. THOMSON,

in his elegant and philosophical poem of the Seasons:

“ Altho’ not sweeter his own Homer sings,
“ Yet is his life the more endearing song.”

To the same tune also singeth that learned clerk of Suffolk,

MR. WILLIAM BROOME.

“ ‘ Thus, nobly rising in fair Virtue’s cause,
“ From thy own life transcribe th’ unerring laws.”

And, to close all, hear the Reverend Dean of St. Patrick’s:

“ A soul with ev’ry virtue fraught,
“ By patriots, priests, and poets, taught;
“ Whose filial piety excels
“ Whatever Grecian story tells:
“ A genius for each bus’ness fit,
“ Whose meanest talent is his wit,” &c.

Let us now recreate thee by turning to the other side, and shewing his Character drawn by those with whom he never conversed, and whose countenances he could not know, though turned against him: first again commencing with the high-voiced and never-enough quoted

MR. JOHN DENNIS,

who, in his Reflections on the Essay on Criticism, thus describeth him: “ A little affected hypocrite, who has nothing in his mouth but candour, truth, friendship, good-nature, humanity, and magnanimity. He is so great a lover of falsehood that, whenever he has a mind to calumniate his contemporaries, he brands them with some defect which is just contrary to some good qua-

‘ Universal Passion, Sat. I.

‘ In his Poems, and at the end of the Odyssey.

“lity for which all their friends and their acquaintance commend them. He seems to have a particular pique to people of quality, and authors of that rank. He must derive his religion from “St. Omer’s.”—But in the character of Mr. P. and his writings, (printed by S. Popping, 1716,) he saith, “Though he is a professor of the worst religion, yet he laughs at it;” but that, “nevertheless, he is a virulent Papist; and yet a pillar for the Church of England.”

Of both which opinions

MR. LEWIS THEOBALD

seems also to be; declaring, in *MIST’S JOURNAL* of June 22, 1718, “That if he is not shrewdly abused, he made it his practice to cackle to both parties in their own sentiments.” But as to his pique against people of quality, the same Journalist doth not agree, but saith, (May 8, 1728,) “He had, by some means or other, the acquaintance and friendship of the whole body of our nobility.”

However contradictory this may appear, Mr. Dennis and Gildon, in the character last cited, make it all plain, by assuring us, “That he is a creature that reconciles all contradictions: he is “a beast, and a man; a Whig, and a Tory; a writer (at one and the same time) of *Guardians* “and *Examiners*”; an assertor of liberty, and of the dispensing power of kings; a Jesuitical professor of truth; a base and a foul pretender to candour.” So that, upon the whole account, we must conclude him either to have been a great hypocrite, or a very honest man; a terrible imposer upon both parties, or very moderate to either.

Be it as to the judicious reader shall seem good. Sure it is he is little favoured of certain authors whose wrath is perilous; for one declares he ought to have a price set on his head, and to be hunted down as a wild beast¹; another protests that he does not know what may happen; advises him to ensure his person; says he has bitter enemies, and expressly declares it will be well if he escapes with his life². One desires he would cut his own throat, or hang himself³. But Pasquin seemed rather inclined it should be done by the government, representing him engaged in grievous designs with a Lord of Parliament then under prosecution⁴. Mr. Dennis himself hath written to a minister that he is one of the most dangerous persons in this kingdom⁵; and assureth the Public that he is an open and mortal enemy to his country; a monster that will one day shew as daring a foul as a mad Indian, who runs a-muck to kill the first Christian he meets⁶. Another gives information of treason discovered in his Poem⁷. Mr. Curl boldly supplies an imperfect verse with kings and princesses⁸; and one Matthew Concanen, yet more impudent, publishes, at length, the two most sacred names in this nation as members of the *Dunciad*⁹.

This is prodigious! yet it is almost as strange that, in the midst of these invectives, his greatest enemies have (I know not how) borne testimony to some merit in him.

MR. THEOBALD,

in censuring his Shakespear, declares, “he has so great an esteem for Mr. Pope, and so high an “opinion of his genius and excellencies, that notwithstanding he professes a veneration almost ri-

¹ The names of two weekly papers.

² Theobald, Letter in *Mist’s Journal*, June 22, 1728.

³ Smedley, Pref. to *Gulliveriana*, p. 14, 16.

⁴ *Gulliveriana*, p. 332.

⁵ Anno 1723.

⁶ Anno 1729.

⁷ Preface to *Remarks on the Rape of the Lock*, p. 12. and in the last page of that treatise.

⁸ Page 6, 7, of the Preface, by Concanen, to a book, entitled, *A Collection of all the Letters, Essays, Verses, and Advertisements, occasioned by Pope and Swift’s Miscellanies*. Printed for A. Moore, 8vo, 1712.

⁹ Key to the *Dunciad*, 3d edition, p. 18.

¹⁰ A List of Persons, &c at the end of the forementioned Collection of all the Letters, Essays, &c.

"sing to idolatry for the writings of this inimitable Poet, he would be very loath even to do him justice at the expence of that other gentleman's character ¹."

MR. CHARLES GILDON,

after having violently attacked him in many pieces, at last came to wish from his heart "that Mr. Pope would be prevailed upon to give us Ovid's Epistles by his hand; for it is certain we see the original of Sappho to Phaon with much more life and likeness in his version than in that of Sir Car Scrope. And this (he adds) is the more to be wished, because in the English tongue we have scarce any thing truly and naturally written upon Love ²." He also, in taxing Sir Richard Blackmore for his heterodox opinions of Homer, challengeth him to answer what Mr. Pope hath said in his Preface to that poet.

MR. OLDMIXON

calls him a great master of our tongue; declares "the purity and perfection of the English language to be found in his Homer; and saying there are more good verses in Dryden's Virgil than in any other work, excepts this of our Author only ³."

The Author of a Letter to MR. CIBBER

says ⁴, "Pope was so good a versifier [*once*] that, his predecessor Mr. Dryden, and his contemporary Mr. Prior excepted, the harmony of his numbers is equal to any body's; and that he had all the merit that a man can have that way." And

MR. THOMAS COOKE,

after much blemishing our Author's Homer, crieth out,

"But in his other works what beauties shine,
"While sweetest music dwells in ev'ry line!
"These he admir'd, on these he stamp'd his praise,
"And bade them live to brighten future days ⁵."

So also one who takes the name of

H. STANHOPE,

the maker of certain verses to Duncan Campbell, in that poem ⁶, which is wholly a satire on Mr. Pope, confesseth,

"'Tis true, if finest notes alone could show
"(Tun'd justly high, or regularly low)
"That we should fame to these mere vocals give,
"Pope more than we can offer should receive;
"For when some gliding river is his theme,
"His lines run smoother than the smoothest stream," &c.

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728.

Although he says "the smooth numbers of the Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any other merit;" yet that same paper hath these words, "The Author is allowed to be a perfect

¹ Introduction to his Shakespear Restored, in 4to, p. 3.

² Commentary on the Duke of Buckingham's Essay, 8vo, 1721, p. 97, 98.

³ In his prose Essay on Criticism. ⁴ Printed by J. Roberts, 1742, p. 11.

⁵ Printed under the title of The Progress of Dulness, duodecimo, 1728.

⁶ Battle of Poets, folio, p. 15.

"master of an easy and elegant versification. In all his works we find the most happy turns and
"natural families, wonderfully short, and thick sown."

The Essay on the Dunciad also owns, p. 25, it is very full of beautiful images. But the panegyric which crowns all that can be said on this Poem is bestowed by our Laureat,

MR. COLLEY CIBBER,

who "grants it to be a better Poem of its kind than ever was writ;" but adds, "it was a victory
"over a parcel of poor wretches, whom it was almost cowardice to conquer.—A man might as
"well triumph for having killed so many silly flies that offended him. Could he have let them
"alone, by this time, poor souls! they had all been buried in oblivion¹." Here we see our excellent Laureat allows the justice of the satire on every man in it but himself, as the great Mr. Dennis did before him.

The said

MR. DENNIS and MR. GILDON,

in the most furious of all their works, (the forecited Character, p. 5.) do in concert² confess,
"That some men of good understanding value him for his rhymes." And (p. 17.) "that he
"has got, like Mr. Bayes in the Rehearsal, (that is, like Mr. Dryden) a notable knack at rhym-
"ing, and writing smooth verse."

Of his Essay on Man numerous were the praises bestowed by his avowed enemies, in the imagination that the same was not written by him, as it was printed anonymously.

Thus sang of it even

BEZALEEL MORRIS.

"Auspicious Bard! while all admire thy strain,
"All but the selfish, ignorant, and vain,
"I, whom no bribe to servile flattery drew,
"Must pay the tribute to thy merit due:
"Thy Muse sublime, significant, and clear,
"Alike informs the soul and charms the ear."

And

MR. LEONARD WELSTED

thus wrote to the unknown Author³, on the first publication of the said Essay; "I must own,
"after the reception which the vilest and most immoral ribaldry hath lately met with, I was sur-
"prised to see, what I had long despaired, a performance deserving the name of a Poet. Such,

¹ Cibber's Letter to Mr. Pope, p. 9, 12.

² *In concert.*] Hear how Mr. Dennis hath proved our mistake in this place: "As to my writing in concert with Mr. Gildon, I declare, upon the honour and word of a gentleman, that I never wrote so much as one line in concert with any one man whatsoever. And these two letters from Gildon will plainly shew that we are not writers in concert with each other."

"SIR,

"—The height of my ambition is to please men of the best judgment; and finding that I have entertained my master agreeably, I have the extent of the reward of my labour."

"SIR,

"I had not the opportunity of hearing of your excellent pamphlet till this day. I am infinitely satisfied and pleased with it, and hope you will meet with that encouragement your admirable performance deserves," &c.

"CH. GILDON."

"Now is it not plain that any one who sends such compliments to another has not been used to write in partnership with him to whom he sends them?" *Dennis's Remarks on the Dunciad*, p. 50. Mr. Dennis is therefore welcome to take this piece to himself.

³ In a letter under his hand, dated March 12, 1733.

"Sir, is your work. It is, indeed, above all commendation, and ought to have been published in an age and country more worthy of it. If my testimony be of weight any where, you are sure to have it in the amplest manner," &c. &c. &c.

Thus we see every one of his works hath been extolled by one or other of his most inveterate enemies; and to the success of them all they do unanimously give testimony. But it is sufficient, *instar omnium*, to behold the great critic, Mr. Dennis, sorely lamenting it, even from the Essay on Criticism to this day of the Dunciad! "A most notorious instance (quoth he) of the depravity of genius and taste, the approbation this Essay meets with¹.—I can safely affirm that I never attacked any of these writings, unless they had success infinitely beyond their merit.—This, though an empty, has been a popular scribbler. The epidemic madness of the times has given him reputation².—If, after the cruel treatment so many extraordinary men (Spenser, Lord Bacon, Ben. Johnson, Milton, Butler, Otway, and others) have received from this country for these last hundred years, I should shift the scene, and shew all that penury changed at once to riot and profuseness, and more squandered away upon one object than would have satisfied the greater part of those extraordinary men, the reader, to whom this one creature should be unknown, would fancy him a prodigy of Art and Nature; would believe that all the great qualities of these persons were centered in him alone.—But if I should venture to assure him that the people of England had made such a choice—the reader would either believe me a malicious enemy and slanderer, or that the reign of the last (Queen Anne's) ministry was designed by Fate to encourage fools³."

But it happens that this our Poet never had any place, pension, or gratuity, in any shape from the said glorious Queen, or any of her ministers. All he owed, in the whole course of his life, to any court, was a subscription for his Homer of 200*l.* from King George I. and 100*l.* from the Prince and Princess.

However, lest we imagine our Author's success was constant and universal, they acquaint us of certain works in a less degree of repute, whereof, although owned by others, yet do they assure us he is the writer. Of this sort Mr. Dennis⁴ ascribes to him two Farces, whose names he does not tell, but assures us that there is not one jest in them; and an imitation of Horace, whose title he does not mention, but assures us it is much more execrable than all his works⁵. The DAILY JOURNAL, May 11, 1728, assures us "he is below Tom Durfey in the drama; because (as that writer thinks) the Marriage-Hater Matched, and the Boarding-School, are better than the "What-d'ye-call it;" Which is not Mr. P's, but Mr. Gay's. Mr. Gildon assures us, in his New Rehearsal, p. 48. "That he was writing a play of the Lady Jane Grey;" but it afterwards proved to be Mr. Rowe's. We are assured by another "he wrote a pamphlet called Dr. Andrew Tripe⁶;" which proved to be one Dr. Wagstaff's. Mr. Theobald assures us, in MIST of the 27th of April, "That the treatise of the Profound is very dull, and that Mr. Pope is the author of it." The writer of Gulliveriana is of another opinion, and says, "The whole, or greatest part, of the merit of this treatise must and can only be ascribed to Gulliver⁷." [Here, gentle Reader! cannot I but smile at the strange blindness and positiveness of men, knowing the said treatise to appertain to none other but to me, Martinus Scriblerus.]

We are assured, in MIST of June 8. "That his own plays and farces would better have adorned the Dunciad than those of Mr. Theobald; for he had neither genius for tragedy nor comedy."

¹ Dennis, Preface to his Reflections on the Essay on Criticism.

² Preface to his Remarks on Homer.

³ Character of Mr. Pope, p. 7.

⁴ Remarks on Homer, p. 8, 9.

⁵ Ibid. p. 6.

⁶ Ibid. p. 8.

⁷ Gulliver, p. 336.

Which whether true or not it is not easy to judge, in as much as he had attempted neither; unless we will take it for granted, with Mr. Cibber, that his being once very angry at hearing a friend's play abused was an infallible proof the play was his own; the said Mr. Cibber thinking it impossible for a man to be much concerned for any but himself: "Now let any man judge (saith he) "by this concern who was the true mother of the child?"

But from all that hath been said, the discerning reader will collect, that it little availed our Author to have any candour, since when he declared he did not write for others it was not credited; as little to have any modesty, since when he declined writing in any way himself, the presumption of others was imputed to him. If he singly enterprised one great work, he was taxed of boldness and madness to a prodigy²; if he took assistants in another, it was complained of, and represented as a great injury to the Public³. The loftiest heroics, the lowest ballads, treatises against the state or church, satires on lords and ladies, raillery on wits and authors, squabbles with booksellers, or even full and true accounts of monsters, poisons and murders; of any hereof was there nothing so good, nothing so bad, which had not, at one or other season, been to him ascribed. If it bore no author's name, then lay he concealed; if it did, he fathered it upon that author to be yet better concealed: if it resembled any of his styles, then was it evident; if it did not, then disguised he it on set purpose. Yea, even direct oppositions in religion, principles, and politics, have equally been supposed in him inherent. Surely a most rare and singular character! of which let the reader make what he can.

Doubtless most commentators would hence take occasion to turn all to their author's advantage, and; from the testimony of his very enemies would affirm, that his capacity was boundless as well as his imagination; that he was a perfect master of all styles and all arguments; and that there was in those times no other writer, in any kind, of any degree of excellence save he himself. But as this is not our own sentiment, we shall determine on nothing; but leave thee, gentle Reader! to steer thy judgment equally between various opinions; and to chuse whether thou wilt incline to the testimonies of authors avowed or of authors concealed; of those who knew him, or of those who knew him not. P.

¹ Cibber's Letter to Mr. Pope, p. 19.

² Burnet's Homerides, p. 1. of his translation of the Iliad.

³ The London and Mist's Journals, on his undertaking the Odyssey.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

OF THE POEM.

THIS Poem, as it celebrateth the most grave and ancient of things, Chaos, Night, and Darkness, so is it of the most grave and ancient kind. Homer (saith Aristotle) was the first who gave the form, and (saith Horace) who adapted the measure, to heroic poesy. But even before this may be rationally presumed, from what the Ancients have left written, was a piece by Homer composed, of like nature and matter with this of our Poet: for of epic sort it appeareth to have been, yet of matter surely not unpleasant, witness what is reported of it by the learned Archbishop Euthathius, in Odyssey X. And accordingly Aristotle, in his Poetics, chap. iv. doth further set forth,

that as the Iliad and Odyſſey gave example to Tragedy, ſo did this poem to Comedy, its firſt idea.

From theſe authors alſo it ſhould ſeem that the Hero or chief perſonage of it was no leſs obſcure, and his underſtanding and ſentiments no leſs quaint and ſtrange, (if indeed not more ſo) than any of the actors of our Poem. Margites was the name of this perſonage, whom Antiquity recordeth to have been Dunce the Firſt; and ſurely from what we hear of him not unworthy to be the root of ſo ſpreading a tree, and ſo numerous a poſterity. The poem, therefore, celebrating him, was properly and abſolutely a Dunciad; which, though now unhappily loſt, yet is its nature ſufficiently known by the infallible tokens aforeſaid. And thus it doth appear that the firſt Dunciad was the firſt epic poem, written by Homer himſelf, and anterior even to the Iliad or Odyſſey.

Now, forasmuch as our Poet had tranſlated thoſe two famous works of Homer which are yet left, he did conceive it in ſome ſort his duty to imitate that alſo which was loſt, and was therefore induced to beſtow on it the ſame form which Homer's is reported to have had, namely, that of epic poem, with a title alſo framed after the ancient Greek manner, to wit, that of Dunciad.

Wonderful it is that ſo few of the Moderns have been ſtimulated to attempt ſome Dunciad! ſince, in the opinion of the multitude, it might coſt leſs pain and toil than an imitation of the Greater Epic. But poſſible it is alſo that, on due reflection, the maker might find it eaſier to paint a Charlemagne, a Brute, or a Godfrey, with juſt pomp and dignity heroic, than a Margites, a Codrus, or a Flecknoe.

We ſhall next declare the occaſion and the cauſe which moved our Poet to this particular work. He lived in thoſe days when (after Providence had permitted the invention of Printing as a ſcourge for the ſins of the learned) paper alſo became ſo cheap, and printers ſo numerous, that a deluge of authors covered the land; whereby not only the peace of the honeſt unwriting ſubject was daily moleſted, but unmerciful demands were made of his applauſe, yea of his money, by ſuch as would neither earn the one nor deſerve the other. At the ſame time the licence of the Preſs was ſuch that it grew dangerous to reſuſe them either; for they would forthwith publiſh ſlanders unpuniſhed, the authors being anonymous, and ſkulking under the wings of publiſhers, a ſet of men who never ſcrupled to vend either calumny or blaſphemy as long as the Town would call for it.

Now our Author ¹, living in thoſe times, did conceive it an endeavour well worthy an honeſt ſatiriſt to diſſuade the dull, and puniſh the wicked, the only way that was left. In that public-ſpirited view he laid the plan of this Poem, as the greateſt ſervice he was capable (without much hurt, or being ſlain) to render his dear country. Firſt, taking things from their original, he conſidereth the cauſes creative of ſuch authors, namely dulneſs and poverty; the one born with them, the other contracted by neglect of their proper talents, through ſelf-conceit of greater abilities. This truth he wrappeth in an allegory ², (as the conſtruction of epic poeſy requireth) and feigns that one of theſe goddeſſes had taken up her abode with the other, and that they jointly inſpired all ſuch writers and ſuch works ³. He proceedeth to ſhew the qualities they beſtow on theſe authors, and the effects they produce ⁴; then the materials, or ſtock, with which they furniſh them ⁵ and (above all) that ſelf-opinion ⁶ which cauſeth it to ſeem to themſelves vaſtly greater than it is, and is the prime motive of their ſetting up in this ſad and ſorry merchandiſe. The great power of theſe goddeſſes acting in alliance (whereof as the one is the mother of induſtry, ſo is the other of plodding) was to be exemplified in ſome one great and remarkable action ⁷; and none could be more ſo than that which our Poet hath choſen, viz. the reſtoration of the reign of Chaos and Night, by the miniſtry of Dulneſs their daughter, in the removal of her imperial ſeat from the City to the

¹ Vide Boſſu, Du Poeme Epique, chap. viii.

⁴ Ver. 45, to 54.

⁵ Ver. 57, to 77.

² Ibid. chap. vii.

⁶ Ver. 80.

³ Book I. ver. 32, &c.

⁷ Boſſu, chap. vii, viii.

polite World; as the action of the *Aeneid* is the restoration of the empire of Troy by the removal of the race from thence to Latium. But as Homer singing only the wrath of Achilles, yet includes in his poem the whole history of the Trojan war; in like manner our Author hath drawn into this single action the whole history of Dulness and her children.

A person must next be fixed upon to support this action. This phantom in the Poet's mind must have a name¹: he finds it to be——; and he becomes of course the Hero of the Poem.

The Fable being thus, according to the best example, one and entire, as contained in the proposition, the machinery is a continued chain of allegories, setting forth the whole power, ministry, and empire, of Dulness, extended through her subordinate instruments, in all her various operations.

This is branched into episodes, each of which hath its moral apart, though all conducive to the main end. The crowd assembled in the Second Book demonstrates the design to be more extensive than to bad poets only, and that we may expect other episodes of the patrons, encouragers, or paymasters, of such authors as occasion shall bring them forth. And the Third Book, if well considered, seemeth to embrace the whole world. Each of the Games relateth to some or other vile class of writers. The first concerneth the Plagiary, to whom he giveth the name of Moore; the second the libellous Novelist, whom he styleth Eliza; the third, the flattering Dedicator; the fourth, the bawling Critic or noisy Poet; the fifth, the dark and dirty Party-writer; and so of the rest; assigning to each some proper name or other, such as he could find.

As for the Characters, the Public hath already acknowledged how justly they are drawn. The Manners are so depicted, and the Sentiments so peculiar to those to whom applied, that surely to transfer them to any other or wiser personages would be exceeding difficult: and certain it is that every person concerned, being consulted apart, hath readily owned the resemblance of every portrait, his own excepted. So Mr. Cibber calls them “a parcel of poor wretches, so many silly “flies”²,” but adds, “our Author's wit is remarkably more bare and barren whenever it would “fall foul on Cibber than upon any other person whatever.”

The Descriptions are singular, the Comparisons very quaint, the Narration various, yet of one colour; the purity and chastity of Diction is so preserved, that, in the places most suspicious, not the Words, but only the Images, have been censured, and yet are those images no other than have been sanctified by ancient and classical authority, (though, as was the manner of those good times, not so curiously wrapped up) yea, and commented upon by the most grave doctors and approved critics.

As it beareth the name of Epic, it is thereby subjected to such severe indispensable rules as are laid on all Neoterics, a strict imitation of the Ancients; insomuch that any deviation, accompanied with whatever poetic beauties, hath always been censured by the sound critic. How exact that imitation hath been in this piece appeareth not only by its general structure, but by particular allusions infinite, many whereof have escaped both the Commentator and Poet himself; yea diverse, by his exceeding diligence, are so altered and interwoven with the rest, that several have already been, and more will be, by the ignorant abused, as altogether and originally his own.

In a word, the whole Poem proveth itself to be the work of our Author when his faculties were in full vigour and perfection; at that exact time when years have ripened the judgment without diminishing the imagination; which, by good critics, is held to be punctually at *forty*: for at that season it was that Virgil finished his *Georgics*; and Sir Richard Blackmore at the like age composing his *Arthurs*, declared the same to be the very *acme* and pitch of life for epic poesy; though, since, he hath altered it to *sixty*, the year in which he published his *Alfred*³. True it is that the

¹ Boffu, chap. viii. Vide Aristot. Poetic. cap. ix.

² Cibber's Letter to Mr. P. p. 9, 12, 41.

³ See his Essays.

talents for criticism, namely smartness, quick censure, vivacity of remark, certainty of asseveration, indeed all but acerbity, seem rather the gifts of youth than of riper age: but it is far otherwise in poetry; witness the works of Mr. Rymer and Mr. Dennis, who, beginning with Criticism, became afterwards such poets as no age hath paralleled. With good reason, therefore, did our Author chuse to write his Essay on that subject at twenty, and reserve for his maturer years this great and wonderful work of the DUNCIAD. P.

RICARDUS ARISTARCHUS

OF THE HERO OF THE POEM.

OF the nature of Dunciad in general, whence derived, and on what authority founded, as well as of the art and conduct of this our Poem in particular, the learned and laborious Scriblerus hath, according to his manner, and with tolerable share of judgment, dissertated; but when he cometh to speak of the Person of the Hero fitted for such poem, in truth he miserably halts and hallucinates: for, misled by one Monsieur Bossu, a Gallic critic, he prateth of I cannot tell what phantom of a hero, only raised up to support the fable. A putid conceit! as if Homer and Virgil, like modern undertakers, who first build their house, and then seek out for a tenant, had contrived the story of a War and a Wandering before they once thought either of Achilles or Aeneas. We shall therefore set our good brother and the world also right in this particular, by assuring them that, in the Greater Epic, the prime intention of the Muse is to exalt heroic virtue, in order to propagate the love of it among the children of men; and, consequently, that the poet's first thought must needs be turned upon a real subject meet for laud and celebration; not one whom he is to make, but one whom he may find, truly illustrious. This is the *primum mobile* of his poetic world, whence every thing is to receive life and motion; for this subject being found, he is immediately ordained, or rather acknowledged, an hero, and put upon such action as befitteth the dignity of his character.

But the Muse ceaseth not here her eagle-flight; for sometimes, satiated with the contemplation of these funs of glory, she turneth downward on her wing, and darts with Jove's lightning on the goose and serpent kind. For we apply to the Muse, in her various moods, what an ancient master of wisdom affirmeth of the gods in general: 'Si Dii non irascuntur impiis et injustis, nec pios utique justosque diligunt. In rebus enim diversis, ut in utramque partem moveri necesse est, aut in neutram. Itaque qui bonos diligit et malos odit; et qui malos non odit nec bonos diligit. Quia et diligere bonos ex odio malorum venit, et malis odisse ex bonorum caritate descendit.' Which in our vernacular idiom may be thus interpreted: "If the gods be not provoked at evil men, neither are they delighted with the good and just; for contrary objects must either excite contrary affections, or no affections at all. So that he who loveth good men must at the same time hate the bad; and he who hateth not bad men cannot love the good; because to love good men proceedeth from an aversion to evil, and to hate evil men from a tenderness

"to the good." From this delicacy of the Muse arose the Little Epic, (more lively and choleric than her elder sister, whose bulk and complexion incline her to the flegmatic) and for this some notorious vehicle of vice and folly was fought out to make thereof an example; an early instance of which (nor could it escape the accurate Scriblerus) the father of epic poem himself affordeth us. From him the practice descended to the Greek dramatic poets his offspring, who in the composition of their tetralogy, or set of four pieces, were wont to make the last a satiric tragedy. Happily one of these ancient Dunciads (as we may well term it) is come down unto us amongst the tragedies of the poet Euripides; and what doth the reader suppose may be the subject thereof? Why in truth, and it is worthy observation, the unequal contest of an old, dull, debauched buffoon Cyclops with the heaven-directed favourite of Minerva; who, after having quietly borne all the monster's obscene and impious ribaldry, endeth the farce in punishing him with the mark of an indelible brand in his forehead. May we not then be excused if, for the future, we consider the epics of Homer, Virgil, and Milton, together with this our Poem, as a complete tetralogy, in which the last worthily holdeth the place or station of the satiric piece?

Proceed we therefore in our subject. It hath been long, and, alas for pity! still remaineth a question, whether the Hero of the Greater Epic should be an honest man; or, as the French critics express it, *un bonnête homme*¹? but it never admitted of any doubt but that the Hero of the Little Epic should be his very opposite. Hence, to the advantage of our Dunciad, we may observe how much juster the moral of that poem must needs be where so important a question is previously decided.

But then it is not every knave, nor (let me add) every fool, that is a fit subject for a Dunciad. There must still exist some analogy, if not resemblance, of qualities between the heroes of the two poems; and this in order to admit what Neoteric critics call the Parody, one of the liveliest graces of the Little Epic. Thus it being agreed that the constituent qualities of the Greater Epic Hero are *wisdom, bravery, and love*, from whence springeth heroic virtue; it followeth that those of the Lesser Epic Hero should be *vanity, assurance, and debauchery*; from which happy assemblage resulteth Heroic Dulness, the never-dying subject of this our Poem.

This being settled, come we now to particulars. It is the character of true wisdom to seek its chief support and confidence within itself, and to place that support in the resources which proceed from a conscious rectitude of will.—And are the advantages of vanity, when arising to the heroic standard, at all short of this self-complacency? nay, are they not, in the opinion of the enamoured owner, far beyond it? "Let the world," will such an one say, "impute to me what folly or weakness they please; but till wisdom can give me something that will make me more heartily happy, I am content to be gazed at²." This, we see, is vanity according to the heroic gage or measure; not that low and ignoble species which pretendeth to virtues we have not; but the laudable ambition of being gazed at for glorying in those vices which every body knows we have. "The world may ask," says he, "why I make my follies public? Why not? I have passed my time very pleasantly with them³." In short, there is no sort of vanity such a Hero would scruple to exult in but that which might go near to degrade him from his high station in this our Dunciad, namely, "whether it would not be vanity in him to take shame to himself for not being a wise man⁴?"

Bravery, the second attribute of the true hero, is courage manifesting itself in every limb; while its correspondent virtue in the mock hero is that same courage all collected into the face.

¹ Si un heros poétique doit être un honnête homme. Bossu, Du Poème Epique, liv. v. ch. 5.

² Ded. to the Life of C. Cibber.

³ Life, p. 2. 8vo edit.

⁴ Ibid.

And as power, when drawn together, must needs have more force and spirit than when dispersed, we generally find this kind of courage in so high and heroic a degree, that it insults not only men, but gods. Mezentius is, without doubt, the bravest character in all the *Aeneis*: but how? His bravery, we know, was an high courage of blasphemy. And can we say less of this brave man's? who having told us that he placed "his *summum bonum* in those follies which he was not content barely to possess, but would likewise glory in," adds, "If am misguided, it is Nature's fault, and I follow her¹." Nor can we be mistaken in making this happy quality a species of courage, when we consider those illustrious marks of it which made his face "more known," as he justly boasteth, "than most in the kingdom;" and his language to consist of what we must allow to be the most daring figure of speech, that which is taken from the name of God.

Gentle love, the next ingredient in the true hero's composition, is a mere bird of passage, or (as Shakespear calls it) *summer-teening lust*, and evaporates in the heat of youth; doubtless by that refinement it suffers in passing through those certain strainers which our Poet somewhere speaketh of²; but when it is let alone to work upon the lees it acquireth strength by old age, and becometh a lasting ornament to the Little Epic. It is true, indeed, there is one objection to its fitness for such an use; for not only the ignorant may think it common, but it is admitted to be so even by him who best knoweth its value. "Don't you think," argueth he, "to say only a man has his whore³, ought to go for little or nothing? because, *defendit numerus*, take the first ten thousand men you meet, and, I believe, you would be no loser if you betted ten to one that every single sinner of them, one with another, had been guilty of the same frailty⁴." But here he seemeth not to have done justice to himself; the man is sure enough a hero who hath his lady at fourscore. How doth his modesty herein lessen the merit of a whole well-spent life? not taking to himself the commendation (which Horace accounted the greatest in a theatrical character) of continuing to the very dregs the same he was from the beginning,

"——Servetur ad imum

"Qualis ab incepto processerat."——

But here, in justice both to the Poet and the Hero, let us farther remark, that the calling her his whore implieth she was his own, and not his neighbour's. Truly a commendable continence! and such as Scipio himself must have applauded: for how much self-denial was necessary not to covet his neighbour's whore! and what disorders must the coveting her have occasioned in that society, where (according to this political calculator) nine in ten of all ages have their concubines!

We have now, as briefly as we could devise, gone through the three constituent qualities of either Hero; but it is not in any, or in all of these, that heroism properly or essentially resideth. It is a lucky result rather from the collision of these lively qualities against one another. Thus, as from wisdom, bravery, and love, ariseth magnanimity, the object of admiration, which is the aim of the Greater Epic; so from vanity, assurance, and debauchery, springeth buffoonry, the source of ridicule, that "laughing ornament," as the owner well termeth it⁵, of the Little Epic.

He is not ashamed (God forbid he ever should be ashamed!) of this character, who deemeth that not reason but risibility distinguisheth the human species from the brutal. "As Nature,"

¹ Life of C. Cibber, p. 23. octavo.

² Lust through some certain strainers well refin'd,
Is gentle love, and charms all woman-kind.

³ Alluding to these lines in the Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot:

"And has not Colly still his lord and whore,

"His butchers Henley, his free-masons Moore?"

⁴ C. Cibber's Letter to Mr. P. p. 46.

⁵ Ibid. p. 31.

saith this profound philosopher, "distinguished our species from the mute creation by our risibility, her design must have been, by that faculty, as evidently to raise our happiness as by our *os sublime*," our erected faces, "to lift the dignity of our form above them". All this considered, how complete a hero must he be, as well as how happy a man, whose risibility lieth not barely in his muscles, as in the common sort, but (as himself informeth us) in his very spirits! and whose *os sublime* is not simply an erect face, but a brazen head; as should seem by his preferring it to one of iron, said to belong to the late King of Sweden¹!

But whatever personal qualities a hero may have, the examples of Achilles and Aeneas shew us that all those are of small avail without the constant assistance of the gods; for the subversion and erection of empires have never been adjudged the work of man. How greatly soever then we may esteem of his high talents, we can hardly conceive his personal prowess alone sufficient to restore the decayed empire of Dulness. So weighty an achievement must require the particular favour and protection of the great, who being the natural patrons and supporters of letters, as the ancient gods were of Troy, must first be drawn off, and engaged in another interest, before the total subversion of them can be accomplished. To surmount, therefore, this last and greatest difficulty, we have in this excellent man a professed favourite and intimado of the great. And look of what force ancient piety was to draw the gods into the party of Aeneas, that, and much stronger, is modern incense to engage the great in the party of Dulness.

Thus have we essayed to pourtray or shadow out this noble imp of Fame. But now the impatient reader will be apt to say, If so many and various graces go to the making up a hero, what mortal shall suffice to bear his character? Ill hath he read who seeth not, in every trace of this picture, that individual, all-accomplished person, in whom these rare virtues and lucky circumstances have agreed to meet and centre with the strongest lustre and fullest harmony.

The good Scriblerus, indeed, nay the world itself, might be imposed on in the late spurious editions, by I cannot tell what Sham-Hero or Phantom; but it was not so easy to impose on him whom this egregious error most of all concerned: for no sooner had the Fourth Book laid open the high and swelling scene but he recognized his own heroic acts; and when he came to the words,

"Soft on her lap her Laureat son reclines,"

(though Laureat imply no more than one crowned with laurel, as becometh any associate or consort in empire) he loudly resented this indignity to violated majesty. Indeed not without cause, he being there represented as fast asleep; so misbecoming the eye of Empire, which, like that of Jove, should never doze nor slumber. "Ha!" saith he, "fast asleep, it seems! that is a little too strong. Pert and dull at least you might have allowed me, but as seldom asleep as any fool²." However, the injured Laureat may comfort himself with this reflection, that though it be asleep, yet it is not the sleep of death, but of immortality. Here he will live³ at least, though not awake, and in no worse condition than many an enchanted hero before him. The famous Durandante, for instance, was, like him, cast into a long slumber by Merlin the British bard and necromancer; and his example for submitting to it with a good grace might be of service to our hero: for that disastrous knight, being sorely pressed or driven to make his answer by several persons of quality⁴, only replied with a sigh, "Patience, and shuffle the cards⁵."

But now, as nothing in this world, no not the most sacred or perfect things either of religion or government, can escape the stings of envy, methinks I already hear these carpers objecting to the clearness of our Hero's title.

¹ C. Cibber's Life, p. 23, 24.
² See Cibber's Letter to Mr. P.

³ Letter, p. 8.

⁴ Ibid. p. 53.

⁵ Ibid. p. 1.

⁶ Don Quixote, part II. book ii. ch. 22.

It would never (say they) have been esteemed sufficient to make an hero for the Iliad or Aeneis that Achilles was brave enough to overturn one empire, or Aeneas pious enough to raise another, had they not been goddess-born and princes bred. What then did this author mean by erecting a player instead of one of his patrons, (a person "never a hero even on the stage") to this dignity of colleague in the empire of Dulness, and achiever of a work that neither old Omar, Attila, nor John of Leyden, could entirely bring to pass?

To all this we have, as we conceive, a sufficient answer from the Roman historian, *Fabrum esse suae quemque fortunae*; "that every man is the carver of his own fortune." The politic Florentine, Nicholas Machiavel, goeth still further, and affirmeth that a man needeth but to believe himself a hero to be one of the worthiest that ever breathed. "Let him," saith he, "but fancy himself capable of high things, and he will of course be able to achieve the highest." From this principle it followeth that nothing can exceed our Hero's prowess, as nothing ever equalled the greatness of his conceptions. Hear how he constantly paragoneth himself; at one time to Alexander the Great, and Charles XII. of Sweden, for the excess and delicacy of his ambition¹; to Henry IV. of France, for honest policy²; to the first Brutus, for love of liberty³; and to Sir Robert Walpole, for good government while in power⁴. At another time to the godlike Socrates, for his diversions and amusements⁵; to Horace, Montaigne, and Sir William Temple, for an elegant vanity that maketh them for ever read and admired⁶; to two Lord Chancellors for law, from whom, when confederate against him at the bar, he carried away the prize of eloquence⁷; and, to say all in a word, to the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of London himself, in the art of writing Pastoral letters⁸.

Nor did his actions fall short of the sublimity of his conceit. In his early youth he met the Revolution⁹ face to face in Nottingham, at a time when other patriots contented themselves with following her. It was here he got acquainted with old Battle-array, of whom he hath made so honourable mention in one of his immortal odes¹⁰. But he shone in courts as well as in camps: he was called up when the nation fell in labour of this Revolution¹¹, and was a gossip at her christening with the bishop and the ladies¹².

As to his birth, it is true he pretendeth no relation either to Heathen god or goddess; but, what is as good, he was descended from a maker of both¹³. And that he did not pass himself on the world for a hero, as well by birth as education, was his own fault; for his lineage he bringeth into his life as an anecdote, and is sensible he had it in his power to be thought no body's son at all¹⁴; and what is that, I pray you, but coming into the world a hero?

But be it (the punctilious laws of epic poesy so requiring) that a hero of more than mortal birth must needs be procured for this achievement; even for this we have a resource. We can easily derive our Hero's pedigree from a goddess of no small power and authority amongst men, and legitimate and instal him after the right classical and authentic fashion: for, like as the ancient fages found a son of Mars in a mighty warrior, a son of Neptune in a skilful seaman, a son of Phoebus in a harmonious poet; so have we here, if need be, a son of Fortune in an artful Gamester. And who, I pray you, fitter than the offspring of Chance to assist in restoring the empire of Night and Chaos?

There is, in truth, another objection of greater weight, namely, "That this hero still existeth,

¹ See C. Cibber's Life, p. 148. ² Ibid. p. 149. ³ Ibid. p. 424. ⁴ Ibid. 366. ⁵ Ibid. p. 457.

⁶ Ibid. p. 18. ⁷ Ibid. p. 425. ⁸ Ibid. p. 436, 437. ⁹ P. 52. ¹⁰ P. 47.

¹¹ "Old Battle-array in confusion is fled,

"And olive-rob'd Peace is come in his stead." &c. Cibber's *Birth, or, New Year's Day Ode*.

¹² Cibber's Life, p. 57. ¹³ P. 58, 59.

¹⁴ A statuary. ¹⁵ Life, p. 6.

"and hath not yet finished his earthly course. For if Solon said well,

" —ultima semper

" Expectanda dies homini: dicique beatus

" Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet:

" That no man could be called happy till his death, surely much less can any one till then be pronounced a hero, this species of men being far more subject than others to the caprices of Fortune and Humour." But to this also we have an answer, which will (we hope) be deemed decisive. It cometh from himself, who, to cut this matter short, hath solemnly protested that he will never change or amend.

With regard to his Vanity, he declareth that nothing shall ever part them. "Nature," saith he, "hath amply supplied me in vanity; a pleasure which neither the pertness of wit nor the gravity of wisdom will ever persuade me to part with ¹." Our Poet had charitably endeavoured to administer a cure to it; but he telleth us plainly, "My superiors, perhaps, may be mended by him; but, for my part, I own myself incorrigible. I look upon my follies as the best part of my fortune ²." And with good reason; we see to what they have brought him!

Secondly, as to Buffoonry, "Is it," saith he, "a time of day for me to leave off these fooleries and set up a new character? I can no more put off my follies than my skin: I have often tried, but they stick too close to me; nor am I sure my friends are displeased with them, for in this light I afford them frequent matter of mirth, &c. &c. ³." Having then so publicly declared himself incorrigible, he is become dead in law, (I mean the law *Epopaeian*) and devolveth upon the poet; is now his property; and may be taken and dealt with like an old Egyptian hero, that is to say, embowelled and embalmed for posterity.

Nothing therefore (we conceive) remaineth to hinder his own prophecy of himself from taking immediate effect. A rare felicity! and what few prophets have had the satisfaction to see alive! Nor can we conclude better than with that extraordinary one of his, which is conceived in these oraculous words, "My Dulness will find somebody to do it right ⁴."

" Tandem Phoebus adest, morsusque inferre parantem

" Congelat, et patulos, ut erant, indurat hiatus ⁵."

¹ C. Cibber's Life, p. 424.

² Ibid. p. 19.

³ Ibid. p. 17.

⁴ Ibid. p. 243. 8vo. edit.

⁵ Ovid, of the serpent biting at Orpheus's head.

P R E F A C E

Prefixed to the five first imperfect editions of the Dunciad, in three books, printed at Dublin and London, in octavo and duodecimo, 1727.

THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

IT will be found a true observation, though somewhat surprising, that when any scandal is vented against a man of the highest distinction and character, either in the state or literature, the pu-

¹ *The Publisher.*] Who he was is uncertain; but Edward Ward tells us, in his Preface to Dungen, "That most judges are of opinion this Preface is not of English extraction, but Hibernian," &c. He means it was written by Dr. Swift, who, whether the publisher or not, may be said, in a sort, to be author of the poem: for when he together with Mr. Pope (for reasons specified in the Preface to their Miscellanies) determined to own the most trifling pieces in which they

blic in general afford it a most quiet reception, and the larger part accept it as favourably as if it were some kindness done to themselves; whereas, if a known scoundrel or blockhead, but chance to be touched upon, a whole legion is up in arms, and it becomes the common cause of all scribblers, booksellers, and printers, whatsoever.

Not to search too deeply into the reason hereof, I will only observe, as a fact, that every week, for these two months past, the Town has been persecuted with 'pamphlets, advertisements, letters, and weekly essays, not only against the wit and writings, but against the character and person, of Mr. Pope; and that of all those men who have received pleasure from his Works, (which, by modest computation, may be about a ² hundred thousand in these kingdoms of England and Ireland, (not to mention Jersey, Guernsey, the Orcades, those in the New world, and foreigners who have translated him into their languages) of all this number not a man hath stood up to say one word in his defence.

The only exception is the ³ Author of the following Poem, who, doubtless, had either a better insight into the grounds of this clamour, or a better opinion of Mr. Pope's integrity, joined with a greater personal love for him than any other of his numerous friends and admirers.

Farther, that he was in his peculiar intimacy appears from the knowledge he manifests of the most private authors of all the anonymous pieces against him, and from his having in this Poem ⁴ attacked no man living who had not before printed or published some scandal against this gentleman.

How I came possessed of it is no concern to the reader; but it would have been a wrong to him had I detained the publication; since those names which are its chief ornaments die off daily so fast as must render it too soon unintelligible. If it provoke the author to give us a more perfect edition I have my end.

Who he is I cannot say, and (which is a great pity) there is certainly ⁵ nothing in his style and

had any hand, and to destroy all that remained in their power, the first sketch of this poem was snatched from the fire by Dr. Swift, who persuaded his friend to proceed in it, and to him it was therefore inscribed. But the occasion of printing it was as follows:

There was published in those Miscellanies a Treatise of the Bathos, or, Art of Sinking in Poetry, in which was a chapter where the species of bad writers were ranged in classes, and initial letters of names prefixed, for the most part at random: but such was the number of poets eminent in that art, that some one or other took every letter to himself. All fell into so violent a fury, that for half a year or more the common newspapers (in most of which they had some property, as being hired writers) were filled with the most abusive falsehoods and scurrilities they could possibly devise; a liberty no ways to be wondered at in those people and in those papers that, for many years, during the uncontrolled licence of the press, had aspersed almost all the great characters of the age, and this with impunity, their own persons and names being utterly secret and obscure. This gave Mr. Pope the thought that he had now some opportunity of doing good, by detecting and dragging into light these common enemies of mankind; since to invalidate this universal slander it sufficed to shew what contemptible men were the authors of it. He was not without hopes that, by manifesting the dulness of those who had only malice to recommend them, either the booksellers would not find their account in employing them, or the men themselves, when discovered, want courage to proceed in so unlawful an occupation. This it was that gave birth to the Dunciad; and he thought it an happiness that, by the late flood of slander on himself, he had acquired such a peculiar right over their names as was necessary to his design.

¹ *Pamphlets, Advertisements, &c.*] See the list of those anonymous papers, with their dates and authors annexed, inserted before the poem.

² *About a hundred thousand.*] It is surprising with what stupidity this Preface, which is almost a continued irony, was taken by those authors. All such passages as these were understood by Curl, Cook, Cibber, and others, to be serious. Hear the Laureat, (Letter to Mr. Pope, p. 9.) "Though I grant the Dunciad a better poem of its kind than ever was writ, yet when I read it with those *vain-glorious* encumbrances of notes and remarks upon it, &c.—it is amazing that you, who have writ with such matterly spirit upon the ruling passion, should be so blind a slave to your own, as not to see how far a *low avarice of praise*," &c. (taking it for granted that the notes of Scriblerus and others were the Author's own.)

³ *The Author of the following Poem, &c.*] A very plain irony, speaking of Mr. Pope himself.

⁴ The Publisher, in these words, went a little too far; but it is certain whatever names the reader finds that are unknown to him are of such; and the exception is only of two or three, whose dulness, impudent scurrilities, or self-conceit, all mankind agreed to have justly entitled them to a place in the Dunciad.

⁵ *There is certainly nothing in his style, &c.*] This irony had small effect in concealing the author. The Dunciad, imperfect as it was, had not been published two days but the whole Town gave it to Mr. Pope.

manner of writing which can distinguish or discover him; for if it bears any resemblance to that of Mr. Pope, it is not improbable but it might be done on purpose, with a view to have it pass for his. But by the frequency of his allusions to Virgil, and a laboured (not to say affected) shortness in imitation of him, I should think him more an admirer of the Roman poet than of the Grecian, and in that not of the same taste with his friend.

I have been well informed that this work was the labour of full ¹ six years of his life, and that he wholly retired himself from all the avocations and pleasures of the world to attend diligently to its correction and perfection; and six years more he intended to bestow upon it, as it should seem by this verse of Statius, which was cited at the head of his manuscript.

“ Oh mihi bisseños multum vigilata per annos,

“ Duncia * !”

Hence also we learn the true title of the Poem, which with the same certainty as we call that of Homer the Iliad, of Virgil the Aeneid, of Camoens the Lusiad, we may pronounce could have been, and can be no other than

THE DUNCIA D.

It is styled Heroic, as being doubly so; not only with respect to its nature, which, according to the best rules of the Ancients, and strictest ideas of the moderns, is critically such; but also with regard to the heroical disposition and high courage of the writer, who dared to stir up such a formidable, irritable, and implacable, race of mortals.

There may arise some obscurity in chronology from the names in the Poem, by the inevitable removal of some authors, and insertion of others in their niches: for whoever will consider the unity of the whole design will be sensible that the Poem was not made for these authors, but these authors for the Poem. I should judge that they were clapped in as they rose, fresh and fresh, and changed from day to day, in like manner as when the old boughs wither we thrust new ones into a chimney.

I would not have the reader too much troubled or anxious if he cannot decipher them, since when he shall have found them out he will probably know no more of the persons than before.

Yet we judged it better to preserve them as they are than to change them for fictitious names, by which the satire would only be multiplied, and applied to many instead of one. Had the Hero, for instance, been called Codrus, how many would have affirmed him to have been Mr. T. Mr. E. Sir R. B. &c. but now all that unjust scandal is saved, by calling him by a name which, by good luck, happens to be that of a real person.

* *The labour of full six years, &c.*] This also was honestly and seriously believed by diverse gentlemen of the Dunciad. J. Ralph, Preface to Sawney; “We are told it was the labour of six years, with the utmost assiduity and application: it is no great compliment to the Author’s sense to have employed so large a part of his life,” &c. So also Ward, Preface to Durgin; “The Dunciad, as the publisher very wisely confesses, cost the Author six years retirement from all the pleasures of life, though it is somewhat difficult to conceive, from either its bulk or beauty, that it could be so long in hatching,” &c. But the length of time and closeness of application were mentioned to prepossess the reader with a good opinion of it.

They just as well understood what Scriblerus said of the poem.

¹ The Prefacer to Curl’s Key, p. 3. took this word to be really in Statius: “By a quibble on the word *Duncia* the *Dunciad* is formed.” Mr. Ward also follows him in the same opinion.

A LIST OF
BOOKS, PAPERS, AND VERSES,

In which our Author was abused before the publication of the Dunciad, with the true names of the authors.

REFLECTIONS Critical and Satirical on a late rhapsody, called An Essay on Criticism. By Mr. *Dennis*. Printed by B. Lintot, price 6d.

A new Rehearfal; or, Bayes the Younger; containing an Examen of Mr. Rowe's plays, and a word or two on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock. Anon. By *Charles Gildon*. Printed for J. Roberts, 1714, price 1s.

Homerides; or, A Letter to Mr. Pope; occasioned by his intended translation of Homer. By Sir Iliad Dogrel. *Tho. Burnet* and *G. Duckett*, Esquires. Printed for W. Wilkins, 1715, price 9d.

Aesop at the Bear-garden, a Vision; in imitation of the Temple of Fame, by Mr. *Preston*. Sold by John Morphew, 1715, price 6d.

The Catholic Poet; or, Protestant Barnaby's sorrowful lamentation; A Ballad about Homer's Iliad. By Mrs. *Centlivre* and others, 1715, price 1d.

An Epilogue to a Puppet-show at Bath, concerning the said Iliad. By *George Duckett*, Esq. Printed by E. Curl.

A complete Key to the What-d'ye-call it. Anon. By *Griffin* a player, supervised by Mr. *Th—*. Printed by J. Roberts, 1715.

A true character of Mr. P. and his writings, in a Letter to a Friend. Anon. *Dennis*. Printed for S. Popping, 1716, price 3d.

The confederates, a farce. By Joseph Gay. *J. D. Breval*. Printed for R. Burleigh, 1717, price 1s.

Remarks upon Mr. Pope's Translation of Homer; with two Letters concerning the Windfor Forest, and the Temple of Fame. By Mr. *Dennis*. Printed for E. Curl, 1717, price 1s. 6d.

Satires on the Translators of Homer, Mr. P. and Mr. T. Anon. *Bez. Morris*, 1717, price 6d.

The Triumvirate; or, A Letter from Palaemon to Celia at Bath. Anon. *Leonard Welsted*, 1711, folio, price 1s.

The Battle of Poets, an heroic poem. By *Tho. Cooke*. Printed for J. Roberts, folio, 1725.

Memoirs of Lilliput. Anon. *Eliza Haywood*, octavo. Printed in 1727.

An Essay on Criticism, in prose. By the author of the Critical History of England. *J. Oldmixon*, octavo. Printed 1728.

Gulliveriana and Alexandriana; with an ample preface and critique on Swift and Pope's Miscellanies. By *Jonathan Smedley*. Printed by J. Roberts, octavo, 1728.

Characters of the Times; or, An Account of the Writings, Characters, &c. of several gentlemen libelled by S— and P—, in a late Miscellany, octavo, 1728.

Remarks on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock, in Letters to a Friend. By Mr. *Dennis*. Written in 1724, though not printed till 1728, octavo.

Verses, Letters, Essays, or Advertisements, in the public prints.

British Journal, Nov. 25, 1727. A letter on Swift and Pope's Miscellanies. Writ by M. *Concanen*.

- Daily Journal, March 18, 1728. A Letter by Philo-mauri. *James Moore-Smith.*
Idem, March 29. A Letter about Therfites, accusing the Author of disaffection to the government. By *James Moore-Smith.*
 Mist's Weekly Journal, March 30. An Essay on the Arts of a Poet's sinking in Reputation; or, A Supplement to the art of Sinking in Poetry. Supposed by Mr. *Theobald.*
 Daily Journal, April 3. A Letter under the name of Philo-ditto. By *James Moore-Smith.*
 Flying-Post, April 4. A Letter against Gulliver and Mr. P. By Mr. *Oldmixon.*
 Daily Journal, April 5. An Auction of Goods at Twickenham. By *James Moore-Smith.*
 The Flying-Post, April 6. A Fragment of a Treatise upon Swift and Pope. By Mr. *Oldmixon.*
 The Senator, April 9. On the same. By *Edward Roome.*
 Daily Journal, April 8. Advertisement by *James Moore-Smith.*
 Flying-Post, April 13. Verses against Dr. Swift, and against Mr. P—'s Homer. By *J. Oldmixon.*
 Daily Journal, April 23. Letter about the Translation of the Character of Therfites in Homer. By *Thomas Cooke, &c.*

Mist's Weekly Journal, April 27. A Letter of *Lewis Theobald.*

Daily Journal, May 11. A Letter against Mr. P. at large. Anon. *John Dennis.*

All these were afterwards reprinted in a pamphlet, entitled, A Collection of all the Verses, Essays, Letters, and Advertisements, occasioned by Mr. Pope and Swift's Miscellanies, prefaced by Concanen. Anon. Octavo, and printed for A. Moore, 1728, price 1 s. Others, of an elder date, having lain as waste paper many years, were, upon the publication of the Dunciad, brought out, and their authors betrayed by the mercenary booksellers, (in hopes of some possibility of vending a few) by advertising them in this manner:—"The Confederates, a farce. By Capt. *Breval*, (for which he was put into the Dunciad.) An Epilogue to Powel's Puppet-show. By Col. *Ducket*, (for which he was put into the Dunciad.) Essays, &c. by Sir *Richard Blackmore*. (N. B. It was for a passage of this book that Sir Richard was put into the Dunciad.)" And so of others.

After the Dunciad, 1728.

An Essay on the Dunciad. Octavo, printed for J. Roberts. [In this book, p. 9, it was formally declared, "That the complaint of the aforefaid libels and advertisements was forged and untrue; that all mouths had been silent, except in Mr. Pope's praise; and nothing against him published but by Mr. *Theobald*."]]

Sawney, in blank verse, occasioned by the Dunciad; with a critique on that Poem. By *J. Ralph*, [a person never mentioned in it at first, but inserted after.] Printed for J. Roberts, octavo.

A complete Key to the Dunciad. By *E. Curl*, 12mo, price 6d.

A second and third edition of the same, with additions, 12mo.

The Popiad. By *E. Curl*, extracted from J. Dennis, Sir Richard Blackmore, &c. 12mo, price 6d.

The Curliad. By the same *E. Curl*.

The Female Dunciad. Collected by the same Mr. *Curl*, 12mo, price 6d. With the Metamorphosis of P. into a stinging nettle. By Mr. *Foxton*, 12mo.

The Metamorphosis of Scriblerus into Snarlerus. By *J. Smedley*. Printed for A. Moore, folio, price 6d.

The Dunciad Dissected. By *Curl* and Mrs. *Thomas*, 12mo.

An Essay on the taste and writings of the present times. Said to be writ by a gentleman of C. C. C. Oxon. Printed for J. Roberts, octavo.

The Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, partly taken from Bouhours, with new Reflections, &c. By *John Oldmixon*, octavo.

Remarks on the Dunciad. By Mr. *Dennis*, dedicated to Theobald, octavo.

A Supplement to the Profound. Anon. By *Matthew Concanen*, octavo.

Mist's Weekly Journal, June 8. A long Letter, signed W. A. writ by some or other of the club of *Theobald*, *Dennis*, *Moore*, *Concanen*, *Cooke*, who for some time held constant weekly meetings for those kind of performances.

Daily Journal, June 11. A Letter signed Philo-Scriblerus, on the name of Pope——Letter to Mr. Theobald, in verse, signed B. M. *Bezaleel Morris* against Mr. P—. Many other little epigrams, about this time, in the same papers, by *James Moore* and others.

Mist's Journal, June 22. A Letter by *Lewis Theobald*.

Flying-Post, August 8. Letter on Pope and Swift.

Daily Journal, August 8. Letter charging the Author of the Dunciad with treason.

Durgen: A plain Satire on a pompous Satirist. By *Edward Ward*, with a little of *James Moore*.

Apollo's Maggot in his Cups. By *E. Ward*.

Gulliveriana Secunda. Being a Collection of many of the libels in the newspapers, like the former volume under the same title, by *Smedley*. Advertised in the Craftsman, Nov. 9, 1728, with this remarkable promise, that "*Any thing which any body should send as Mr. Pope's or Dr. Swift's should be inserted and published as theirs.*"

Pope Alexander's Supremacy and Infallibility examined, &c. By *George Duckett* and *John Dennis*, quarto.

Dean Jonathan's Paraphrase on the ivth Chapter of Genesis. Writ by *E. Roome*, folio, 1729.

Labeo. A Paper of Verses by *Leonard Welsted*, which after came into *One Epistle*, and was published by *James Moore*, quarto, 1730. Another part of it came out in Welsted's own name, under the just title of Dulness and Scandal, folio, 1731.

There have been since published

Verses on the Imitator of Horace, by a Lady, or between a Lady, a Lord, and a Court-squire. Printed for J. Roberts, folio.

An Epistle from a Nobleman to a Doctor of Divinity, from Hampton-Court, Lord H——y. Printed for J. Roberts. Also folio.

A Letter from Mr. *Cibber* to Mr. Pope. Printed for W. Lewis in Covent-Garden, octavo.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T

To the first edition with notes, in quarto, 1729.

IT will be sufficient to say of this edition that the reader has here a much more correct and complete copy of the Dunciad than has hitherto appeared. I cannot answer but some mistakes may have slipped into it, but a vast number of others will be prevented by the names being now not only set at length, but justified by the authorities and reasons given. I make no doubt the Author's own motive to use real rather than feigned names was his care to preserve the innocent from any

false application; whereas in the former editions, which had no more than the initial letters, he was made, by keys printed here, to hurt the inoffensive, and (what was worse) to abuse his friends by an impression at Dublin.

The Commentary which attends this Poem was sent me from several hands, and consequently must be unequally written; yet will have one advantage over most commentaries, that it is not made upon conjectures, or at a remote distance of time; and the reader cannot but derive one pleasure from the very *obscurity* of the persons it treats of, that it partakes of the nature of a *secret*, which most people love to be let into, though the men or the things be ever so inconsiderable or trivial.

Of the *persons* it was judged proper to give some account; for since it is only in this monument that they must expect to survive, (and here survive they will as long as the English tongue shall remain such as it was in the reigns of Queen Anne and King George) it seemed but humanity to bestow a word or two upon each, just to tell what he was, what he writ, when he lived, and when he died.

If a word or two more are added upon the chief offenders, it is only as a paper pinned upon the breast, to mark the enormities for which they suffered, lest the correction only should be remembered, and the crime forgotten.

In some articles it was thought sufficient barely to transcribe from Jacob, Curl, and other writers of their own rank, who were much better acquainted with them than any of the authors of this Comment can pretend to be. Most of them had drawn each other's characters on certain occasions; but the few here inserted are all that could be saved from the general destruction of such works.

Of the part of Scriblerus I need say nothing; his manner is well enough known, and approved by all but those who are too much concerned to be judges.

The Imitations of the Ancients are added, to gratify those who either never read, or may have forgotten them; together with some of the parodies and allusions to the most excellent of the Moderns. If, from the frequency of the former, any man think the Poem too much a cento, our Poet will but appear to have done the same thing in jest which Boileau did in earnest, and upon which Vida, Fracastorius, and many of the most eminent Latin poets, professedly valued themselves.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T

To the first edition of the Fourth Book of the Dunciad, when printed separately in the year 1742.

WE apprehend it can be deemed no injury to the Author of the three first Books of the Dunciad that we publish this Fourth. It was found merely by accident, in taking a survey of the library of a late eminent nobleman, but in so blotted a condition, and in so many detached pieces, as plainly shewed it to be not only *incorrect*, but *unfinished*. That the Author of the three first books had a design to extend and complete his Poem in this manner appears from the dissertation prefixed to it, where it is said that "the design is more extensive, and that we may expect other "episodes to complete it;" and from the declaration in the argument to the third Book, that "the "accomplishment of the prophecies therein would be the theme hereafter of a greater Dunciad."

But whether or no he be the Author of this we declare ourselves ignorant. If he be, we are no more to be blamed for the publication of it than Tucca and Varius for that of the last six Books of the Aeneid, though perhaps inferior to the former.

If any person be possessed of a more perfect copy of this work, or of any other fragments of it, and will communicate them to the publisher, we shall make the next edition more complete; in which we also promise to insert any Criticisms that shall be published (if at all to the purpose) with the names of the authors; or any letters sent us (though not to the purpose) shall yet be printed under the title of *Epistolae obscurorum virorum*; which, together with some others of the same kind, formerly laid by for that end, may make no unpleasant addition to the future impressions of this Poem.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T

To the complete edition of 1743.

I Have long had a design of giving some sort of Notes on the works of this Poet. Before I had the happiness of his acquaintance I had written a commentary on his Essay on Man, and have since finished another on the Essay on Criticism. There was one already on the Dunciad, which had met with general approbation; but I still thought some additions were wanting (of a more serious kind) to the humorous notes of Scriblerus, and even to those written by Mr. Cleland, Dr. Arbuthnot, and others. I had lately the pleasure to pass some months with the Author in the country, where I prevailed upon him to do what I had long desired, and favour me with his explanation of several passages in his works. It happened that just at that juncture was published a ridiculous book against him, full of personal reflections, which furnished him with a lucky opportunity of improving this Poem, by giving it the only thing it wanted, a more considerable Hero. He was always sensible of its defect in that particular, and owned he had let it pass with the hero it had purely for want of a better, not entertaining the least expectation that such an one was reserved for his post as has since obtained the laurel; but since that had happened, he could no longer deny this justice either to him or the Dunciad.

And yet I will venture to say there was another motive which had still more weight with our Author; this person was one who, from every folly (not to say vice) of which another would be ashamed, has constantly derived a vanity, and therefore was the man in the world who would least be hurt by it. W. W.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T

Printed in the Journals, 1730.

WHEREAS, upon occasion of certain pieces relating to the gentlemen of the Dunciad, some have been willing to suggest, as if they looked upon them as an abuse; we can do no less than own it is our opinion, that to call these gentlemen bad authors is no sort of abuse, but a great truth. We cannot alter this opinion without some reason; but we promise to do it in respect to every person who thinks it an injury to be represented as no wit or poet, provided he procures a certificate of his being really such from any three of his companions in the Dunciad, or from Mr. Dennis singly, who is esteemed equal to any three of the number.

A
P A R A L L E L
OF THE
C H A R A C T E R S
OF
M R. D R Y D E N A N D M R. P O P E,

As drawn by certain of their contemporaries.

M R. D R Y D E N,

HIS POLITICS, RELIGION, MORALS.

MR. DRYDEN is a mere renegado from monarchy, poetry, and good sense ¹. A true republican son of monarchical church ². A republican Atheist ³. Dryden was from the beginning an ἀλλοπρόσαλλος, and I doubt not will continue so to the last ⁴.

In the poem called Absalom and Achitophel are notoriously traduced the King, the Queen, the Lords and Gentlemen, not only their honourable persons exposed, but the whole nation and its representatives notoriously libelled. It is *scandalum magnatum*, yea of Majesty itself ⁵.

He looks upon God's gospel as a foolish fable, like the Pope, to whom he is a pitiful purveyor ⁶. His very Christianity may be questioned ⁷. He ought to expect more severity than other men, as he is most unmerciful in his reflections on others ⁸. With as good a right as his Holiness he sets up for poetical infallibility ⁹.

M R. D R Y D E N *only a versifier.*

His whole libel is all bad matter, beautified (which is all that can be said of it) with good metre ¹⁰. Mr. Dryden's genius did not appear in any thing more than his versification, and whether he is to be ennobled for that only is a question ¹¹.

M R. D R Y D E N'S Virgil.

Tonson calls it Dryden's Virgil, to shew that this is not that Virgil so admired in the Augustan age, but a Virgil of another stamp, a silly, impertinent, nonsensical writer. None but a Bavius, a Maeuius, or a Bathyllus, carped at Virgil ¹²; and none but such unthinking vermin admire his translator ¹³. It is true, soft and easy lines might become Ovid's Epistles or Art of Love—but Virgil, who is all great and majestic, &c. requires strength of lines, weight of words, and closeness of expression; not an ambling Muse running on carpet-ground, and shod as lightly as a New-market racer.—He has numberless faults in his author's meaning, and in propriety of expression ¹⁴.

¹ Milbourn on Dryden's Virgil, 8vo. 1698, p. 6.

² Ibid. p. 38.

³ Ibid. p. 192.

⁴ Ibid. p. 8.

⁵ Whip and Key, 4to, printed for R. Janeway, 1682, Preface.

⁶ Ibid.

⁷ Milbourn, p. 9.

⁸ Ibid. p. 175.

⁹ Ibid. p. 39.

¹⁰ Whip and Key, Preface.

¹¹ Oldmixon, Essay on Criticism, p. 84.

¹² Milbourn, p. 2.

¹³ Ibid. p. 35.

¹⁴ Ibid. p. 22, and 192.

A
P A R A L L E L
OF THE
C H A R A C T E R S
OF
MR. POPE AND MR. DRYDEN,

As drawn by certain of their contemporaries.

MR. POPE,

HIS POLITICS, RELIGION, MORALS.

MR. POPE is an open and mortal enemy to his country, and the commonwealth of learning ¹. Some call him a Popish Whig, which is directly inconsistent ². Pope, as a Papist, must be a Tory and High-flier ³. He is both Whig and Tory ⁴.

He hath made it his custom to cackle to more than one party in their own sentiments ⁵.

In his Miscellanies, the persons abused are the King, the Queen, his late Majesty, both Houses of Parliament, the Privy Council, the Bench of Bishops, the established Church, the present Ministry, &c. To make sense of some passages they must be construed into royal scandal ⁶.

He is a popish rhymster, bred up with a contempt of the Sacred Writings ⁷. His religion allows him to destroy heretics, not only with his pen but with fire and sword; and such were all those unhappy wits whom he sacrificed to his accursed Popish principles ⁸. It deserved vengeance to suggest, that Mr. Pope had less infallibility than his namesake at Rome ⁹.

MR. POPE *only a versifier*.

The smooth numbers of the Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any other merit ¹⁰. It must be owned that he hath got a notable knack of rhyming and writing smooth verse ¹¹.

MR. POPE'S Homer.

The Homer which Lintot prints does not talk like Homer, but like Pope; and he who translated him one would swear had a hill in Tipperary for his Parnassus, and a puddle in some bog for his Hippocrene ¹². He has no admirers among those that can distinguish, discern, and judge ¹³.

He hath a knack at smooth verse, but without either genius or good sense, or any tolerable knowledge of English. The qualities which distinguish Homer are the beauties of his diction, and the harmony of his versification.—But this little Author, who is so much in vogue, has neither sense in his thoughts nor English in his expressions ¹⁴.

¹ Dennis's Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, pref. p. 12. ² Dunciad Dissected. ³ Pref. to Gulliveriana.

⁴ Dennis's Character of Mr. P. ⁵ Theobald, Letter in Mist's Journal, June 22, 1728.

⁶ List at the end of a Collection of Verses, Letters, Advertisements, octavo. Printed for A. Moore, 1728, and the preface to it, p. 6.

⁷ Dennis's Remarks on Homer, p. 27.

⁸ Preface to Gulliveriana, p. 11.

⁹ Dedication to the Collect. of Verses, Letters, &c. p. 9.

¹⁰ Mist's Journal of June 8, 1728.

¹¹ Character of Mr. P. and Dennis on Homer.

¹² Dennis's Rem. on Pope's Homer, p. 12.

¹³ Ibid. p. 14.

¹⁴ Character of Mr. P. p. 17. and Remarks on Homer, p. 91.

MR. DRYDEN *understood no Greek nor Latin.*

Mr. Dryden was once, I have heard, at Westminster-school: Dr. Busby would have whipt him for so childish a paraphrase ¹. The meanest pedant in England would whip a lubber of twelve for construing so absurdly ². The Translator is mad, every line betrays his stupidity ³. The faults are innumerable, and convince me that Mr. Dryden did not, or would not, understand his author ⁴. This shews how fit Mr. D. may be to translate Homer! A mistake in a single letter might fall on the printer well enough, but $\epsilon\chi\omega\rho$ for $i\chi\omega\rho$ must be the error of the author: nor had he art enough to correct it at the press ⁵. Mr. Dryden writes for the court ladies—He writes for the ladies and not for use ⁶.

The Translator puts in a little burlesque now and then into Virgil for a ragout to his cheated subscribers ⁷.

MR. DRYDEN *tricked his subscribers.*

I wonder that any man, who could not but be conscious of his own unfitness for it, should go to amuse the learned world with such an undertaking! A man ought to value his reputation more than money, and not to hope that those who can read for themselves will be imposed upon merely by a partially and unseasonably celebrated name ⁸. *Poetis quidlibet audendi* shall be Mr. Dryden's motto, though it should extend to picking of pockets ⁹.

Names bestowed on MR. DRYDEN.

AN APE.] A crafty ape dressed up in a gaudy gown.—Whips put into an ape's paw to play pranks with—None but apish and Papish brats will heed him ¹⁰.

AN ASS.] A camel will take upon him no more burden than is sufficient for his strength, but there is another beast that crouches under all ¹¹.

A FROG.] Poet Squab, endued with Poet Maro's spirit! an ugly croaking kind of vermin, which would swell to the bulk of an ox ¹².

A COWARD.] A Clinias, or a Damaetas, or a man of Mr. Dryden's own courage ¹³.

A KNAVE.] Mr. Dryden has heard of Paul the knave of Jesus Christ; and, if I mistake not, I have read somewhere of John Dryden servant to his Majesty ¹⁴.

A FOOL.] Had he not been such a self-conceited fool ¹⁵—Some great poets are positive block-heads ¹⁶.

A THING.] So little a thing as Mr. Dryden ¹⁷.

¹ Milbourn, p. 72.

² Ibid. p. 203.

³ Ibid. p. 78.

⁴ Ibid. p. 206.

⁵ Ibid. p. 19.

⁶ Ibid. p. 144, 190.

⁷ Ibid. p. 67.

⁸ Ibid. p. 192.

⁹ Ibid. p. 125.

¹⁰ Whip and Key, preface.

¹¹ Milbourn, p. 105.

¹² Ibid. p. 11.

¹³ Ibid. p. 176.

¹⁴ Ibid. p. 57.

¹⁵ Whip and Key, preface.

¹⁶ Milbourn, p. 34.

¹⁷ Ibid. p. 35.

MR. POPE *understood no Greek.*

He hath undertaken to translate Homer from the Greek, of which he knows not one word, into English, of which he understands as little ¹. I wonder how this gentleman would look should it be discovered that he has not translated ten verses together in any book of Homer with justice to the poet, and yet he dares reproach his fellow-writers with not understanding Greek ². He has stuck so little to his original as to have his knowledge in Greek called in question ³. I should be glad to know which it is of all Homer's excellencies which has so delighted the ladies, and the gentlemen who judge like ladies ⁴.

But he has a notable talent at burlesque; his genius slides so naturally into it that he hath burlesqued Homer without designing it ⁵.

MR. POPE *tricked his subscribers.*

It is indeed somewhat bold, and almost prodigious, for a single man to undertake such a work; but it is too late to dissuade, by demonstrating the madness of the project. The subscribers expectations have been raised in proportion to what their pockets have been drained of ⁶. Pope has been concerned in jobs, and hired out his name to bookfellers ⁷.

Names bestowed on MR. POPE.

AN APE.] Let us take the initial letter of his Christian name, and the initial and final letters of his surname, viz. A. P. E. and they give you the same idea of an ape as his face ⁸, &c.

AN ASS.] It is my duty to pull off the lion's skin from this little ass ⁹.

A FROG.] A squab short gentleman—a little creature that, like the frog in the fable, swells, and is angry that it is not allowed to be as big as an ox ¹⁰.

A COWARD.] A lurking way-laying coward ¹¹.

A KNAVE.] He is one whom God and Nature have marked for want of common honesty ¹².

A FOOL.] Great fools will be christened by the names of great poets, and Pope will be called Homer ¹³.

A THING.] A little abject thing ¹⁴.

¹ Dennis's Remarks on Homer, p. 12.

³ Suppl. to the Profound, pref.

⁵ Dennis's Remarks, p. 28.

⁶ Dennis, Daily Journal, May 11, 1728.

¹⁰ Dennis's Remarks on the Rape of the Lock, preface, p. 9.

¹³ Dennis's Remarks on Homer, p. 37.

² Daily Journal, April 23, 1728.

⁴ Oldmixon, Essay on Criticism, p. 66.

⁶ Homerides, p. 1, &c.

⁷ British Journal, Nov. 25, 1727.

⁹ Dennis's Remarks on Homer, preface.

¹¹ Character of Mr. P. p. 3.

¹² Ibid.

¹⁴ Ibid. p. 8.



BY AUTHORITY.

BY virtue of the Authority in Us vested by the Act for subjecting Poets to the Power of a Licenser, We have revised this piece; where finding the style and appellation of KING to have been given to a certain Pretender, Pseudo-Poet, or Phantom, of the name of TIBBALD; and apprehending the same may be deemed in some sort a reflection on Majesty, or at least an insult on that Legal Authority which has bestowed on another Person the Crown of Poesy: We have ordered the said Pretender, Pseudo-Poet, or Phantom, utterly to vanish and evaporate out of this Work; and do declare the said Throne of Poesy from henceforth to be abdicated and vacant, unless duly and lawfully supplied by the LAUREAT himself. And it is hereby enacted, that no other person do presume to fill the same. DC. Ch.

BY THE AUTHOR. A DECLARATION.

*WHEREAS certain Haberdashers of Points and Particles, being instigated by the spirit of Pride, and assuming to themselves the name of Critics and Restorers, have taken upon them to adulterate the common and current sense of our Glorious Ancestors, Poets of this Realm, by clipping, coining, defacing the images, mixing their own base alloy, or otherwise falsifying the same; which they publish, utter, and vend as genuine; the said Haberdashers having no right thereto, as neither heirs, executors, administrators, assigns, or in any sort related to such Poets, to all or any of them: Now We, having carefully revised this our Dunciad, * beginning with the words The mighty Mother, and ending with the words buries All, containing the entire sum of One thousand seven hundred and fifty-four verses, declare every word, figure, point, and comma, of this impression, to be authentic: and do therefore strictly enjoin and forbid any person or persons whatsoever to erase, reverse, put between hooks, or by any other means, directly or indirectly, change or mangle any of them. And we do hereby earnestly exhort all our brethren to follow this our example, which we heartily wish our great Predecessors had heretofore set, as a remedy and prevention of all such abuses: Provided always, That nothing in this Declaration shall be construed to limit the lawful and undoubted right of every subject of this Realm to judge, censure, or condemn in the whole, or in part, any Poem or Poet whatsoever.*

Given under our hand at London, this third day of January, in the year of our Lord One thousand seven hundred thirty and two.

Declarat' cor' me,
JOHN BARBER, Mayor.

* Read thus confidently, instead of "beginning with the word *books*, and ending with the word *flies*," as formerly it stood: read also "containing the entire sum of *one thousand seven hundred and fifty-four* verses," instead of "*one thousand and twelve* lines;" such being the initial and final words, and such the true and entire contents of this Poem.

Thou art to know, Reader! that the first edition thereof, like that of Milton, was never seen by the Author, (though living and not blind): the editor himself confessed as much in his preface; and no two poems were ever published in so arbitrary a manner. The editor of this had as boldly suppressed whole passages, yea the entire last book, as the editor of *Paradise Lost* added and augmented. Milton himself gave but *ten* books, his editor *twelve*; this Author gave *four* books, his editor only *three*. But we have happily done justice to both; and presume we shall live, in this our last labour, as long as in any of our others. *Bentley*.

THE ARGUMENTS.

BOOK I.

THE Proposition, the Invocation, and the Inscription. Then the original of the great Empire of Dulness, and cause of the continuance thereof. The College of the Goddesses in the City, with her private academy for poets in particular; the governors of it, and the four Cardinal virtues. Then the poem hastes into the midst of things, presenting her, on the evening of a Lord-Mayor's day, revolving the long succession of her sons, and the glories past and to come. She fixes her eye on Bays to be the instrument of that great event, which is the subject of the poem. He is described pensive among his books, giving up the cause, and apprehending the period of her empire. After debating whether to betake himself to the church, or to gaming, or to party-writing, he raises an altar of proper books, and (making first his solemn prayer and declaration) purposes thereon to sacrifice all his unsuccessful writings. As the pile is kindled the Goddess, beholding the flame from her seat, flies and puts it out, by casting upon it the poem of Thulè. She forthwith reveals herself to him, transports him to her Temple, unfolds her arts, and initiates him into her mysteries; then announcing the death of Eusden the Poet-laureat, anoints him, carries him to Court, and proclaims him successor.

BOOK II.

THE King being proclaimed, the solemnity is graced with public games and sports of various kinds; not instituted by the hero, as by Aeneas in Virgil, but for greater honour by the Goddesses in person, (in like manner as the games Pythia, Isthmia, &c. were anciently said to be ordained by the gods, and as Thetis herself appearing, according to Homer, *Odyssy* XXIV. proposed the prizes in honour of her son Achilles.) Hither flock the Poets and Critics, attended, as is but just, with their Patrons and Booksellers. The Goddess is first pleased, for

her disport, to propose games to the Bookfellers, and setteth up the phantom of a poet, which they contend to overtake. The races described, with their diverse accidents. Next the game for a Poetess. Then follow the exercises for the Poets, of tickling, vociferating, diving: the first holds forth the arts and practices of Dedicators; the second of Disputants and fustian Poets; the third of profound, dark, and dirty Party-writers. Lastly, for the Critics the Goddess proposes (with great propriety) an exercise, not of their parts, but their patience; in hearing the works of two voluminous authors, the one in verse, and the other in prose, deliberately read, without sleeping; the various effects of which, with the several degrees and manners of their operation, are here set forth, till the whole number, not of Critics only, but of Spectators, Actors, and all present, fall fast asleep; which naturally and necessarily ends the Games.

B O O K III.

AFTER the other persons are disposed in their proper places of rest the Goddess transports the King to her Temple, and there lays him to slumber with his head on her lap; a position of marvellous virtue, which causes all the visions of wild enthusiasts, projectors, politicians, inamoratoes, castle-builders, chymists, and poets. He is immediately carried on the wings of Fancy, and led by a mad poetical Sibyl to the Elysian shade; where, on the banks of Lethe, the souls of the dull are dipped by Bayus before their entrance into this world. There he is met by the ghost of Settle, and by him made acquainted with the wonders of the place, and with those which he himself is destined to perform. He takes him to a Mount of Vision, from whence he shews him the past triumphs of the Empire of Dulness, then the present, and lastly the future: how small a part of the world was ever conquered by Science, how soon those conquests were stopped, and those very nations again reduced to her dominion. Then distinguishing the island of Great Britain, shews by what aids, by what persons, and by what degrees, it shall be brought to her empire. Some of the persons he causes to pass in review before his eyes, describing each by his proper figure, character, and qualifications. On a sudden the scene shifts, and a vast number of miracles and prodigies appear, utterly surprising and unknown to the King himself, till they are explained to be the wonders of his own reign.

now commencing. On this subject Settle breaks into a congratulation, yet not unmixed with concern, that his own times were but the types of these. He prophesies how first the nation shall be over-run with Farces, Operas, and Shows; how the throne of Dulness shall be advanced over the Theatres, and set up even at Court; then how her sons shall preside in the seats of Arts and Sciences; giving a glimpse, or Pisgah-sight, of the future fulness of her glory, the accomplishment whereof is the subject of the Fourth and last Book.

BOOK IV.

THE Poet being, in this Book, to declare the completion of the Prophecies mentioned at the end of the former, makes a new Invocation, as the greater poets are wont, when some high and worthy matter is to be sung. He shews the Goddess coming in her majesty to destroy Order and Science, and to substitute the kingdom of the Dull upon earth. How she leads captive the Sciences, and silences the Muses; and what they be who succeed in their stead. All her children, by a wonderful attraction, are drawn about her, and bear along with them diverse others, who promote her empire by connivance, weak resistance, or discouragement of arts; such as half-wits, tasteless admirers, vain pretenders, the flatterers of dunces, or the patrons of them. All these crowd around her; one of them offering to approach her is driven back by a rival, but she commends and encourages both. The first who speak in form are the Geniuses of the Schools, who assure her of their care to advance her cause by confining youth to Words, and keeping them out of the way of real Knowledge. Their address, and her gracious answer; with her charge to them and the Universities. The Universities appear by their proper deputies, and assure her that the same method is observed in the progress of Education. The speech of Aristarchus on this subject. They are driven off by a band of young gentlemen returned from travel with their tutors; one of whom delivers to the Goddess, in a polite oration, an account of the whole conduct and fruits of their travels; presenting to her at the same time a young nobleman perfectly accomplished. She receives him graciously, and endues him with the happy quality of want of shame. She sees loitering about her a number of indolent persons abandoning all business and duty, and dying with laziness; to these approaches the antiquary

Annius, entreating her to make them Virtuofos, and affign them over to him; but Mummius, another antiquary, complaining of his fraudulent proceeding, ſhe finds a method to reconcile their difference. Then enter a troop of people fantaſtically adorned, offering her ſtrange and exotic preſents: amongſt them one ſtands forth, and demands juſtice on another who had deprived him of one of the greateſt curioſities in Nature; but he juſtifies himſelf ſo well that the Goddeſs gives them both her approbation. She recommends to them to find proper employment for the indolents before-mentioned in the ſtudy of Butterflies, Shells, Birds-neſts, Moſs, &c. but with particular caution not to proceed beyond trifles to any uſeful or extenſive views of Nature, or of the Author of Nature. Againſt the laſt of theſe apprehenſions ſhe is ſecured by a hearty addreſs from the Minute Philoſophers and Free-thinkers, one of whom ſpeaks in the name of the reſt. The youth, thus inſtructed and principled, are delivered to her in a body by the hands of Silenus; and then admitted to taſte the cup of the Magus her high prieſt, which cauſes a total oblivion of all obligations divine, civil, moral, or rational. To theſe her adepts ſhe ſends prieſts, attendants, and comforters, of various kinds; confers on them orders and degrees; and then, diſmiſſing them with a ſpeech, confirming to each his privileges, and telling what ſhe expects from each, concludes with a yawn of extraordinary virtue; the progreſs and effects whereof on all orders of men, and the conſummation of all, in the reſtoration of Night and Chaos, conclude the Poem.

THE
D U N C I A D.
TO
DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

B O O K I.

THE mighty Mother, and her Son, who brings
The Smithfield Muses to the ear of kings,
I sing. Say you, her instruments, the Great!
Call'd to this work by Dulness, Jove, and Fate;
You by whose care, in vain decry'd and curst,
Still Dunce the Second reigns like Dunce the First;
Say how the Goddess bade Britannia sleep,
And pour'd her spirit o'er the land and deep.

In eldest time, ere mortals writ or read,
Ere Pallas issu'd from the Thund'rer's head,
Dulness o'er all possess'd her ancient right,
Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night:
Fate in their dotage this fair idiot gave,
Gross as her fire, and as her mother grave;
Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind,
She rul'd in native anarchy the mind.

Still her old empire to restore she tries,
For, born a goddess, Dulness never dies.

Oh Thou! whatever title please thine ear,
Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver!
Whether thou chuse Cervante's ferious air,
Or laugh and shake in Rab'lais' easy chair,
Or praise the Court, or magnify mankind,
Or thy griev'd country's copper chains unbind;
From thy Boeotia tho' her pow'r retires,
Mourn not, my Swift! at aught our realm acquires.
Here pleas'd behold her mighty wings out-spread
To hatch a new Saturnian Age of Lead.

Close to those walls where Folly holds her throne,
And laughs to think Monroe would take her down,
Where o'er the gates, by his fam'd father's hand,
Great Cibber's brazen brainless brothers stand,
One cell there is conceal'd from vulgar eye,
The cave of Poverty and Poetry;
Keen hollow winds howl thro' the bleak recess,
Emblem of music caus'd by emptiness;
Hence bards, like Proteus, long in vain ty'd down,
Escape in monsters, and amaze the Town;
Hence Miscellanies spring, the weekly boast
Of Curl's chaste press and Lintot's rubric post;
Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines;
Hence Journals, Medleys, Merc'ries, Magazines;

Sepulchral lies, our holy walls to grace,
And New-year Odes, and all the Grubstreet race.

In clouded majesty here Dulness shone,
Four guardian virtues round support her throne;
Fierce champion Fortitude, that knows no fears
Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears;
Calm Temperance, whose blessings those partake
Who hunger and who thirst for scribbling' fake;
Prudence, whose glass presents th' approaching jail;
Poetic Justice with her lifted scale,
Where in nice balance truth with gold she weighs,
And solid pudding against empty praise.

Here she beholds the Chaos dark and deep
Where nameless Somethings in their causes sleep,
'Till genial Jacob, or a warm third day,
Call forth each mass, a poem, or a play;
How hints, like spawn, scarce quick in embryo lie,
How new-born Nonsense first is taught to cry,
Maggots half-form'd in rhyme exactly meet,
And learn to crawl upon poetic feet:
Here one poor word an hundred clenches makes,
And ductile Dulness new meanders takes;
There motley images her fancy strike,
Figures ill-pair'd, and families unlike:

She sees a mob of Metaphors advance,
 Pleas'd with the madness of the mazy dance;
 How Tragedy and Comedy embrace;
 How Farce and Epic get a jumbled race;
 How Time himself stands still at her command,
 Realms shift their place, and ocean turns to land.
 Here gay Description Egypt glads with show'rs,
 Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flow'rs;
 Glitt'ring with ice here hoary hills are seen,
 There painted vallies of eternal green;
 In cold December fragrant chaplets blow,
 And heavy harvests nod beneath the snow.

All these, and more, the cloud-compelling Queen
 Beholds thro' fogs that magnify the scene.
 She, tinsell'd o'er in robes of varying hues,
 With self-applause her wild creation views;
 Sees momentary monsters rise and fall,
 And with her own fools-colours gilds them all.

'Twas on the day when * * rich and grave,
 Like Cimon, triumph'd both on land and wave:
 (Pomps without guilt, of bloodless swords and maces,
 Glad chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad faces)
 Now night descending the proud scene was o'er,
 But liv'd in Settle's numbers one day more:

Now mayors and shrieves all hush'd and fatiate lay,
 Yet ate, in dreams, the custard of the day;
 While pensive poets painful vigils keep,
 Sleepless themselves to give their readers sleep.
 Much to the mindful Queen the feast recalls
 What city swans once sung within the walls;
 Much she revolves their arts, their ancient praise,
 And sure succession down from Heywood's days.
 She saw with joy the line immortal run,
 Each fire impress'd and glaring in his son;
 So watchful Bruin forms, with plastic care,
 Each growing lump, and brings it to a bear.
 She saw old Pryn in restless Daniel shine,
 And Eusden eke out Blackmore's endless line;
 She saw slow Philips creep like Tate's poor page,
 And all the mighty mad in Dennis rage.

In each she marks her image full express'd,
 But chief in Bays's monster-breeding breast;
 Bays! form'd by Nature Stage and Town to bless,
 And act and be a coxcomb with success:
 Dulness with transport eyes the lively Dunce,
 Rememb'ring she herself was Pertness once.
 Now (shame to Fortune!) an ill run at play
 Blank'd his bold visage, and a thin third day:

Swearing and supperless the hero fate,
 Blasphem'd his gods, the dice, and damn'd his fate;
 Then gnaw'd his pen, then dash'd it on the ground,
 Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound!
 Plung'd for his sense, but found no bottom there,
 Yet wrote and flounder'd on in mere despair,
 Round him much embryo, much abortion lay,
 Much future ode and abdicated play;
 Nonsense precipitate, like running lead,
 That slipp'd thro' cracks and zigzags of the head;
 All that on Folly Frenzy could beget,
 Fruits of dull heat, and footerkins of wit.
 Next o'er his books his eyes began to roll,
 In pleasing memory of all he stole;
 How here he sipp'd, how there he plunder'd snug,
 And suck'd all o'er like an industrious bug.
 Here lay poor Fletcher's half-eat scenes, and here
 The frippery of crucify'd Moliere;
 There hapless Shakespear, yet of Tibbald fore,
 Wish'd he had blotted for himself before:
 The rest on outside merit but presume,
 Or serve (like other fools) to fill a room;
 Such with their shelves as due proportion hold,
 Or their fond parents dress'd in red and gold;

Or where the pictures for the page atone,
 And Quarles is fav'd by beauties not his own.
 Here swells the shelf with Ogilby the Great;
 There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete;
 Here all his suff'ring brotherhood retire,
 And 'scape the martyrdom of jakes and fire:
 A Gothic library! of Greece and Rome
 Well purg'd, and worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.

But high above more solid learning shone,
 The classics of an age that heard of none;
 There Caxton slept with Wynkyn at his side,
 One clasp'd in wood, and one in strong cow-hide;
 There, fav'd by spice, like mummies, many a year
 Dry bodies of divinity appear:
 De Lyra there a dreadful front extends,
 And here the groaning shelves Philemon bends.

Of these twelve volumes, twelve of amplest size,
 Redeem'd from tapers and defrauded pies,
 Inspir'd he seizes: these an altar raise;
 An hecatomb of pure unfully'd lays
 That altar crowns; a folio common-place
 Founds the whole pile, of all his works the base:
 Quartos, octavos, shape the less'ning pyre,
 A twisted birth-day ode completes the spire.

Then he: Great tamer of all human art!
 First in my care, and ever at my heart,
 Dulness! whose good old cause I yet defend,
 With whom my Muse began, with whom shall end,
 E'er since Sir Fopling's periwig was praise,
 To the last honours of the Butt and Bays;
 O thou! of bus'ness the directing soul!
 To this our head like bias to the bowl,
 Which, as more pond'rous, made its aim more true,
 Obliquely waddling to the mark in view;
 O! ever gracious to perplex'd mankind,
 Still spread a healing mist before the mind;
 And lest we err by Wit's wild dancing light,
 Secure us kindly in our native night:
 Or if to wit a coxcomb make pretence,
 Guard the sure barrier between that and sense;
 Or quite unravel all the reas'ning thread,
 And hang some curious cobweb in its stead!
 As forc'd from wind-guns lead itself can fly,
 And pond'rous slugs cut swiftly thro' the sky;
 As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,
 The wheels above urg'd by the load below;
 Me Emptiness and Dulness could inspire,
 And were my elasticity and fire.

Some daemon stole my pen, (forgive th' offence)
And once betray'd me into common sense,
Else all my prose and verse were much the same,
This prose on stilts, that poetry fall'n lame.
Did on the stage my fops appear confin'd?
My life gave ampler lessons to mankind.
Did the dead letter unsuccessful prove?
The brisk example never fail'd to move.
Yet sure, had Heav'n decreed to save the state,
Heav'n had decreed these works a longer date.
Could Troy be sav'd by any single hand,
This gray-goose weapon must have made her stand.
What can I now? my Fletcher cast aside,
Take up the Bible, once my better guide?
Or tread the path by vent'rous heroes trod,
This box my thunder, this right hand my God?
Or chair'd at White's amidst the doctors sit,
Teach oaths to gamesters, and to nobles wit?
Or bidst thou rather party to embrace?
(A friend to party thou, and all her race;
'Tis the same rope at diff'rent ends they twist;
To Dulness Ridpath is as dear as Mist.)
Shall I, like Curtius, desp'rate in my zeal,
O'er head and ears plunge for the commonweal?

Or rob Rome's ancient geese of all their glories,
 And cackling save the monarchy of Tories?
 Hold---to the minister I more incline;
 To serve his cause, O Queen! is serving thine.
 And, see! the very Gazetteers give o'er;
 Ev'n Ralph repents, and Henley writes no more.
 What then remains? Ourselves. Still, still remain
 Cibberian forehead and Cibberian brain;
 This brazen brightness to the 'squire so dear;
 This polish'd hardness that reflects the peer;
 This arch absurd, that wit and fool delights,
 This mess, tofs'd up of Hockley-hole and White's,
 Where dukes and butchers join to wreath my crown,
 At once the Bear and Fiddle of the Town.

O born in sin, and forth in folly brought!
 Works damn'd, or to be damn'd! (your father's fault)
 Go, purify'd by flames ascend the sky,
 My better and more Christian progeny!
 Unstain'd, untouch'd, and yet in maiden sheets,
 While all your smutty sisters walk the streets:
 Ye shall not beg, like gratis-given Bland,
 Sent with a pass and vagrant thro' the land;
 Nor sail with Ward to Ape-and-monkey climes,
 Where vile mundungus trucks for viler rhymes:

Not sulphur-tipt, emblaze an ale-house fire;
 Nor wrap up oranges to pelt your fire!
 O! pass more innocent, in infant state,
 To the mild limbo of our father Tate;
 Or, peaceably forgot, at once be blest
 In Shadwell's bosom with eternal rest!
 Soon to that mass of nonsense to return,
 Where things destroy'd are swept to things unborn.

With that a tear (portentous sign of grace!)
 Stole from the master of the sev'nfold face,
 And thrice he lifted high the birth-day brand,
 And thrice he dropp'd it from his quiv'ring hand,
 Then lights the structure with averted eyes;
 The rolling smokes involve the sacrifice;
 The op'ning clouds disclose each work by turns,
 Now flames the Cid, and now Perolla burns;
 Great Caesar roars and hisses in the fires;
 King John in silence modestly expires:
 No merit now the dear Nonjuror claims,
 Moliere's old stubble in a moment flames:
 Tears gush'd again, as from pale Priam's eyes,
 When the last blaze sent Ilion to the skies.

Rous'd by the light old Dulness heav'd the head,
 Then snatch'd a sheet of Thulé from her bed;

Sudden she flies, and whelms it o'er the pyre;
Down sink the flames, and with a hiss expire.

Her ample presence fills up all the place;
A veil of fogs dilates her awful face;
Great in her charms! as when on shrieves and may'rs
She looks, and breathes herself into their airs.

She bids him wait her to her sacred dome:
Well-pleas'd he enter'd, and confess'd his home.
So spirits, ending their terrestrial race,
Ascend, and recognize their native place.

This the Great Mother dearer held than all
The clubs of Quidnuncs, or her own Guildhall:
Here stood her opium, here she nurs'd her owls,
And here she plann'd th' imperial feat of fools.

Here to her chosen all her works she shows,
Prose swell'd to verse, verse loit'ring into prose;
How random thoughts now meaning chance to find,
Now leave all memory of sense behind;
How prologues into prefaces decay,
And these to notes are fritter'd quite away;
How index-learning turns no student pale,
Yet holds the eel of science by the tail;
How, with less reading than makes felons' scape,
Less human genius than God gives an ape,

Small thanks to France, and none to Rome or Greece,
 A past, vamp'd, future, old, reviv'd, new piece,
 'Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Shakespear, and Corneille,
 Can make a Cibber, Tibbald, or Ozell.

The Goddess then o'er his anointed head,
 With mystic words, the sacred opium shed;
 And, lo! her bird (a monster of a fowl,
 Something betwixt a heideggre and an owl)
 Perch'd on his crown. "All hail! and hail again,
 My son! the Promis'd Land expects thy reign.
 Know Eusden thirsts no more for sack or praise;
 He sleeps among the dull of ancient days;
 Safe where no critics damn, no duns molest,
 Where wretched Withers, Ward, and Gildon, rest,
 And high-born Howard, more majestic fire,
 With Fool of Quality completes the quire.
 Thou, Cibber! thou his laurel shalt support;
 Folly, my son, has still a friend at Court.
 Lift up your gates, ye Princes! see him come;
 Sound, found, ye Viols! be the cat-call dumb:
 Bring, bring the madding bay, the drunken vine,
 The creeping, dirty, courtly, ivy join.
 And thou! his aid-de-camp, lead on my sons,
 Light-arm'd with points, antitheses, and puns.

Let Bawdry, Billingsgate, my daughters dear,
 Support his front, and Oaths bring up the rear;
 And under his and under Archer's wing
 Gaming and Grubstreet skulk behind the King.

O! when shall rise a monarch all our own,
 And I, a nursing-mother, rock the throne;
 'Twixt prince and people close the curtain draw,
 Shade him from light, and cover him from law;
 Fatten the courtier, starve the learned band,
 And suckle armies, and dry-nurse the land;
 'Till senates nod to lullabies divine,
 And all be sleep as at an ode of thine?"

She ceas'd. Then swells the Chapel-royal throat;
 God save King Cibber! mounts in ev'ry note.
 Familiar White's God save King Colley! cries;
 God save King Colley! Drury-lane replies:
 To Needham's quick the voice triumphal rode,
 But pious Needham dropp'd the name of God;
 Back to the Devil the last echoes roll,
 And Coll! each butcher roars at Hockley-hole.

So when Jove's block descended from on high,
 (As sings thy great forefather Ogilby)
 Loud thunder to its bottom shook the bog,
 And the hoarse nation croak'd, God save King Log!

T H E
D U N C I A D.

B O O K II.

HIGH on a gorgeous seat, that far out-shone
Henley's gilt tub or Flecknoe's Irish throne,
Or that where on her Curls the Public pours,
All-bounteous, fragrant grains and golden show'rs,
Great Cibber fat: the proud Parnassian sneer,
The conscious smiler, and the jealous leer,
Mix on his look: all eyes direct their rays
On him, and crowds turn coxcombs as they gaze.
His peers shine round him with reflected grace,
New edge their dulness, and new bronze their face.
So from the sun's broad beam, in shallow urns,
Heav'n's twinkling sparks draw light, and point their horns.

Not with more glee, by hands pontific crown'd,
With scarlet hats wide-waving circled round,
Rome in her Capitol saw Querno fit,
Thron'd on sev'n hills, the Antichrist of wit.

And now the Queen, to glad her sons, proclaims
By herald hawkers high heroic games.
They summon all her race: an endless band
Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land.

A motley mixture! in long wigs, in bags,
 In filks, in crapes, in garters, and in rags,
 From drawing-rooms, from colleges, from garrets,
 On horse, on foot, in hacks, and gilded chariots;
 All who true Dunces in her cause appear'd,
 And all who knew those Dunces to reward.

Amid that area wide they took their stand,
 Where the tall May-pole once o'er-look'd the Strand,
 But now (so Anne and Piety ordain)
 A church collects the saints of Drury-lane.

With authors stationers obey'd the call,
 (The field of glory is a field for all.)
 Glory and gain th' industrious tribe provoke,
 And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke.
 A poet's form she plac'd before their eyes,
 And bade the nimblest racer seize the prize;
 No meagre muse-rid mope, adust and thin,
 In a dun night-gown of his own loose skin;
 But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise,
 Twelve starv'ling bards of these degen'rate days;
 All as a partridge plump, full-fed and fair,
 She form'd this image of well-body'd air;
 With pert flat eyes she window'd well its head,
 A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead;

And empty words she gave, and sounding strain,
 But senseless, lifeless, idol void and vain!
 Never was dash'd out, at one lucky hit,
 A fool so just a copy of a wit;
 So like, that critics said, and courtiers swore,
 A wit it was, and call'd the phantom More!

All gaze with ardour: some a poet's name,
 Others a sword-knot and lac'd suit, inflame;
 But lofty Lintot in the circle rose,
 "This prize is mine, who tempt it are my foes;
 "With me began this genius, and shall end."
 He spoke; and who with Lintot shall contend?

Fear held them mute. Alone, untaught to fear,
 Stood dauntless Curl: "Behold that rival here!
 "The race by vigour not by vaunts is won;
 "So take the hindmost, Hell!" he said, and run.
 Swift as a bard the bailiff leaves behind,
 He left huge Lintot, and out-stripp'd the wind.
 As when a dab-chick waddles thro' the copse
 On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops,
 So lab'ring on with shoulders, hands, and head,
 Wide as a wind-mill all his figure spread;
 With arms expanded Bernard rows his state,
 And left-legg'd Jacob seems to emulate.

Full in the middle way there stood a lake
 Which Curl's Corinna chanc'd that morn to make:
 (Such was her wont, at early dawn to drop
 Her ev'ning cates before his neighbour's shop;)
 Here fortun'd Curl to slide; loud shout the band,
 And Bernard! Bernard! rings thro' all the Strand.
 Obscene with filth the miscreant lies bewray'd,
 Fall'n in the plash his wickedness had laid:
 Then first (if poets aught of truth declare)
 The caitiff vaticide conceiv'd a pray'r.

Hear, Jove! whose name my bards and I adore,
 As much at least as any god's, or more;
 And him and his if more devotion warms,
 Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's Arms.

A place there is betwixt earth, air, and seas,
 Where from ambrosia Jove retires for ease:
 There in his seat two spacious vents appear,
 On this he sits, to that he leans his ear,
 And hears the various vows of fond mankind;
 Some beg an eastern some a western wind:
 All vain petitions, mounting to the sky,
 With reams abundant this abode supply;
 Amus'd he reads, and then returns the bills,
 Sign'd with that ichor which from gods distils.

In office here fair Cloacina stands,
 And ministers to Jove with purest hands.
 Forth from the heap she pick'd her vot'ry's pray'r,
 And plac'd it next him, a distinction rare!
 Oft' had the Goddess heard her servant's call
 From her black grottoes near the Temple-wall,
 List'ning delighted to the jest unclean
 Of link-boys vile and watermen obscene,
 Where as he fish'd her nether realms for wit
 She oft' had favour'd him, and favours yet.
 Renew'd by ordure's sympathetic force,
 As oil'd with magic juices for the course,
 Vig'rous he rises; from th' effluvia strong
 Imbibes new life, and scours and stinks along;
 Repasses Lintot, vindicates the race,
 Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face.

And now the victor stretch'd his eager hand
 Where the tall Nothing stood, or seem'd to stand;
 A shapeless shade, it melted from his sight,
 Like forms in clouds, or visions of the night.
 To seize his papers, Curl, was next thy care;
 His papers light fly diverse, tofs'd in air;
 Songs, sonnets, epigrams, the winds uplift,
 And whisk them back to Evans, Young, and Swift.

Th' embroider'd suit at least he deem'd his prey,
 That suit an unpaid tailor snatch'd away.
 No rag, no scrap, of all the beau or wit
 That once so flutter'd, and that once so writ.

Heav'n rings with laughter: of the laughter vain
 Dulness, good Queen, repeats the jest again.
 Three wicked imps, of her own Grubstreet choir,
 She deck'd like Congreve, Addison, and Prior;
 Mears, Warner, Wilkins, run: delusive thought!
 Breval, Bond, Befaleel, the varlets caught.
 Curl stretches after Gay, but Gay is gone;
 He grasps an empty Joseph for a John:
 So Proteus, hunted in a nobler shape,
 Became when seiz'd a puppy or an ape.

To him the Goddess: Son! thy grief lay down,
 And turn this whole illusion on the Town.
 As the sage dame, experienc'd in her trade,
 By names of toasts retails each batter'd jade;
 (Whence hapless Monsieur much complains at Paris
 Of wrongs from duchesses and Lady Maries;)
 Be thine, my Stationer! this magic gift;
 Cook shall be Prior, and Concanen Swift:
 So shall each hostile name become our own,
 And we, too, boast our Garth and Addison.

With that she gave him (piteous of his case,
 Yet smiling at his rueful length of face)
 A shaggy tap'stry, worthy to be spread
 On Codrus' old or Dunton's modern bed;
 Instructive work! whose wry-mouth'd portraiture
 Display'd the fates her confessors endure.
 Earless on high stood unabash'd De Foe,
 And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge below:
 There Ridpath, Roper, cudgell'd might ye view,
 The very worsted still look'd black and blue.
 Himself among the story'd chiefs he spies,
 As from the blanket high in air he flies,
 And, oh! (he cry'd) what street, what lane, but knows
 Our purgings, pumpings, blanketings, and blows?
 In ev'ry loom our labours shall be seen,
 And the fresh vomit run for ever green!

See in the circle next Eliza plac'd,
 Two babes of love close clinging to her waist;
 Fair as before her works she stands confess'd,
 In flow'rs and pearls by bounteous Kirkall dress'd.

The Goddess then: "Who best can send on high
 "The salient spout, far-streaming to the sky,
 "His be yon' Juno of majestic size,
 "With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.

“ This China jordan let the chief o’ercome

“ Replenish, not ingloriously, at home.”

Osborne and Curl accept the glorious strife,
(Tho’ this his son dissuades, and that his wife.)

One on his manly confidence relies,

One on his vigour and superior size.

First Osborne lean’d against his letter’d post;

It rose, and labour’d to a curve at most.

So Jove’s bright bow displays its wat’ry round,

(Sure sign that no spectator shall be drown’d.)

A second effort brought but new disgrace,

The wild meander wash’d the artist’s face:

Thus the small jet, which hasty hands unlock,

Spirts in the gard’ner’s eyes who turns the cock.

Not so from shameless Curl; impetuous spread

The stream, and smoking flourish’d o’er his head.

So (fam’d like thee for turbulence and horns)

Eridanus his humble fountain scorns;

Thro’ half the heav’ns he pours th’ exalted urn;

His rapid waters in their passage burn.

Swift as it mounts all follow with their eyes;
Still happy Impudence obtains the prize.

Thou triumph’st, victor of the high-wrought day,
And the pleas’d dame, soft-smiling, lead’st away.

Osborne, thro' perfect modesty o'ercome,
Crown'd with the jordan walks contented home.

But now for authors nobler palms remain;
Room for my Lord! three jockies in his train;
Six huntsmen with a shout precede his chair:
He grins, and looks broad nonsense with a stare.
His Honour's meaning Dulness thus exprest,
"He wins this patron who can tickle best."

He chinks his purse, and takes his seat of state;
With ready quills the Dedicators wait;
Now at his head the dext'rous talk commence,
And, instant, Fancy feels th' imputed sense;
Now gentle touches wanton o'er his face,
He struts Adonis, and affects grimace:
Rolli the feather to his ear conveys;
Then his nice taste directs our operas:
Bentley his mouth with classic flatt'ry opes,
And the puff'd orator bursts out in tropes.
But Welsted most the poet's healing balm
Strives to extract from his soft-giving palm.
Unlucky Welsted! thy unfeeling master
The more thou ticklest gripes his fist the faster.

While thus each hand promotes the pleasing pain,
And quick sensations skip from vein to vein,

A youth unknown to Phoebus, in despair,
 Puts his last refuge all in Heav'n and pray'r.
 What force have pious vows! The Queen of Love
 Her sister sends her vot'ress from above;
 As taught by Venus Paris learn'd the art
 To touch Achilles' only tender part,
 Secure thro' her the noble prize to carry,
 He marches off his Grace's secretary.

Now turn to diff'rent sports, (the Goddess cries)
 And learn, my Sons! the wondrous pow'r of noise.
 To move, to raise, to ravish, ev'ry heart
 With Shakespear's nature or with Johnson's art,
 Let others aim; 'tis your's to shake the soul
 With thunder rumbling from the mustard bowl;
 With horns and trumpets now to madness swell,
 Now sink in sorrows with a tolling bell!
 Such happy arts attention can command
 When Fancy flags, and sense is at a stand.
 Improve we these. Three cat-calls be the bribe
 Of him whose chatt'ring shames the monkey tribe;
 And his this drum whose hoarse heroic bass
 Drowns the loud clarion of the braying ass.

Now thousand tongues are heard in one loud din;
 The monkey-mimics rush discordant in;

'Twas chatt'ring, grinning, mouthing, jabb'ring all,
 And noise and Norton, brangling and Breval,
 Dennis and dissonance, and captious Art,
 And snip-snap short, and interruption smart,
 And demonstration thin, and theses thick,
 And major, minor, and conclusion, quick.
 Hold! (cry'd the Queen) a cat-call each shall win;
 Equal your merits! equal is your din!
 But that this well-disputed game may end,
 Sound forth, my Brayers! and the welkin rend.

As when the long-ear'd milky mothers wait
 At some sick miser's triple-bolted gate,
 For their defrauded absent foals they make
 A moan so loud that all the guild awake;
 Sore sighs Sir Gilbert, starting at the bray,
 From dreams of millions, and three groats to pay:
 So swells each wind-pipe; as intones to as,
 Harmonic twang! of leather, horn, and brass;
 Such as from lab'ring lungs th' enthusiast blows,
 High sounds, attemper'd to the vocal nose;
 Or such as bellow from the deep divine;
 There, Webster! peal'd thy voice, and, Whitefield! thine.
 But far o'er all sonorous Blackmore's strain;
 Walls, steeples, skies, bray back to him again.

In Tott'nham fields the Brethren, with amaze,
 Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze!
 Long Chanc'ry-lane retentive rolls the sound,
 And courts to courts return it round and round;
 Thames wafts it thence to Rufus' roaring hall,
 And Hungerford re-echoes bawl for bawl.
 All hail him victor in both gifts of song
 Who sings so loudly and who sings so long.

This labour past, by Bridewell all descend,
 (As morning pray'rs and flagellation end)
 To where Fleet-ditch with disemboguing streams
 Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames,
 The king of dikes! than whom no sluice of mud
 With deeper fable blots the silver flood.

" Here strip, my Children! here at once leap in,
 " Here prove who best can dash thro' thick and thin,
 " And who the most in love of dirt excel,
 " Or dark dexterity of groping well,
 " Who flings most filth, and wide pollutes around
 " The stream, be his the Weekly Journals bound;
 " A pig of Lead to him who dives the best;
 " A peck of Coals a-piece shall glad the rest."

In naked majesty Oldmixon stands,
 And, Milo-like, surveys his arms and hands;

Then fighting, thus, "And am I now threescore?

"Ah! why, ye Gods! should two and two make four?"

He said, and climb'd a stranded lighter's height,

Shot to the black abyfs, and plung'd downright:

The senior's judgment all the crowd admire,

Who but to sink the deeper rose the higher.

Next Smedley div'd; flow circles dimpled o'er

The quaking mud, that clos'd and op'd no more.

All look, all figh, and call on Smedley lost;

Smedley in vain resounds thro' all the coast.

Then * * essay'd; scarce vanish'd out of fight,

He buoys up instant, and returns to light;

He bears no tokens of the fabler streams,

And mounts far off among the swans of Thames.

True to the bottom, see Concanen creep,

A cold long-winded native of the deep;

If perseverance gain the diver's prize,

Not everlasting Blackmore this denies:

No noise, no stir, no motion, canst thou make,

Th' unconscious stream sleeps o'er thee like a lake.

Next plung'd a feeble but a desp'rate pack,

With each a sickly brother at his back;

Sons of a day! just buoyant on the flood,

Then number'd with the puppies in the mud.

Ask ye their names? I could as soon disclose
 The names of these blind puppies as of those.
 Fast by, like Niobe (her children gone)
 Sits Mother Osborne, stupify'd to stone!
 And monumental brass this record bears,
 " These are---ah! no; these were, the Gazetteers!"

Not so bold Arnall; with a weight of skull
 Furious he dives, precipitately dull.
 Whirlpools and storms his circling arms invest,
 With all the might of gravitation blest:
 No crab more active in the dirty dance,
 Downward to climb and backward to advance,
 He brings up half the bottom on his head,
 And loudly claims the Journals and the Lead.

The plunging Prelate and his pond'rous Grace,
 With holy envy gave one layman place.
 When, lo! a burst of thunder shook the flood,
 Slow rose a form in majesty of Mud;
 Shaking the horrors of his fable brows,
 And each ferocious feature grim with ooze,
 Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares,
 Then thus the wonders of the deep declares.

First he relates how, sinking to the chin,
 Smit with his mien the Mud-nymphs suck'd him in;

How young Lutetia, softer than the down,
 Nigrina black, and Merdamante brown,
 Vy'd for his love in jetty bow'rs below,
 As Hylas fair was ravish'd long ago:
 Then sung how shown him by the Nut-brown maids
 A branch of Styx here rises from the shades,
 That, tinctur'd as it runs with Lethe's streams,
 And wafting vapours from the land of dreams,
 (As under seas Alphaeus' secret fluice
 Bears Pisa's offerings to his Arethuse)
 Pours into Thames; and hence the mingled wave
 Intoxicates the pert and lulls the grave:
 Here brisker vapours o'er the Temple creep;
 There all from Paul's to Aldgate drink and sleep.

Thence to the banks where rev'rend bards repose
 They led him soft; each rev'rend bard arose;
 And Milbourn chief, deputed by the rest,
 Gave him the cassock, surcingle, and vest.
 "Receive (he said) these robes which once were mine;
 "Dulness is sacred in a sound divine."

He ceas'd, and spread the robe; the crowd confess
 The rev'rend flamen in his lengthen'd dress.
 Around him wide a sable army stand,
 A low-born, cell-bred, selfish, servile band,

Prompt or to guard or stab, to faint or damn,
Heav'n's Swifts, who fight for any god or man.

Thro' Lud's fam'd gates, along the well-known Fleet,
Rolls the black troop, and overshades the street,
'Till show'rs of sermons, characters, essays,
In circling fleeces whiten all the ways:
So clouds replenish'd from some bog below
Mount in dark volumes, and descend in snow.
Here stopp'd the Goddess, and in pomp proclaims
A gentler exercise to close the games.

" Ye Critics! in whose heads, as equal scales,
" I weigh what author's heaviness prevails,
" Which most conduce to sooth the soul in flumbers,
" My Henley's periods, or my Blackmore's numbers?
" Attend the trial we propose to make;
" If there be man who o'er such works can wake,
" Sleep's all-subduing charms who dares defy,
" And boasts Ulysses' ear with Argus' eye,
" To him we grant our amplest pow'rs to fit
" Judge of all present, past, and future, wit;
" To cavil, censure, dictate, right or wrong,
" Full and eternal privilege of tongue."

Three college sophs and three pert Templars came,
The same their talents, and their tastes the same;

Each prompt to query, answer, and debate,
 And smit with love of poesy and prate.
 The pond'rous books two gentle readers bring;
 The heroes sit, the vulgar form a ring:
 The clam'rous crowd is hush'd with mugs of mum,
 'Till all tun'd equal send a gen'ral hum.
 Then mount the clerks, and in one lazy tone
 Thro' the long, heavy, painful, page drawl on;
 Soft creeping words on words the sense compose;
 At ev'ry line they stretch, they yawn, they doze.
 As to soft gales top-heavy pines bow low
 Their heads, and lift them as they cease to blow;
 Thus oft' they rear, and oft' the head decline,
 As breathe or pause by fits the airs divine:
 And now to this side now to that they nod,
 As verse or prose infuse the drowsy god.
 Thrice Budget aim'd to speak, but thrice suppress'd
 By potent Arthur, knock'd his chin and breast.
 Toland and Tindal, prompt at priests to jeer,
 Yet silent bow'd to "Christ's no kingdom here."
 Who sat the nearest, by the words o'ercome,
 Slept first; the distant nodded to the hum.
 Then down are roll'd the books; stretch'd o'er them lies
 Each gentle clerk, and mutt'ring seals his eyes:

As what a Dutchman plumps into the lakes
 One circle first, and then a second makes;
 What Dulness dropp'd among her sons imprest
 Like motion from one circle to the rest:
 So from the midmost the nutation spreads
 Round and more round o'er all the "sea of heads."
 At last Centlivre felt her voice to fail;
 Motteux himself unfinish'd left his tale;
 Boyer the state and Law the stage gave o'er;
 Morgan and Mandeville could prate no more;
 Norton, from Daniel and Ostroea sprung,
 Bless'd with his father's front and mother's tongue,
 Hung silent down his never-blushing head,
 And all was hush'd, as Folly's self lay dead.

Thus the soft gifts of Sleep conclude the day,
 And stretch'd on bulks, as usual, poets lay.
 Why should I sing what bards the nightly Muse
 Did slumb'ring visit and convey to stews;
 Who prouder march'd, with magistrates in state,
 To some fam'd round-house, ever-open gate!
 How Henley lay inspir'd beside a sink,
 And to mere mortals seem'd a priest in drink;
 While others, timely, to the neighb'ring Fleet
 (Haunt of the Muses) made their safe retreat?

THE
D U N C I A D.

B O O K III.

BUT in her Temple's last recess inclos'd,
On Dulness' lap, th' Anointed head repos'd:
Him close she curtains round with vapours blue,
And soft besprinkles with Cimmerian dew;
Then raptures high the seat of sense o'erflow,
Which only heads refin'd from reason know.
Hence from the straw where Bedlam's prophet nods
He hears loud oracles, and talks with gods;
Hence the fool's paradise, the statesman's scheme,
The air-built castle, and the golden dream,
The maid's romantic wish, the chymist's flame,
And poet's vision of eternal fame.

And now, on Fancy's easy wing convey'd,
The King descending views th' Elysian shade.
A slipshod Sibyl led his steps along,
In lofty madness meditating song;
Her tresses staring from poetic dreams,
And never wash'd but in Castalia's streams.

Taylor, their better Charon, lends an oar,
 (Once swan of Thames, tho' now he sings no more.)
 Benlowes, propitious still to blockheads, bows;
 And Shadwell nods the poppy on his brows.
 Here in a dusky vale where Lethe rolls
 Old Bavius sits to dip poetic souls;
 And blunt the sense, and fit it for a skull
 Of solid proof, impenetrably dull:
 Instant, when dipp'd, away they wing their flight,
 Where Brown and Mears unbar the gates of light,
 Demand new bodies, and in calf's array
 Rush to the world, impatient for the day.
 Millions and millions on these banks he views,
 Thick as the stars of night or morning dews,
 As thick as bees o'er vernal blossoms fly,
 As thick as eggs at Ward in pillory.

Wond'ring he gaz'd: when, lo! a sage appears,
 By his broad shoulders known and length of ears;
 Known by the band and suit which Settle wore
 (His only suit) for twice three years before:
 All as the vest appear'd the wearer's frame,
 Old in new state, another, yet the same.
 Bland and familiar, as in life, begun
 Thus the great Father to the greater Son:

Oh! born to see what none can see awake!
 Behold the wonders of th' oblivious lake!
 Thou, yet unborn, hast touch'd this sacred shore;
 The hand of Bavius drench'd thee o'er and o'er.
 But blind to former as to future fate,
 What mortal knows his pre-existent state?
 Who knows how long thy transmigrating soul
 Might from Boeotian to Boeotian roll?
 How many Dutchmen she vouchsaf'd to thrid?
 How many stages thro' old monks she rid?
 And all who since, in wild benighted days,
 Mix'd the owl's ivy with the poet's bays.
 As man's meanders to the vital spring
 Roll all their tides, then back their circles bring;
 Or whirligigs, twirl'd round by skilful swain,
 Suck the thread in, then yield it out again:
 All nonsense thus, of old or modern date,
 Shall in thee centre, from thee circulate.
 For thus our Queen unfolds to vision true
 Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view:
 Old scenes of glory, times long cast behind,
 Shall, first recall'd, rush forward to thy mind:
 Then stretch thy sight o'er all her rising reign,
 And let the past and future fire thy brain.

Ascend this hill, whose cloudy point commands
 Her boundless empire over seas and lands.
 See round the poles where keener spangles shine,
 Where spices smoke beneath the burning line,
 (Earth's wide extremes) her fable flag display'd,
 And all the nations cover'd in her shade!

Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the Sun
 And orient Science their bright course begun:
 One god-like monarch all that pride confounds,
 He whose long wall the wand'ring Tartar bounds;
 Heav'ns! what a pile! whole ages perish there,
 And one bright blaze turns learning into air.

Thence to the South extend thy gladden'd eyes;
 There rival flames with equal glory rise;
 From shelves to shelves see greedy Vulcan roll,
 And lick up all their Physic of the Soul.

How little, mark! that portion of the ball,
 Where, faint at best, the beams of Science fall:
 Soon as they dawn, from Hyperborean skies
 Embodiy'd dark, what clouds of Vandals rise!
 Lo! where Maeotis sleeps, and hardly flows
 The freezing Tanais thro' a waste of snows,
 The North by myriads pours her mighty sons,
 Great nurse of Goths, of Alans, and of Huns!

See Alaric's stern port! the martial frame
 Of Genferic! and Attila's dread name!
 See the bold Ostrogoths on Latium fall!
 See the fierce Visigoths on Spain and Gaul!
 See where the morning gilds the palmy shore,
 (The foil that arts and infant letters bore)
 His conqu'ring tribes th' Arabian prophet draws,
 And saving Ignorance enthrones by laws.
 See Christians, Jews, one heavy sabbath keep,
 And all the Western world believe and sleep.

Lo! Rome herself, proud mistress now no more
 Of arts, but thund'ring against Heathen lore;
 Her gray-hair'd synod's damning books unread,
 And Bacon trembling for his brazen head.
 Padua, with sighs, beholds her Livy burn,
 And ev'n th' Antipodes Virgilius mourn.
 See the Cirque falls, th' unpillar'd temple nods,
 Streets pav'd with heroes, Tyber chok'd with gods;
 'Till Peter's keys some christen'd Jove adorn,
 And Pan to Moses lends his Pagan horn;
 See graceless Venus to a virgin turn'd,
 Or Phidias broken, and Apelles burn'd.

Behold yon' isle, by palmers, pilgrims, trod,
 Men bearded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, shod, unshod,

Peel'd, patch'd, and piebald, linsey-woolsey brothers,
 Grave mummers! sleeveless some, and shirtless others.
 That once was Britain---Happy! had she seen
 No fiercer sons, had Eaſter never been.
 In peace, great Goddeſs! ever be ador'd;
 How keen the war if Dulneſs draw the ſword!
 Thus viſit not thy own; on this bleſs'd age
 Oh! ſpread thy influence, but reſtrain thy rage.

And ſee, my Son! the hour is on its way
 That lifts our Goddeſs to imperial ſway;
 This fav'rite iſle, long ſever'd from her reign,
 Dove-like, ſhe gathers to her wings again.
 Now look thro' fate! behold the ſcene ſhe draws!
 What aids, what armies, to aſſert her cauſe!
 See all her progeny, illuſtrious fight!
 Behold, and count them, as they riſe to light.
 As Berecynthia, while her offspring vie
 In homage to the mother of the ſky,
 Surveys around her, in the bleſs'd abode,
 An hundred ſons, and ev'ry ſon a god;
 Not with leſs glory mighty Dulneſs crown'd
 Shall take thro' Grubſtreet her triumphant round,
 And her Parnaffus glancing o'er at once,
 Behold an hundred ſons, and each a Dunce.

Mark first that youth who takes the foremost place,
And thrusts his person full into your face.
With all thy father's virtues blest'd be born!
And a new Cibber shall the stage adorn.

A second see, by meeker manners known,
And modest as the maid that sips alone;
From the strong fate of drams if thou get free,
Another D'Urfey, Ward! shall sing in thee.
Thee shall each ale-house, thee each gill-house, mourn,
And answ'ring gin-shops sorer sighs return.

Jacob, the scourge of Grammar, mark with awe;
Nor less revere him, blunderbuss of law.
Lo! P---p---le's brow, tremendous to the Town,
Horneck's fierce eye, and Roome's funereal frown.
Lo! sneering Goode, half malice and half whim,
A fiend in glee, ridiculously grim.
Each cygnet sweet, of Bath and Tunbridge race,
Whose tuneful whistling makes the waters pass;
Each songster, riddler, ev'ry nameless name,
All crowd, who foremost shall be damn'd to fame.
Some strain in rhyme; the Muses on their racks
Scream like the winding of ten thousand jacks;
Some free from rhyme or reason, rule or check,
Break Priscian's head and Pegasus's neck;

Down, down the larum, with impetuous whirl,
The Pindars and the Miltons of a Curl.

Silence, ye Wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
And makes night hideous---Answer him, ye Owls!

Sense, speech, and measure, living tongues and dead,
Let all give way---and Morris may be read.
Flow, Welsted! flow, like thine inspirer, beer,
Tho' stale not ripe, tho' thin yet never clear;
So sweetly mawkish and so smoothly dull;
Heady not strong, o'erflowing tho' not full.

Ah, Dennis! Gildon! ah! what ill-starr'd rage
Divides a friendship long confirm'd by age?
Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor,
But fool with fool is barb'rous civil war.
Embrace, embrace, my Sons! be foes no more,
Nor glad vile poets with true critics gore.

Behold yon' pair in strict embraces join'd;
How like in manners, and how like in mind!
Equal in wit, and equally polite,
Shall this a Pasquin that a Grumbler write:
Like are their merits, like rewards they share,
That shines a Consul, this Commissioner.

" But who is he in closet close ypent,
" Of sober face, with learned dust besprent?"

Right well mine eyes arede the myfter wight,
 On parchment scraps yfed, and Wormius hight.
 To future ages may thy dulnefs laft,
 As thou preserv'ft the dulnefs of the paft!

There, dim in clouds, the poring fcholiafts mark
 Wits who like owls fee only in the dark,
 A lumber-houfe of books in ev'ry head,
 For ever reading, never to be read!

But where each fcience lifts its modern type,
 Hift'ry her pot, Divinity her pipe,
 While proud Philosophy repines to fhew,
 Difhoneft fight! his breeches rent below,
 Imbrown'd with native bronze, lo! Henley ftands,
 Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands.
 How fluent nonfence trickles from his tongue!
 How fweet the periods, neither faid nor fung!
 Still break the benches, Henley! with thy ftrain,
 While Sherlock, Hare, and Gibfon, preach in vain.
 Oh great reftorer of the good old ftage,
 Preacher at once and Zany of thy age!
 Oh worthy thou of Egypt's wife abodes,
 A decent prieft where monkies were the gods!
 But Fate with butchers plac'd thy priestly ftall,
 Meek modern Faith to murder, hack, and mawl;

And bade thee live, to crown Britannia's praise,
In Toland's, Tindal's, and in Woolston's days.

Yet, oh, my Sons! a father's words attend,
(So may the Fates preserve the ears you lend:)

'Tis your's a Bacon or a Locke to blame,

A Newton's genius or a Milton's flame:

But, oh! with one, immortal one, dispense,

The source of Newton's light, of Bacon's sense.

Content, each emanation of his fires

That beams on earth, each virtue he inspires,

Each art he prompts, each charm he can create,

Whate'er he gives are giv'n for you to hate.

Persist, by all divine in man unaw'd,

But, "Learn, ye Dunces! not to scorn your God."

Thus he, for then a ray of reason stole

Half thro' the solid darkness of his soul;

But soon the cloud return'd---and thus the fire:

See now what Dulness and her Sons admire!

See what the charms that smite the simple heart

Not touch'd by Nature, and not reach'd by Art.

His never-blushing head he turn'd aside,

(Not half so pleas'd when Goodman prophecy'd)

And look'd, and saw a fable forc'er rise,

Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies:

All sudden Gorgons hiss and dragons glare,
 And ten-horn'd fiends and giants rush to war:
 Hell rises, heav'n descends, and dance on earth
 Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage, and mirth,
 A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
 'Till one wide conflagration swallows all.

Thence a new world, to Nature's laws unknown,
 Breaks out refulgent, with a heav'n its own;
 Another Cynthia her new journey runs,
 And other planets circle other suns.
 The forests dance, the rivers upward rise,
 Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies;
 And last, to give the whole creation grace,
 Lo! one vast egg produces human race.

Joy fills his soul, joy innocent of thought;
 What pow'r, he cries, what pow'r these wonders wrought?
 Son, what thou seek'st is in thee! look, and find
 Each monster meets his likeness in thy mind.
 Yet wouldst thou more? in yonder cloud behold,
 Whose farfennet skirts are edg'd with flamy gold,
 A matchless youth! his nod these worlds controls,
 Wings the red lightning, and the thunder rolls;
 Angel of Dulness, sent to scatter round
 Her magic charms o'er all unclassic ground:

Yon' stars, yon' suns, he rears at pleasure higher,
 Illumes their light, and sets their flames on fire.
 Immortal Rich! how calm he sits at ease,
 'Midst snows of paper and fierce hail of pease!
 And, proud his mistress' orders to perform,
 Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.

But, lo! to dark encounter in mid air
 New wizards rise; I see my Cibber there!
 Booth in his cloudy tabernacle shrin'd,
 On grinning dragons thou shalt mount the wind.
 Dire is the conflict, dismal is the din,
 Here shouts all Drury, there all Lincoln's-inn;
 Contending theatres our empire raise,
 Alike their labours, and alike their praise.

And are these wonders, Son, to thee unknown?
 Unknown to thee! these wonders are thy own.
 These Fate reserv'd to grace thy reign divine,
 Foreseen by me, but, ah! with-held from mine.
 In Lud's old walls tho' long I rul'd renown'd
 Far as loud Bow's stupendous bells resound;
 Tho' my own aldermen conferr'd the bays,
 To me committing their eternal praise,
 Their full-fed heroes, their pacific may'rs,
 Their annual trophies, and their monthly wars:

Tho' long my party built on me their hopes,
 For writing pamphlets, and for roasting Popes;
 Yet, lo! in me what authors have to brag on!
 Reduc'd at last to his in my own dragon.
 Avert it, Heav'n! that thou, my Cibber, e'er
 Shouldst wag a serpent-tail in Smithfield fair!
 Like the vile straw that's blown about the streets,
 The needy poet sticks to all he meets,
 Coach'd, carted, trod upon, now loose, now fast,
 And carry'd off in some dog's tail at last.
 Happier thy fortunes! like a rolling stone,
 Thy giddy dulness still shall lumber on,
 Safe in its heaviness shall never stray,
 But lick up ev'ry blockhead in the way.
 Thee shall the Patriot, thee the Courtier, taste,
 And ev'ry year be duller than the last,
 'Till rais'd from booths, to theatre, to court,
 Her seat imperial Dulness shall transport.
 Already Opera prepares the way,
 The sure fore-runner of her gentle sway;
 Let her thy heart, next drabs and dice, engage,
 The third mad passion of thy dotting age.
 Teach thou the warbling Polypheme to roar,
 And scream thyself as none e'er scream'd before!

To aid our cause if Heav'n thou canst not bend,
 Hell thou shalt move; for Faustus is our friend:
 Pluto with Cato thou for this shalt join,
 And link the Mourning Bride to Proserpine.
 Grubstreet! thy fall should men and gods conspire,
 Thy stage shall stand, ensure it but from fire.
 Another Aeschylus appears! prepare
 For new abortions, all ye pregnant fair!
 In flames like Semele's be brought to bed,
 While op'ning hell spouts wild-fire at your head.

Now, Bavius! take the poppy from thy brow,
 And place it here; here all ye Heroes! bow.

This, this is he foretold by ancient rhymes,
 Th' Augustus born to bring Saturnian times.
 Signs following signs lead on the mighty year;
 See! the dull stars roll round and re-appear:
 See, see, our own true Phoebus wears the bays!
 Our Midas fits Lord Chancellor of plays!
 On poets tombs see Benson's titles writ!
 Lo! Ambrose Philips is preferr'd for wit!
 See under Ripley rise a new Whitehall,
 While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall:
 While Wren with sorrow to the grave descends,
 Gay dies unpension'd with a hundred friends;

Hibernian politics, O Swift! thy fate;
 And Pope's, ten years to comment and translate.
 Proceed, great days! 'till learning fly the shore,
 'Till Birch shall blush with noble blood no more;
 'Till Thames see Eton's sons for ever play,
 'Till Westminster's whole year be holiday;
 'Till Isis' elders reel, their pupils sport,
 And Alma Mater lie dissolv'd in Port!

Enough! enough! the raptur'd Monarch cries;
 And thro' the iv'ry gate the Vision flies.

T H E
D U N C I A D.
B O O K IV.

YET, yet a moment, one dim ray of light
Indulge, dread Chaos and eternal Night!
Of darkness visible so much be lent,
As half to shew half veil the deep intent.
Ye Pow'rs! whose mysteries restor'd I sing,
To whom Time bears me on his rapid wing,
Suspend a while your force inertly strong,
Then take at once the Poet and the Song.

Now flam'd the Dog-star's unpropitious ray,
Smote ev'ry brain, and wither'd ev'ry bay;
Sick was the sun, the owl forsook his bow'r,
The moon-struck prophet felt the madding hour:
Then rose the seed of Chaos and of Night,
To blot out order and extinguish light,
Of dull and venal a new world to mould,
And bring Saturnian days of lead and gold.

She mounts the throne: her head a cloud conceal'd,
In broad effulgence all below reveal'd,

('Tis thus aspiring Dulness ever shines)
 Soft on her lap her Laureat son reclines.
 Beneath her foot-stool Science groans in chains,
 And Wit dreads exile, penalties, and pains.
 There foam'd rebellious Logic, gagg'd and bound;
 There, stript, fair Rhet'ric languish'd on the ground;
 His blunted arms by Sophistry are borne,
 And shameless Billingsgate her robes adorn.
 Morality, by her false guardians drawn,
 Chicane in furs, and Casuistry in lawn,
 Gasps, as they straiten at each end the cord,
 And dies, when Dulness gives her Page the word.
 Mad Mathesis alone was unconfin'd,
 Too mad for mere material chains to bind:
 Now to pure space lifts her ecstatic stare,
 Now running round the circle finds it square.
 But held in ten-fold bonds the Muses lie,
 Watch'd both by Envy's and by Flattery's eye:
 There to her heart sad Tragedy addrest
 The dagger, wont to pierce the tyrant's breast;
 But sober History restrain'd her rage,
 And promis'd vengeance on a barb'rous age.
 There sunk Thalia nerveless, cold, and dead,
 Had not her sister Satire held her head:

Nor couldst thou, Chesterfield! a tear refuse,
Thou wept'st, and with thee wept each gentle Muse.

When, lo! a harlot form soft sliding by,
With mincing step, small voice, and languid eye;
Foreign her air, her robe's discordant pride
In patch-work flutt'ring, and her head aside;
By singing peers upheld on either hand,
She tripp'd and laugh'd, too pretty much to stand;
Cast on the prostrate Nine a scornful look,
Then thus in quaint recitativo spoke.

O CARA! CARA! silence all that train;
Joy to great Chaos! let Division reign:
Chromatic tortures soon shall drive them hence,
Break all their nerves, and fritter all their sense:
One trill shall harmonize joy, grief, and rage,
Wake the dull Church, and lull the ranting Stage;
To the same notes thy son shall hum or snore,
And all thy yawning daughters cry, ENCORE.
Another Phoebus, thy own Phoebus, reigns,
Joys in my jigs, and dances in my chains.
But soon, ah! soon, rebellion will commence,
If music meanly borrows aid from sense:
Strong in new arms, lo! giant Handel stands,
Like bold Briareus with a hundred hands;

To stir, to rouse, to shake the soul he comes,
 And Jove's own thunders follow Mars's drums.
 Arrest him, Empress! or you sleep no more---
 She heard, and drove him to th' Hibernian shore.

And now had Fame's posterior trumpet blown,
 And all the nations summon'd to the throne.
 The young, the old, who feel her inward sway,
 One instinct seizes and transports away.
 None need a guide, by sure attraction led,
 And strong impulsive gravity of head;
 None want a place, for all their centre found,
 Hung to the Goddess, and coher'd around:
 Not closer, orb in orb, conglob'd are seen
 The buzzing bees about their dusky queen.

The gath'ring number, as it moves along,
 Involves a vast involuntary throng,
 Who gently drawn, and struggling less and less,
 Roll in her vortex, and her pow'r confess.
 Not those alone who passive own her laws,
 But who, weak rebels, more advance her cause:
 Whate'er of dunce in college or in town
 Sneers at another in toupee or gown;
 Whate'er of mungrel no one class admits,
 A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.

Nor absent they no members of her state,
 Who pay her homage in her sons the great;
 Who false to Phoebus bow the knee to Baal,
 Or, impious, preach his word without a call.
 Patrons who sneak from living worth to dead,
 With-hold the pension, and set up the head,
 Or vest dull Flatt'ry in the sacred gown,
 Or give from fool to fool the laurel crown;
 And (last and worst) with all the cant of wit,
 Without the soul, the Muse's hypocrite.

There march'd the bard and blockhead side by side,
 Who rhym'd for hire and patroniz'd for pride.
 Narcissus, prais'd with all a parson's pow'r,
 Look'd a white lily sunk beneath a show'r.
 There mov'd Montalto with superior air;
 His stretch'd-out arm display'd a volume fair;
 Courtiers and patriots in two ranks divide,
 Thro' both he pass'd, and bow'd from side to side,
 But as in graceful act, with awful eye,
 Compos'd he stood, bold Benson thrust him by:
 On two unequal crutches propt, he came,
 Milton's on this, on that one Johnstone's name.
 The decent Knight retir'd with sober rage,
 Withdrew his hand, and clos'd the pompous page:

But (happy for him as the times went then)
 Appear'd Apollo's may'r and aldermen,
 On whom three hundred gold-cap'd youths await,
 To lug the pond'rous volume off in state.

When Dulness, smiling---" Thus revive the wits!
 But murder first and mince them all to bits;
 As erst Medea (cruel, so to save!)
 A new edition of old Aeson gave;
 Let standard authors thus, like trophies borne,
 Appear more glorious as more hack'd and torn.
 And you, my Critics! in the chequer'd shade,
 Admire new light thro' holes yourselves have made.

Leave not a foot of verse, a foot of stone,
 A page, a grave, that they can call their own;
 But spread, my Sons! your glory thin or thick
 On passive paper or on solid brick.
 So by each bard an alderman shall sit,
 A heavy lord shall hang at ev'ry wit,
 And while on Fame's triumphal car they ride,
 Some slave of mine be pinion'd to their side."

Now crowds on crowds around the Goddess press,
 Each eager to present the first address.
 Duncce scorning duncce beholds the next advance,
 But fop shews fop superior complaisance.

When, lo! a spectre rose, whose index-hand
 Held forth the virtue of the dreadful wand;
 His beaver'd brow a birchen garland wears,
 Dropping with infant's blood and mother's tears.
 O'er ev'ry vein a shudd'ring horror runs,
 Eton and Winton shake thro' all their sons.
 All flesh is humbled, Westminster's bold race
 Shrink, and confess'd the genius of the place:
 The pale boy-senator yet tingling stands,
 And holds his breeches close with both his hands.

Then thus. Since man from beast by words is known,
 Words are man's province, words we teach alone.
 When reason doubtful, like the Samian letter,
 Points him two ways, the narrower is the better.
 Plac'd at the door of Learning, youth to guide,
 We never suffer it to stand too wide.
 To ask, to guess, to know, as they commence,
 As Fancy opens the quick springs of sense,
 We ply the memory, we load the brain,
 Bind rebel Wit, and double chain on chain,
 Confine the thought to exercise the breath,
 And keep them in the pale of Words till death.
 Whate'er the talents, or howe'er design'd,
 We hang one jingling padlock on the mind:

A poet the first day he dips his quill;
 And what the last? a very poet still.
 Pity! the charm works only in our wall,
 Lost, lost too soon in yonder House or Hall.
 There truant Wyndham ev'ry Muse gave o'er,
 There Talbot sunk, and was a wit no more!
 How sweet an Ovid Murray, was our boast!
 How many Martials were in Pult'ney lost!
 Else sure some bard, to our eternal praise,
 In twice ten thousand rhyming nights and days,
 Had reach'd the work, the All that mortal can,
 And South beheld that master-piece of man.

Oh! (cry'd the Goddes) for some pedant reign!
 Some gentle James to bless the land again;
 To stick the doctor's chair into the throne,
 Give law to words, or war with words alone,
 Senates and courts with Greek and Latin rule,
 And turn the council to a grammar school!
 For sure if Dulness sees a grateful day,
 'Tis in the shade of arbitrary sway.
 O! if my sons may learn one earthly thing,
 Teach but that one, sufficient for a king;
 That which my priests, and mine alone, maintain,
 Which as it dies or lives we fall or reign:

May you, my Cam and Isis! preach it long,

“ The right divine of kings to govern wrong.”

Prompt at the call, around the Goddess roll

Broad hats, and hoods, and caps, a fable shoal:

Thick and more thick the black blockade extends,

A hundred head of Aristotle's friends.

Nor wert thou, Isis! wanting to the day,

[Tho' Christ-church long kept prudishly away.]

Each staunch Polemic, stubborn as a rock,

Each fierce Logician, still expelling Locke,

Came whip and spur, and dash'd thro' thin and thick

On German Crouzaz and Dutch Burgerfdyck.

As many quit the streams that murm'ring fall

To lull the sons of Marg'ret and Clare-hall,

Where Bentley late tempestuous wont to sport

In troubled waters, but now sleeps in Port.

Before them march'd that awful Aristarch;

Plow'd was his front with many a deep remark:

His hat, which never vail'd to human pride,

Walker with rev'rence took and laid aside.

Low bow'd the rest: he, kingly, did but nod;

So upright Quakers please both man and God.

Mistress! dismiss that rabble from your throne:

Avaunt---is Aristarchus yet unknown?

Thy mighty scholiast, whose unweary'd pains
 Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's strains.
 Turn what they will to verse their toil is vain,
 Critics like me shall make it prose again.
 Roman and Greek grammarians! know your better;
 Author of something yet more great than letter;
 While tow'ring o'er your alphabet, like Saul,
 Stands our digamma, and o'er-tops them all.
 'Tis true on words is still our whole debate,
 Dispute of ME or TE, of AUT or AT,
 To found or sink in CANO O or A,
 Or give up Cicero to C or K.
 Let Freind affect to speak as Terence spoke,
 And Alsop never but like Horace joke:
 For me, what Virgil, Pliny, may deny,
 Manilius or Solinus shall supply:
 For Attic phrase in Plato let them seek,
 I poach in Suidas for unlicens'd Greek;
 In ancient sense if any needs will deal,
 Be sure I give them fragments, not a meal;
 What Gellius or Stobaeus hash'd before,
 Or chew'd by blind old scholiasts o'er and o'er.
 The critic eye, that microscope of wit,
 Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit.

How parts relate to parts, or they to whole,
 The body's harmony, the beaming soul,
 Are things which Kuster, Burman, Wasse, shall see,
 When man's whole frame is obvious to a flea.

Ah! think not, Mistrefs! more true Dulness lies
 In Folly's cap than Wisdom's grave disguise.
 Like buoys, that never sink into the flood,
 On Learning's surface we but lie and nod.
 Thine is the genuine head of many a house,
 And much divinity without a N^{ss}.
 Nor could a Barrow work on ev'ry block,
 Nor has one Atterbury spoil'd the flock.
 See! still thy own, the heavy cannon roll,
 And metaphysic smokes involve the pole.
 For thee we dim the eyes, and stuff the head
 With all such reading as was never read:
 For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
 And write about it, Goddess, and about it:
 So spins the silk-worm small its slender store,
 And labours till it clouds itself all o'er.

What tho' we let some better sort of fool
 Thrid ev'ry science, run thro' ev'ry school?
 Never by tumbler thro' the hoops was shown
 Such skill in passing all and touching none.

He may indeed (if sober all this time)
 Plague with dispute, or persecute with rhyme.
 We only furnish what he cannot use,
 Or wed to what he must divorce, a Muse:
 Full in the midst of Euclid dip at once,
 And petrify a genius to a dunce:
 Or set on metaphysic ground to prance,
 Show all his paces, not a step advance.
 With the same cement, ever sure to bind,
 We bring to one dead level ev'ry mind:
 Then take him to develope if you can,
 And hew the block off, and get out the man.
 But wherefore waste I words? I see advance
 Whore, pupil, and lac'd governor from France.
 Walker! our hat---nor more he deign'd to say,
 But stern as Ajax' spectre strode away.

In flow'd at once a gay embroider'd race,
 And titt'ring push'd the pedants off the place:
 Some would have spoken, but the voice was drown'd
 By the French horn, or by the op'ning hound.
 The first came forwards with as easy mien
 As if he saw St. James's and the Queen.
 When thus th' attendant orator begun;
 Receive, great Empress! thy accomplish'd son:

Thine from the birth, and sacred from the rod,
 A dauntless infant! never scar'd with God.
 The fire saw one by one his virtues wake;
 The mother begg'd the blessing of a rake.
 Thou gav'st that ripeness which so soon began,
 And ceas'd so soon, he ne'er was boy nor man.
 Thro' school and college thy kind cloud o'ercast,
 Safe and unseen the young Aeneas past;
 Thence bursting glorious, all at once let down,
 Stunn'd with his giddy larum half the town.
 Intrepid then, o'er seas and lands he flew;
 Europe he saw, and Europe saw him too;
 There all thy gifts and graces we display,
 Thou, only thou, directing all our way!
 To where the Seine, obsequious as she runs,
 Pours at great Bourbon's feet her silken sons,
 Or Tyber, now no longer Roman, rolls,
 Vain of Italian arts, Italian souls;
 To happy convents, bosom'd deep in vines,
 Where slumber abbots, purple as their wines;
 To isles of fragrance, lily-silver'd vales,
 Diffusing languor in the panting gales;
 To lands of singing or of dancing slaves,
 Love-whisp'ring woods, and lute-resounding waves:

But chief her shrine where naked Venus keeps,
 And Cupids ride the Lion of the deeps;
 Where, eas'd of fleets, the Adriatic main
 Wafts the smooth eunuch and enamour'd swain.
 Led by my hand he saunter'd Europe round,
 And gather'd ev'ry vice on Christian ground;
 Saw ev'ry court, heard ev'ry king declare
 His royal sense of op'ras or the fair:
 The stews and palace equally explor'd,
 Intrigu'd with glory, and with spirit whor'd;
 Try'd all HORS-D'OEUVRES, all LIQUEURS defin'd,
 Judicious drank, and greatly-daring din'd;
 Dropp'd the dull lumber of the Latin store,
 Spoil'd his own language, and acquir'd no more;
 All classic learning lost on classic ground;
 And last turn'd air, the echo of a sound!
 See now, half-cur'd, and perfectly well bred,
 With nothing but a solo in his head;
 As much estate, and principle, and wit,
 As Janfen, Fleetwood, Cibber, shall think fit;
 Stol'n from a duel, follow'd by a nun,
 And if a borough chuse him not undone;
 See, to my country happy I restore
 This glorious youth, and add one Venus more:

Her too receive, (for her my soul adores)
 So may the sons of sons of sons of whores
 Prop thine, O Empress! like each neighbour throne,
 And make a long posterity thy own.
 Pleas'd, she accepts the hero, and the dame
 Wraps in her veil, and frees from sense of shame.

Then look'd, and saw a lazy lolling sort,
 Unseen at church, at senate, or at court,
 Of ever-listless loit'ers, that attend
 No cause, no trust, no duty, and no friend.
 Thee too, my Paridel! she mark'd thee there,
 Stretch'd on the rack of a too easy chair,
 And heard thy everlasting yawn confess
 The pains and penalties of idleness:
 She pity'd! but her pity only shed
 Benigner influence on thy nodding head.

But Annius, crafty seer, with ebon wand,
 And well-disssembled em'rald on his hand,
 False as his gems, and canker'd as his coins,
 Came cramm'd with capon from where Pollio dines.
 Soft, as the wily fox is seen to creep,
 Where bask on sunny banks the simple sheep,
 Walk round and round, now prying here, now there,
 So he; but pious, whisper'd first his pray'r.

Grant, gracious Goddess! grant me still to cheat!
 O may thy cloud still cover the deceit!
 Thy choicer mists on this assembly shed,
 But pour them thickest on the noble head.
 So shall each youth, assisted by our eyes,
 See other Caesars, other Homers, rise;
 Thro' twilight ages hunt th' Athenian fowl,
 Which Chalcis gods and mortals call an owl.
 Now see an Attys, now a Cecrops clear,
 Nay, Mahomet! the pigeon at thine ear;
 Be rich in ancient brass, tho' not in gold,
 And keep his Lares tho' his house be sold;
 To heedless Phoebe his fair bride postpone,
 Honour a Syrian prince above his own;
 Lord of an Otho, if I vouch it true;
 Bless'd in one Niger, till he knows of two.

Mummius o'erheard him; Mummius! fool-renown'd,
 Who like his Cheops stinks above the ground,
 Fierce as a startled adder, swell'd, and said,
 Rattling an ancient sistrum at his head:

Speak'st thou of Syrian princes? traitor base!
 Mine, Goddess! mine is all the horned race.
 True, he had wit to make their value rise;
 From foolish Greeks to steal them was as wise;

More glorious yet from barb'rous hands to keep,
 When Sallee rovers chas'd him on the deep;
 Then taught by Hermes, and divinely bold,
 Down his own throat he risk'd the Grecian gold,
 Receiv'd each demi-god with pious care
 Deep in his entrails---I rever'd them there;
 I bought them, shrouded in that living shrine,
 And at their second birth they issue mine.

Witness great Ammon! by whose horns I swore,
 (Reply'd soft Annius) this our paunch before
 Still bears them faithful; and that thus I eat
 Is to refund the medals with the meat.
 To prove me, Goddess! clear of all design,
 Bid me with Pollio sup as well as dine;
 There all the learn'd shall at the labour stand,
 And Douglas lend his soft obstetric hand.

The Goddess smiling seem'd to give consent;
 So back to Pollio hand in hand they went.

Then thick as locusts black'ning all the ground,
 A tribe with weeds and shells fantastic crown'd,
 Each with some wondrous gift approach'd the Pow'r,
 A nest, a toad, a fungus, or a flow'r;
 But far the foremost two with earnest zeal
 And aspect ardent to the throne appeal.

The first thus open'd: Hear thy suppliant's call,
 Great Queen! and common mother of us all,
 Fair from its humble bed I rear'd this flow'r,
 Suckled and cheer'd with air, and sun, and show'r:
 Soft on the paper ruff its leaves I spread,
 Bright with the gilded button tipt its head,
 Then thron'd in glass, and nam'd it Caroline;
 Each maid cry'd Charming! and each youth Divine!
 Did Nature's pencil ever blend such rays,
 Such vary'd light in one promiscuous blaze?
 Now prostrate, dead, behold that Caroline;
 No maid cries charming! and no youth divine!
 And lo! the wretch whose vile, whose insect lust
 Laid this gay daughter of the Spring in dust;
 Oh! punish him, or to th' Elysian shades
 Dismiss my soul, where no carnation fades.
 He ceas'd, and wept. With innocence of mien
 Th' accus'd stood forth, and thus address'd the Queen:
 Of all th' enamell'd race, whose silv'ry wing
 Waves to the tepid zephyrs of the spring,
 Or swims along the fluid atmosphere,
 Once brightest shin'd this child of heat and air.
 I saw, and started from its vernal bow'r
 The rising game, and chas'd from flow'r to flow'r:

It fled, I follow'd; now in hope, now pain;
 It stopp'd, I stopp'd; it mov'd, I mov'd again.
 At last it fix'd, 'twas on what plant it pleas'd,
 And where it fix'd the beauteous bird I seiz'd:
 Rose or carnation was below my care;
 I meddle, Goddess! only in my sphere.
 I tell the naked fact without disguise,
 And to excuse it need but shew the prize,
 Whose spoils this paper offers to your eye,
 Fair ev'n in death! this peerless butterfly.

My sons! (she answer'd) both have done your parts;
 Live happy both, and long promote our arts:
 But hear a mother, when she recommends
 To your fraternal care our sleeping friends;
 The common soul, of Heav'n's more frugal make,
 Serves but to keep fools pert and knaves awake;
 A drowzy watchman, that just gives a knock,
 And breaks our rest to tell us what's a-clock.
 Yet by some object ev'ry brain has stirr'd;
 The dull may waken to a humming-bird;
 The most recluse, discreetly open'd, find
 Congenial matter in the cockle-kind:
 The mind, in metaphysics at a loss,
 May wander in a wilderness of moss;

The head that turns at super-lunar things,
Poiz'd with a tail may steer on Wilkins' wings.

O! would the sons of men once think their eyes
And reason giv'n them but to study flies!
See Nature in some partial narrow shape,
And let the Author of the whole escape:
Learn but to trifle; or, who most observe,
To wonder at their Maker, not to serve.

Be that my task (replies a gloomy clerk,
Sworn foe to myst'ry, yet divinely dark;
Whose pious hope aspires to see the day
When moral evidence shall quite decay,
And damns implicit faith and holy lies,
Prompt to impose, and fond to dogmatize:)
Let others creep by timid steps and slow,
On plain experience lay foundations low,
By common sense to common knowledge bred,
And last to Nature's cause thro' Nature led;
All-seeing in thy mists, we want no guide,
Mother of arrogance, and source of pride!
We nobly take the high Priori road,
And reason downward till we doubt of God;
Make Nature still encroach upon his plan,
And shove him off as far as e'er we can;

Thrust some mechanic cause into his place,
 Or bind in matter, or diffuse in space;
 Or, at one bound o'er-leaping all his laws,
 Make God man's image, man the final Cause;
 Find virtue local, all relation scorn,
 See all in self, and but for self be born;
 Of nought so certain as our reason still,
 Of nought so doubtful as of soul and will.
 Oh, hide the God still more! and make us see
 Such as Lucretius drew, a god like thee;
 Wrapt up in self, a god without a thought,
 Regardless of our merit or default;
 Or that bright image to our fancy draw
 Which Theocles in raptur'd vision saw,
 While thro' poetic scenes the Genius roves,
 Or wanders wild in academic groves;
 That Nature our society adores
 Where Tindal dictates and Silenus snores.

Rous'd at his name, up-rose the bowzy fire,
 And shook from out his pipe the seeds of fire,
 Then snapp'd his box, and strok'd his belly down,
 Rosy and rev'rend, tho' without a gown;
 Bland and familiar to the throne he came,
 Led up the youth, and call'd the Goddess Dame;

Then thus. From priestcraft happily set free,
 Lo! ev'ry finish'd son returns to thee;
 First slave to words, then vassal to a name,
 Then dupe to party; child and man the same;
 Bounded by Nature, narrow'd still by art,
 A trifling head, and a contracted heart.
 Thus bred, thus taught, how many have I seen
 Smiling on all, and smil'd on by a queen?
 Mark'd out for honours, honour'd for their birth,
 To thee the most rebellious things on earth;
 Now to thy gentle shadow all are shrunk,
 All melted down in pension or in punk!
 So K *, so B **, sneak'd into the grave,
 A monarch's half and half a harlot's slave.
 Poor W ** nipp'd in folly's broadest bloom,
 Who praises now? his chaplain on his tomb.
 Then take them all, oh! take them to thy breast,
 Thy Magus, Goddes! shall perform the rest.

With that a wizard old his cup extends,
 Which who so tastes forgets his former friends,
 Sire, ancestors, himself. One casts his eyes
 Up to a star, and like Endymion dies;
 A feather shooting from another's head
 Extracts his brain, and principle is fled;

Lost is his God, his country, ev'ry thing,
 And nothing left but homage to a king!
 The vulgar herd turn off to roll with hogs,
 To run with horses, or to hunt with dogs;
 But, sad example! never to escape
 Their infamy, still keep the human shape.

But she, good Goddess! sent to ev'ry child
 Firm Impudence, or Stupefaction mild,
 And straight succeeded, leaving Shame no room,
 Cibberian forehead or Cimmerian gloom.

Kind Self-conceit to some her glass applies,
 Which no one looks in with another's eyes;
 But as the flatt'rer or dependent paint
 Beholds himself a patriot chief or faint.

On others int'rest her gay liv'ry flings,
 Int'rest, that waves on party-colour'd wings;
 Turn'd to the sun, she casts a thousand dyes,
 And as she turns the colours fall or rise.

Others the Syren Sisters warble round,
 And empty heads console with empty sound:
 No more, alas! the voice of Fame they hear,
 The balm of Dulness trickling in their ear.

Great C * *, H * *, P * *, R * *, K * ,

Why all your toils? your Sons have learn'd to sing.

How quick Ambition hastes to ridicule!

The fire is made a peer, the son a fool.

On some a priest succinct in amice white

Attends; all flesh is nothing in his sight!

Beeves at his touch at once to jelly turn,

And the huge boar is shrunk into an urn;

The board with specious miracles he loads,

Turns hares to larks, and pigeons into toads.

Another (for in all what one can shine?)

Explains the SEVE and VERDEUR of the vine.

What cannot copious sacrifice atone?

Thy treuffles, Perigord! thy hams, Bayonne!

With French libation and Italian strain

Wash Bladen white, and expiate Hays's stain.

Knight lifts the head; for what are crowds undone

To three essential partridges in one?

Gone ev'ry blush, and silent all reproach,

Contending princes mount them in their coach.

Next bidding all draw near on bended knees,

The Queen confers her titles and degrees.

Her children first of more distinguish'd sort,

Who study Shakespear at the Inns of Court,

Impale a glow-worm, or vertu profess,

Shine in the dignity of F. R. S.

Some, deep Free-mafons, join the filent race,
 Worthy to fill Pythagoras's place;
 Some botanifts, or florifts at the leaft,
 Or iffue members of an annual feaft.
 Nor pafst the meanefst unregarded, one
 Rofe a Gregorian, one a Gormogon.
 The laft, not leaft in honour or applaufe,
 Ifis and Cam made Doctors of her Laws.

Then, bleffing all, Go, children of my care!
 To practice now from theory repair.
 All my commands are eafy, fhort, and full:
 My Sons! be proud, be felfifh, and be dull:
 Guard my prerogative, affert my throne;
 This nod confirms each privilege your own.
 The cap and fwitch be facred to his Grace;
 With ftaff and pumps the Marquis leads the race;
 From ftage to ftage the licens'd Earl may run,
 Pair'd with his fellow-charioteer the Sun;
 The learned Baron butterflies design,
 Or draw to filk Arachne's fubtile line;
 The Judge to dance his brother Sergeant call;
 The Senator at cricket urge the ball;
 The Bifhop ftow (pontific luxury!)
 An hundred fouls of turkies in a pie;

The sturdy Squire to Gallic masters stoop;
 And drown his lands and manors in a soup.
 Others import yet nobler arts from France,
 Teach kings to fiddle, and make senates dance.
 Perhaps more high some daring son may soar,
 Proud to my list to add one monarch more;
 And, nobly conscious princes are but things
 Born for first ministers, as slaves for kings,
 Tyrant supreme! shall three estates command,
 And MAKE ONE MIGHTY DUNCIAD OF THE LAND!

More she had spoke, but yawn'd---All Nature nods:
 What mortal can resist the yawn of gods?
 Churches and Chapels instantly it reach'd;
 (St. James's first, for leaden G----- preach'd)
 Then catch'd the Schools; the Hall scarce kept awake;
 The Convocation gap'd, but could not speak:
 Lost was the Nation's sense, nor could be found,
 While the long solemn unison went round:
 Wide and more wide it spread o'er all the realm:
 Ev'n **Palinurus** nodded at the helm:
 The vapour mild o'er each Committee crept;
 Unfinish'd treaties in each office slept;
 And chiefless armies doz'd out the campaign,
 And navies yawn'd for orders on the main.

O Muse! relate, (for you can tell alone,
 Wits have short memories, and dunces none)
 Relate who first, who last, resign'd to rest,
 Whose heads she partly, whose completely, blest;
 What charms could faction, what ambition lull,
 The venal quiet, and entrance the dull;
 Till drown'd was Sense, and Shame, and Right, and Wrong---
 O sing, and hush the nations with thy song!

* * * * *

In vain, in vain---the all-composing hour
 Resistless falls: the Muse obeys the pow'r.
 She comes! she comes! the sable throne behold
 Of night primeval, and of Chaos old!
 Before her Fancy's gilded clouds decay,
 And all its varying rainbows die away.
 Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
 The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.
 As one by one, at dread Medea's strain,
 The sick'ning stars fade off th' ethereal plain;
 As Argus' eyes, by Hermes' wand oppress'd,
 Clos'd one by one to everlasting rest;
 Thus at her felt approach and secret might
 Art after Art goes out, and all is night.

See skulking Truth to her old cavern fled,
 Mountains of Casuistry heap'd o'er her head!
 Philosophy, that lean'd on Heav'n before,
 Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.
 Physic of Metaphysic begs defence,
 And Metaphysic calls for aid on Sense!
 See Myſtery to Mathematics fly!
 In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
 Religion, blushing, veils her ſacred fires,
 And unawares Morality expires.
 Nor Public flame, nor Private dares to ſhine;
 Nor Human ſpark is left, nor glimpe Divine!
 Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos! is reſtor'd;
 Light dies before thy uncreating word:
 Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall,
 And univerſal Darkneſs buries All.

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Heywood, John, i. 98.

Harpsfield, i. 153.

Hays, iv. 560.

J

JOHN, King, i. 252.

James I. iv. 176.

Jacob, Giles, iii. 149.

Janfen, a gamester, iv. 326.

K

KNIGHT, Robert, iv. 561.

Kufter, iv. 237.

L

LINTOT, Bernard, i. 40. ii. 53.

Law, William, ii. 413.

Log, King, i. lin. ult.

M

MORE, James, ii. 50, &c.

Morris, Bezaleel, ii. 126. iii. 168.

Mift, Nathaniel, i. 208.

Milbourn, Luke, ii. 349.

Mahomet, iii. 97.

Mears, William, ii. 125. iii. 28.

Motteux, Peter, ii. 412.

Monks, iii. 52.

Mandevil, ii. 414.

Morgan, *ibid.*

Montalto, iv. 105.

Mummius, an antiquary, iv. 371.

N

Newcastle, Dukes of, i. 141.

Nonjuror, i. 253.

O

OGILBY, John, i. 141. 328.

Oldmixon, John, ii. 283.

Ozell, John, i. 285.

Ostrogoths, iii. 93.

Omar, the Caliph, iii. 81.

Owls, i. 271. 290. iii. 54.

— Athenian, iv. 362.

Osborne, bookfeller, ii. 167.

Osborne, mother, ii. 312.

P

PRYNN, William, i. 103.

Philips, Ambrose, i. 105. iii. 326.

Paridel, iv. 341.

Q

QUARLES, Francis, i. 140.

Querno, Camillo, ii. 15.

R

RALPH, James, i. 216. iii. 165.

Roome, Edward, iii. 152.

Ripley, Tho. iii. 327.

Ridpath, George, i. 208. ii. 149.

Roper, Abel, ii. 149.

Rich, iii. 261.

S

SETTLE, Elkanah, i. 90. 146. iii. 37.

Smedley, Jonathan, ii. 291, &c.

Shadwell, Thomas, i. 248. iii. 22.

Scholiasts, iv. 232.

Silenus, iv. 492.

Sooterkins, i. 126.

T

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Theobald, or Tibbald, i. 133. 286.

Tutchin, John, ii. 148.

Toland, John, ii. 399. iii. 212.

Tindal, Dr. ii. 399. iii. 112. iv. 492.

Taylor, John, the Water-poet, iii. 19.

V

VANDALS, iii. 86.

Vifigoths, iii. 94.

W

WALPOLE, [late Sir Robert] praised by our
Author, ii. 314.

Withers, George, i. 296.

Wynkyn de Worde, i. 149.

Ward, Edw. i. 233. iii. 34.

Webster, ii. 258.

Whitefield, *ibid.*

Warner, Thomas, ii. 125.

Wilkins, *ibid.*

Wellsted, Leonard, ii. 207. iii. 170.

Woolston, Thomas, iii. 212.

Wormius, iii. 188.

Wasse, iv. 237.

Walker, hat-bearer to Bentley, iv. 206. 273.

N O T E S.

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

- Verse 1. *Good John.* John Searl, his old and faithful servant.
13. *The mint.* An asylum for insolvent debtors.
23. *Arthur.* Arthur Moore, Esq.
27. *Friend to my life.* Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Pope's physician.
33. *Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge.* Alluding to a scene in the Plain-Dealer, where Oldfox gags, and ties down the widow to hear his *well-penn'd stanza's*.
49. *Pitoleon.* The name taken from a foolish poet of Rhodes, who pretended much to Greek; and who, according to Dr. Bentley, libelled Caesar also.
72. *Queen.* The story is told, by some, of his barber, but by Chaucer of his queen. See Wife of Bath's Tale, in Dryden's Fables. P.
96. *The arch'd eye-brow.* The form of the eye-brow in the expression of insolent contempt.
139. *Talbot, &c.* All these were patrons or admirers of Mr. Dryden; though a scandalous libel against him, entitled, Dryden's Satyr to his Muse, has been printed in the name of the Lord Somers, of which he was wholly ignorant.
146. *Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cooks.* Authors of secret and scandalous history; though Oldmixon and Cook were much more culpable in this respect than Burnet.
180. *A Persian tale.* Ambrose Philips translated a book called the *Persian Tales*.
- 193—215. A satire on Mr. Addison. See the life of Mr. Pope, prefixed to the first volume, for some account of their quarrel.
218. *On wings of winds came flying all abroad?* Hopkins, in the civ. Psalm.
236. *A true Pindar stood without a head.* Ridicules the affectation of Antiquaries, who frequently exhibit the headless trunks and terms of statues, for Plato, Homer, Pindar, &c. Vide Fulv. Ursin. &c.
248. *Help'd to bury.* Mr. Dryden, after having lived in exigencies, had a magnificent funeral bestowed upon him, by the contribution of several persons of quality. P.
299. *Who to the Dean, and silver bell.* Meaning the man who would have persuaded the Duke of Chandos that Mr. P. meant him in those circumstances ridiculed in the Epistle on Taste. See Mr. Pope's Letter to the Earl of Burlington concerning this matter.
319. See Milton, book iv. P.
350. *The lie so oft o'erthrown.* As, that he received subscriptions for Shakespear, that he set his name to Mr. Broome's verses, &c. which, though publicly disproved, were nevertheless shamelessly repeated in the libels, and even in that called the Nobleman's Epistle. P.
351. *Th' imputed trash.* Such as profane Psalms, Court-Poems, and other scandalous things, printed in his name by Curl and others.
354. *Abuse, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread.* Namely on the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Burlington, Lord Bathurst, Lord Bolingbroke, Bishop Atterbury, Dr. Swift, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Gay, his Friends, his Parents, and his very Nurse, aspersed in

printed papers, by James Moore, G. Duckett, L. Welsted, Tho. Bentley, and other obscure persons. P.

Verse 374. *Ten years.* It was so long after many libels before the author of the *Dunciad* published that poem, till when, he never writ a word in answer to the many scurrilities and falsehoods concerning him. P.

375. *Welsted's lie.* One who had, in print, scandalously abused Mr. Pope: said he had been the occasion of a lady's death; that he libelled the Duke of Chandos, and had received a present of five hundred pounds from him, which was all false.

378. *Let Budget.* Budget, in a weekly pamphlet called the *Bee*, bestowed much abuse on him, in the imagination that he writ some things about the Last Will of Dr. Tindal, in the *Grubstreet Journal*; a paper wherein he never had the least hand, direction, or supervisal, nor the least knowledge of its author. P.

379. *Except his will.* Alluding to Tindal's Will: by which, and other indirect practices, Budget, to the exclusion of the next heir, a nephew, got to himself almost the whole fortune of a man entirely unrelated to him.

381. In some of Curl's pamphlets, Mr. Pope's father had been called a mechanic, a hatter, a farmer, and a bankrupt. Nay, a nobleman had alluded to this pitiful falsehood, in a paper, called, *An Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity*; and the following line,

"Hard as thy heart, and as thy birth obscure,"

was the work of another noble author, in certain Verses to the Imitator of Horace.

IMITATIONS OF HORACE.

BOOK II. SATIRE I.

Verse 23. *Sir Richard.* Sir Richard Blackmore.

28. *Falling horse.* The horse on which his Majesty charged at the battle of Oudenard; when the Pretender, and the Princes of the blood of France, fled before him.

52. *As downright Shippen, or as old Montagne.* They had this, indeed, in common, to use great liberties of speech, and to profess saying what they thought. Montagne had many qualities, that have gained him the love and esteem of his readers: the other had one, which always gained him the favourable attention of his hearers. For, as a celebrated Roman orator observes, "Maledicit INERUDITUS apertius et saepius, cum periculo etiam suo. Affert et ista res OPINIONEM, quia libentissime homines audiunt ea quae dicere ipsi noluissent."

81. *Slander or poison dread from Delia's rage, From furious Sappho.* Two ladies, who thought themselves aggrieved in these characters, had this satisfaction proposed by Lord Peterborough, To transpose the circumstances, and give the poisoning part to Sappho, and the other favour to Delia.

129. *And he whose light'ning pierc'd th' Iberian lines.* Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough, who, in the year 1705, took Barcelona, and in the winter following, with only 280 horse and 900 foot, enterprized and accomplished the conquest of Valentia. P.

SATIRE II.

Verse 9. *Bethel.* The same to whom several of Mr. Pope's letters are addressed.

25. *Oldfield.* A remarkable glutton, who ran through an estate of L. 1500 a-year, in the single article of good eating.

Verse 26. *Barbecu'd.* A West Indian term of gluttony, a hog roasted whole, stuffed with spice, and basted with Madeira wine. P.

42. *Bedford-head.* A famous eating-house. P.

183. *Proud Buckingham's delight.* Villers, Duke of Buckingham. P.

BOOK I. EPISTLE I.

Verse 26. *And house with Montagne now, and now with Locke.* That is, chuse either an active or contemplative life, according to occasion and circumstances.

51. *I'll do what Mead.* Mr. Pope highly esteemed and loved this worthy man, whose unaffected humanity and benevolence have stifled much of that envy which his eminence in his profession would otherwise have drawn out. Speaking of his obligations to this great physician and others of the faculty, in a letter to Mr. Allen, about a month before his death, he says, "There is no end of my kind treatment from the faculty. "They are, in general, the most amiable companions, and the best friends, as well as "the most learned men I know."

83. *Stand quiver'd at his ear.* Alluding to the custom of some American savages, whose hair serves them for a quiver to their arrows.

84. *Notches sticks.* Exchequer tallies.

85. *Bernard in spirit.* Sir John Bernard.

126. *Their country's wealth our mightier misers drain.* The undertakers for advancing loans to the public on the funds.

EPISTLE VI.

Verse 3. *Dear Murray.* The Right Honourable Earl of Mansfield, Lord President of the Court of King's Bench. The poet had the warmest affection for this truly great man, to whom the Epistle is addressed; and indeed no man ever more deserved to have a Poet for his friend.

4. *Creech.* From whose translation of Horace the two first lines are taken. P.

57. *Lays hold on Dover.* A quack, who rendered himself famous by a preparation of quicksilver.

82. *Anstis.* King at arms: money will purchase titles.

127. *Wilmot.* Earl of Rochester.

BOOK II. EPISTLE I.

Verse 38. *Beastly Skelton.* Poet-Laureat to Henry VIII. A volume of whose verses reprinted in Mr. Pope's time, consisted almost entirely of ribaldry, obscenity, and scurrilous language.

40. *Christ's Kirk o' the Green.* A ballad made by a King of Scotland. P.

41. *Each true Briton is to Ben so civil.* Ben Johnson.

42. *Met him at the Devil.* The Devil Tavern, where Johnson held his Poetical Club. P.

68. *A garland only on a bier.* Alluding to the old English custom of adorning the bier (on which the dead were carried to their interment) with garlands.

69. *Shakespear.* Shakespear and Ben Johnson may truly be said not much to have thought of this immortality, the one in many pieces composed in haste for the stage; the other in his latter works in general, which Dryden call'd his Dotages. P.

- Verse 77. *Pindaric art.* Which has much more merit than his epic, but very unlike the character, as well as numbers, of Pindar. P.
85. *Wycherly.* Author of the Plain Dealer, Country Wife, &c.
91. *Gammer Gurton.* A piece of very low humour, one of the first printed plays in English, and therefore much valued by some antiquaries. P.
98. *And Sydney's verse halts ill on Roman feet.* Sir Philip Sydney attempted to introduce the Roman hexameter and pentameter measure into English verse.
104. *Bentley with his desp'rate hook.* Alluding to several passages of Milton reprobated by this critic, who distinguished them by inclosing with hooks. He was a great master both of the languages and the learning of polite antiquity. The most important of his works, as a scholar, is his Critic on the Epistles of Phalaris.
119. *On Avon's banks.* At Stratford in Warwickshire, where Shakespear was born.
122. *Betterton's grave action dignify'd, Or well-mouth'd Booth.* Two celebrated actors.
124. *A muster roll of names.* An absurd custom of several actors, to pronounce with emphasis the mere proper names of Greeks or Romans. P.
142. A verse of the Lord Lansdown. P.
143. *In horsemanship t' excel.* The Duke of Newcastle's book of horsemanship: the romance of Parthenissa, by the Earl of Orrery, and most of the French romances translated by persons of quality. P.
149. *Lely on animated canvas stole The sleepy eye.* This was the characteristic of this excellent colourist's expression; who was an excessive Maniereist.
153. *On each enervate string.* The Siege of Rhodes by Sir William Davenant, the first opera sung in England. P.
182. *Ward.* A famous empiric, whose pill and drop had several surprising effects, and were one of the principal subjects of writing and conversation at this time. P.
226. *The idiot and the poor.* A foundation for the maintenance of idiots, and a fund for assisting the poor, by lending small sums of money on demand. P.
230. *Sternhold.* One of the versifiers of the old singing psalms. He was a courtier, and groom of the robes to Henry VIII. and of the bedchamber to Edward VI. Fuller, in his Church History, says he was esteemed an excellent poet.
167. *Waller was smooth.* Mr. Waller, about this time with the Earl of Dorset, Mr. Godolphin, and others, translated the Pompey of Corneille; and the more correct French poets began to be in reputation. P.
290. *Astraea.* A name taken by Mrs. Behn, authoress of several obscene plays, &c. P.
313. *From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes.* From plays to operas, and from operas to pantomimes.
319. *Old Edward's armour beams on Cibber's breast.* The coronation of Henry VIII. and Queen Anne Boleyn, in which the play-houses vied with each other to represent all the pomp of a coronation. In this noble contention, the armour of one of the kings of England was borrowed from the Tower, to dress the champion. P.
328. *Orcas' stormy steep.* The most northerly promontory of Scotland, opposite to the Orcades.
354. *A library with wit.* Horace in this verse speaks of the Palatine library, in his time, building by Augustus.
355. *Merlin's cave.* A building in the Royal Gardens of Richmond, where is a small, but choice collection of books. P

EPISTLE II.

- Verse 4. *Of Blois.* A town in Beauce, where the French tongue is spoken in great purity.
24. *Sir Godfrey.* Sir Godfrey Kneller. An eminent justice of peace, who decided much in the manner of Sancho Pancha. P.
68. *But (thanks to Homer.)* Mr. Pope made his money by his translation of Homer.
70. *Ten Monroes.* Dr. Monro, physician to Bedlam Hospital. P.
87. *Oldfield—Dartineuf.* Two celebrated gluttons.
113. *Tooting—Earl's-Court.* Two villages within a few miles of London. P.
140. *But Stephen.* Mr. Stephen Duck, a modest and worthy man, who had the honour (which many, who thought themselves his betters in poetry, had not) of being esteemed by Mr. Pope.
220. *When servile chaplains cry.* Dr. Ken—t.
232. *Delightful Abs-Court.* A farm over against Hampton-Court.
273. *All Townshend's turnips.* Lord Townshend, Secretary of State to George the I. and II. When this great statesman retired from business, he amused himself in husbandry; and was particular fond of that kind of rural improvement which arises from turnips; it was the favourite subject of his conversation.
277. *Fly, like Oglethorpe.* Employed in settling the colony of Georgia.
288. *But sure no statute.* Alluding to the statutes made in England and Ireland, to regulate the succession of Papists, &c.

SATIRES OF DR. DONNE VERSIFIED.

SATIRE IV.

- Verse 73. *A period of a mile.* A stadium of Euripides was a standing joke amongst the Greeks. By the same kind of pleasantry, Cervantes has called his hero's countenance, *a face of half a league long*; which, because the humour, as well as the measure of the expression was excessive, all his translators have judiciously agreed to omit.
152. *As one of Woodward's patients.* Alluding to the effects of his use of oils in bilious disorders.
206. *Court in wax!* A famous show of the court of France, in wax-work. P.
213. *At Fig's, at White's.* White's was a noted gaming-house: Fig's, a prize fighter's academy, where the young nobility received instruction in those days: It was also customary for the nobility and gentry to visit the condemned criminals in Newgate. P.
220. *Our stage give rules.* Alluding to the Chamberlain's authority.
274. *For hung with deadly sins.* The room hung with old tapestry, representing the seven deadly sins. P.
276. *Askapart.* A giant famous in romances. P.

EPILOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

DIALOGUE I.

- Verse 1. *Not twice a twelvemonth, &c.* These two lines are from Horace; and the only lines that are so in the whole poem; being meant to give a handle to that which follows in the character of an impertinent censurer,
 " 'Tis all from Horace," &c. P.

Verse 14. *Higgins*. Formerly jailor of the Fleet prison, enriched himself by many exactions, for which he was tried and expelled. P.

18. *Who cropt our ears*. Said to be executed by the captain of a Spanish ship, on one Jenkins, a captain of an English one. He cut off his ears, and bid him carry them to the king his master. P.

24. *Patriots there are*. This appellation was generally given to those in opposition to the Court. Though some of them (which our Author hints at) had views too mean and interested to deserve that name. P.

26. *The great man*. A phrase, by common use, appropriated to the first minister. P.

27. *Sir Robert*. Sir Robert Walpole, Prime Minister.

29. *Seen him I have, &c.* This and other strokes of commendation in the following poem, as well as his forbearing him on all occasions, were in acknowledgment of a certain service the Minister had done a priest, at Mr. Pope's solicitation. Our Poet, when he was about seventeen, had a very ill fever in the country, which, it was feared, would end fatally. In this condition, he wrote to Southcot, a priest of his acquaintance, then in town, to take his last leave of him. Southcot, with great affection and sollicitude, applied to Dr. Radcliffe for his advice. And, not content with that, he rode down post, to Mr. Pope, who was then an hundred miles from London, with the Doctor's directions; which had the desired effect. A long time after this, Southcot, who had an interest in the Court of France, writing to a common acquaintance in England, informed him that there was a good abbey near Avignon, which he had credit enough to get, were it not from an apprehension that his promotion would give umbrage to the English Court, to which he (Southcot) by his intrigues in the Pretender's service, was become very obnoxious. The person to whom this was written happening to acquaint Mr. Pope with the case, he immediately wrote to Sir Robert Walpole about it; begged that this embargo might be taken off; and acquainted him with the grounds of his solicitation: He told him he was indebted to Southcot for his life, and that more than his life was engaged for the discharge of his obligation, for he was certainly to satisfy it in purgatory, if he could not do it here. The Minister received it favourably, and with much good-nature wrote to his brother, then in France, to remove this obstruction. In consequence of which Southcot got the abbey. Mr. Pope ever after retained a grateful sense of this favour.

37. *Why, yes: with scripture still you may be free*. Thus the man commonly called Mother Osborne, who was in the Minister's pay, and wrote Journals; for one paper in behalf of Sir Robert, had frequently two against J. C.

39. *A joke on Jekyl*. Sir Joseph Jekyl, Master of the Rolls, a true Whig in his principles, and a man of the utmost probity. He sometimes voted against the Court, which drew upon him the laugh here described of ONE who bestowed it equally upon religion and honesty. He died a few months after the publication of this poem. P.

47. *Why, answer, Lyttleton*. George Lyttleton, Secretary to the Prince of Wales, distinguished both for his writings and speeches in the spirit of liberty. P.

51. *Sejanus, Wolfey*. The one the wicked minister of Tiberius; the other, of Henry VIII. The writers against the Court usually bestowed these and other odious names on the Minister, without distinction, and in the most injurious manner. See Dial. II. ver. 137. P.

- Verse 51. *Fleury*. Cardinal; and Minister to Louis XV. It was a patriot-fashion, at that time, to cry up his wisdom and honesty. P.
66. *Henley—Osborne*. See them in their places in the Dunciad. P.
69. *The gracious dew*. Alludes to some court sermons, and florid panegyric speeches; particularly one very full of puerilities and flatteries; which afterwards got into an address in the same pretty stile; and was lastly served up in an epitaph, between Latin and English, published by its author. P.
75. *As though the pride of Middleton*. What the Poet intended to say, on this occasion, was not to reflect on Dr. Middleton, whom he esteemed and had a personal regard for; but, on the contrary, to own the excellence of his judgment, in general, in words that only amount to this, “though so able a judge as Dr. Middleton himself should approve the Latinity and composition of the piece in question, I say it is bad and barbarous.”
78. *Nation’s sense*. The cant of politics at that time.
80. *Carolina*. Queen, consort to George II. She died in 1737. Her death gave occasion to many indiscreet and mean performances unworthy of her memory, whose last moments manifested the utmost courage and resolution. P.
84. *No gazetteer more innocent than I*. The gazetteer is one of the low appendices of the Secretary of State’s Office. It was once bestowed on Sir Richard Steele, who tells us, that, when he had it, he took care to keep the paper “very innocent, and very insipid.”
92. *Immortal S—k, and grave De—re*. A title given that Lord by King James II. He was of the Bedchamber to King William; he was so to King George I. he was so to King George II. This Lord was very skilful in all the forms of the House, in which he discharged himself with great gravity. P.
108. *Gracious prince*. The stile of addresses on an accession.
115. *Cibber’s son—Rich*. Two players: look for them in the Dunciad. P.
123. *Blount*. Author of an impious and foolish book called, The Oracles of Reason, who being in love with a near kinswoman of his, and rejected, gave himself a stab in the arm, as pretending to kill himself, of the consequence of which he really died. P.
124. *Passeran*. Author of another book of the same stamp, called, A Philosophical Discourse on Death, being a defence of suicide. He was a nobleman of Piedmont, banished from his country for his impieties, and lived in the utmost misery, yet feared to practise his own precepts.
125. *But shall a printer, &c.* A fact that happened in London a few years past. The unhappy man left behind him a paper justifying his action by the reasonings of some of these authors. P.
130. *Gin*. A spirituous liquor, the exorbitant use of which had almost destroyed the lowest rank of the people till it was restrained by an act of Parliament in 1736. P.
134. *Landaffe*. A poor Bishoprick in Wales, as poorly supplied. P.
144. *Let greatness own her, &c.* In this passage the author alludes to Procopius’s account of the Empress Theodora, who, after a long course of the most abandoned prostitution, was raised to the empire of the East, and was then infamously flattered by all ranks of men; magistrates, prelates, soldiers, and people. See Procop. Anec. c. ix.—x.

DIALOGUE II.

Verse 1. *Paxton*. Solicitor to the Treasury.

11. *Guthry*. The Ordinary of Newgate, who publishes the memoirs of the malefactors, and is often prevailed upon to be so tender of their reputation, as to set down no more than the initials of their name. P.
29. *Like royal harts*. Alluding to the old laws of the game.
39. *Wretched Wild*. Jonathan Wild, a famous thief, and thief-impeacher, who was at last caught in his own train, and hanged. P.
57. *Ev'n Peter trembles only for his ears*. Peter had, the year before this, narrowly escaped the pillory, for forgery: and got off with a severe rebuke only from the bench. P.
65. *Scarb'row*. Earl of, and Knight of the Garter, whose personal attachments to the King appeared from his steady adherence to the royal interest, after his resignation of his great employment of Master of the Horse; and whose known honour and virtue made him esteemed by all parties. P.
66. *Esher's peaceful grove*. The house and gardens of Esher in Surry, belonging to the Honourable Mr. Pelham, brother of the Duke of Newcastle. The author could not have given a more amiable idea of his character than in comparing him to Mr. Craggs. P.
67. *Kent and nature*. Means no more than art and nature. A compliment to the artist.
77. *Somers*. John Lord Somers died in 1716. He had been Lord Keeper in the reign of William III. who took from him the seals in 1700. The author had the honour of knowing him in 1706. A faithful, able, and incorrupt minister; who, to the qualities of a consummate statesman, added those of a man of learning and politeness. P.
- Ibid. *Halifax*. A peer, no less distinguished by his love of letters than his abilities in Parliament. He was disgraced in 1710, on the change of Queen Anne's ministry. P.
79. *Shrewsbury*. Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury, had been Secretary of State, Ambassador in France, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Treasurer. He several times quitted his employments, and was often recalled. He died in 1718. P.
80. *Carleton*. Hen. Boyle, Lord Carleton, (nephew of the famous Robert Boyle) who was Secretary of State under William III. and President of the Council under Q. Anne. P.
- Ibid. *Stanhope*. James Earl Stanhope. A nobleman of equal courage, spirit, and learning: General in Spain, and Secretary of State. P.
84. *Chesterfield*. Philip Earl of Chesterfield.
88. *Wyndham*. Sir William Wyndham, Chancellor of the Exchequer under Queen Anne, made early a considerable figure; but since a much greater, both by his ability and eloquence, joined with the utmost judgment and temper. P.
99. *My Lord May'r*. Sir John Barnard, Lord Mayor in the year of the Poem, 1738. A citizen eminent for his virtue, public spirit, and great talents in Parliament. An excellent man, magistrate, and senator. In the year 1747, the city of London, in memory of his many and signal services to his country, erected a statue to him. But his image had been placed long before in the heart of every good man.
120. *To Cato, Virgil paid one honest line*. His dantem jura Catonem.
129. *Spirit of Arnall*. Look for him in his place. Dunciad, Book II. ver. 315.
130. *Polwarth*. The Honourable Hugh Hume, son of Alexander Earl of Marchmont,

grandson of Patrick Earl of Marchmont, and distinguished, like them, in the cause of Liberty. P.

Verse 160. *The bard.* A verse taken out of a poem to Sir R. W. P.

164. *The priest, &c.* Spoken not of any particular priest, but of many priests. P.

166. *And how did, &c.* This seems to allude to a complaint made, ver. 71. of the preceding dialogue. P.

185. *Japhet—Chartres.* See the Epistle to Lord Bathurst. P.

219. *And goad the prelate slumb'ring in his stall.* The good Eusebius, in his Evangelical Preparation, draws a long parallel between the ox and the Christian priesthood. Hence the dignified clergy, out of mere humility, have ever since called their thrones by the name of stalls. To which a great prelate of Winchester, one W. Edinton, modestly alluding, (who otherwise had been long since forgotten) has rendered his name immortal by this ecclesiastical aphorism, "Canterbury is the higher rack, but Winchester is the better manger." SCRIBL.

224. *Cobwebs.* Weak and slight sophistry against virtue and honour. Thin colours over vice, as unable to hide the light of truth, as cobwebs to shade the sun. P.

228. *When black ambition, &c.* The case of Cromwell in the civil war of England; and (ver. 229.) of Louis XIV. in his conquest of the Low Countries. P.

231. *Nor Boileau turn the feather to a star.* See his Ode on Namur; where (to use his own words) "il a fait un astre de la plume blanche que le roy porte ordinairement à son chapeau, et qui est en effet une espece de comete, fatale à nos ennemis." P.

237. *Anstis.* The chief herald at arms. It is the custom, at the funeral of great peers, to cast into the grave the broken staves and ensigns of honour. P.

239. *Stair.* John Dalrymple, Earl of Stair, Knight of the Thistle; served in all the wars under the Duke of Marlborough; and afterwards as Ambassador in France. P.

240, 241. *Hough and Digby.* Dr. John Hough, Bishop of Worcester, and the Lord Digby. The one an assertor of the Church of England in opposition to the false measures of King James II. The other as firmly attached to the cause of that king. Both acting out of principle, and equally men of honour and virtue. P.

T H E D U N C I A D.

B O O K I.

Verse 1. *Her son.* Colley Cibber, Poet Laureat.

2. *The Smithfield Muses to the ear of kings.* Smithfield is the place where Bartholomew Fair was kept; from whence the shews, machines, and dramatic entertainments formerly relished only by the rabble, were, in the reigns of George I. and II. brought by Cibber and others to the Theatres of Covent-Garden, Lincoln's-Inn-fields, and the Hay-Market.

20. *Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver.* Names assumed by Swift in his different writings.

24. *Copper chains.* Alluding to the Drapier's letters against Wood's patent for coining half-pence in Ireland.

25. *Thy Boeotia.* The Boeotians were stupid to a proverb among the other Greeks. The poet desires his friend, who was always very watchful over the interests of his country, not to be grieved though the dulness of Ireland was now transferred to England.

29. *Where folly holds her throne.* Bedlam Hospital.

- Verse 32. *Great Cibber's brazen brainless brothers.* Two statues of lunatics over the gates of Bedlam, done by Mr. Caius Gabriel Cibber, father to the Laureat.
40. *Curl's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post.* Two bookfellers, of whom see Book II. The former was fined by the Court of King's Bench for publishing obscene books; the latter usually adorned his shop with titles in red letters.
41. *Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines.* It is an ancient English custom for the malefactors to sing a Psalm at their execution at Tyburn; and no less customary to print elegies on their deaths, at the same time, or before.
57. *Genial Jacob.* Tonson. The famous race of bookfellers of that name.
86. *Like Cimon, triumph'd.* A Lord Mayor's procession is made by water as well as land. Cimon, the Athenian General, obtained a victory by sea and another by land, on the same day, over the Persians and Barbarians.
98. *Heywood's days.* John Heywood, whose Interludes were printed in the reign of Henry VIII.
103. *Old Pryn in restless Daniel shine.* Pryn was a scribbling politician in the time of Charles I. and a most wretched poet. Daniel De Foe was likewise a politician and poet. He was the author of Robinson Crusoe, the materials of which he acquired in a very dishonourable manner. Both Pryn and Daniel had the misfortune to lose their ears, and stand on the pillory.
104. *And Eusden eke out, &c.* Laurence Eusden, Poet Laureat, of whom Mr. Cook, in his Battle of Poets, saith,
 " Eusden, a laurell'd bard, by fortune rais'd,
 " By very few was read, by fewer prais'd."
105. *Tate's poor page.* Nahum Tate, another Poet Laureat, was a cold writer of no invention, but sometimes translated tolerably well when befriended by Mr. Dryden.
106. *And all the mighty mad in Dennis rage.* John Dennis, the son of a sadler in London, born 1657. His pieces against Mr. Pope are somewhat of an angry character, as they are now scarce to be met with, the following specimen may not be unacceptable to the curious. " A young, squab, short gentleman, whose outward form, though it should
 " be that of downright monkey, would not differ so much from human shape as his
 " unthinking immaterial part does from human understanding.—He is as stupid and
 " as venomous as a hunch-backed toad.—A book through which folly and ignorance,
 " those brethren so lame and impotent, do ridiculously look very big and very dull, and
 " strut and hobble, cheek by jowl, with their arms on kimbo, being led and support-
 " ed, and bully-backed by that blind Hector, Impudence." Reflect. on the Essay on Criticism, p. 26, 29, 30.
109. *Bays, form'd by nature, &c.* Colley Cibber, the Laureat, whose character is heightened at his own desire; as he is allowed to have sustained his native dulness with wonderful vivacity.
133. *Shakespeare, yet of Tibbald fore.* Tibbald, or Theobald, published an edition of Shakespeare, of which he was so proud himself as to say, in one of Mist's Journals, June 8.
 " That to expose any errors in it was impracticable." And in another, April 27.
 " That whatever care might for the future be taken by any other editor, he would
 " still give above five hundred emendations, that shall escape them all." He was author of some forgotten plays, translations, and other pieces. He was concerned in a paper called the Censor, and a translation of Ovid.

Verse 134. *Wish'd he had blotted.* It was a ridiculous praise which the players gave to Shakespear, "that he never blotted a line." Ben Johnson honestly wished he had blotted a thousand; and Shakespear would certainly have wished the same, if he had lived to see those alterations in his works, which, not the actors only (and especially the daring Hero of this poem) have made on the stage, but the presumptuous critics of our days in their editions.

140. *Quarles.* Francis Quarles, a critic and poet in the time of Charles I. A dull writer, but an honest man.

141. *Ogilby the great.* "John Ogilby was one, who, from a late initiation into literature, made such a progress as might well stile him the prodigy of his time! sending into the world so many large volumes! His translations of Homer and Virgil done to the life, and with such excellent sculptures: and (what added grace to his works) he printed them all on special good paper, and in a very good letter." Winstanly, *Lives of Poets*.

142. *There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete.* "The Duchess of Newcastle was one who busied herself in the ravishing delights of poetry; leaving to posterity, in print, three ample volumes of her studious endeavours." Winstanly, *ibid.* Langbaine reckons up eight folios of her Grace's; which were usually adorned with gilded covers, and had her coat of arms upon them.

146. *Settle, Banks, and Broome.* The Poet has mentioned these three authors in particular, as they are parallel to our Hero in his three capacities: 1. Settle was his brother Laureat; only indeed upon half-pay, for the city instead of the court; but equally famous for unintelligible flights in his poems on public occasions, such as shows, birth-days, &c. The office being abolished, upon Settle's demise there was no successor to that place. 2. Banks was his rival in tragedy (though more successful) in one of his tragedies, the Earl of Essex, which is yet alive; Anna Boleyn, the Queen of Scots, and Cyrus the Great, are dead and gone. 3. Broome was a serving man of Ben Johnson, who once picked up a comedy from his betters, or from some cast scenes of his master, not entirely contemptible.

149. *Caxton—Wynkyn.* Caxton, a printer in the time of Edward IV. Richard III. and Henry VII. Wynkyn de Word, his successor, in that of Henry VII. and VIII. The former translated into prose Virgil's Aeneis, as a history; of which he speaks, in his Proeme, in a very singular manner, as of a book hardly known.

153. *De Lyra.* Nich de Lyra, or Harpsfield, a very voluminous commentator, whose works, in five vast folios, were printed in 1472.

154. *Philemon.* Philemon Holland, Doctor in Physic. "He translated so many books, that a man would think he had done nothing else; insomuch, that he might be called *Translator general of his age.* The books alone of his turning into English are sufficient to make a country gentleman a complete library." Winstanly.

167. *E'er since Sir Fopling's periwig.* The first visible cause of the passion of the town for our Hero, was a fair flaxen periwig, which, he tells us, he wore in his first play of the Fool in Fashion. See *Life*, 8vo, p. 303. This remarkable periwig usually made its entrance on the stage in a large sedan, brought in by two chairmen, with infinite approbation of the audience.

208. *Ridpath—Mist.* George Ridpath, author of a Whig paper, called the Flying-post; Nathaniel Mist, of a famous Tory Journal.

Verse 215. *Gazetteers*. A band of ministerial writers, hired at the price mentioned in the note on Book II. ver. 316. who, on the very day their patron quitted his post, laid down their paper, and declared they would never more meddle in politics.

228. *My better and more Christian progeny*. "It may be observable, that my muse and my spouse were equally prolific; that the one was seldom the mother of a child, but in the same year the other made me the father of a play. I think we had a dozen of each sort between us; of both which kinds some died in their infancy," &c. Life of C. C. p. 217. 8vo edit.

231. *Gratis-given Bland—Sent with a pass*. It was a practice so to give the Daily Gazetteer and ministerial pamphlets, (in which this B. was a writer) and to send them post-free to all the towns in the kingdom.

233. *With Ward, to Ape-and-monkey climes*. "Edward Ward, a very voluminous poet in Hudibrastic verse, but best known by the London Spy, in prose." Jacob, Lives of Poets, vol. ii. p. 225. Great number of his works were yearly sold into the Plantations.

238, 240. *Tate—Shadwell*. Two of his predecessors in the Laurel.

250. *Now flames the Cid, &c.* In the first notes on the Dunciad it was said, that this author was particularly excellent at tragedy. "This (says he) is as unjust as to say I could not dance on a rope." But certain it is that he had attempted to dance on this rope, and fell most shamefully, having produced no less than four tragedies (the names of which the Poet preserves in these few lines) the three first of them were fairly printed, acted, and damned; the fourth suppressed in fear of the like treatment.

253. *The dear Nonjuror—Moliere's old stubble*. A comedy threshed out of Moliere's Tartuffe, and so much the translator's favourite, that he assures us all our author's dislike to it could only arise from disaffection to the government:

"Qui meprise Cotin, n'estime point son roi,

"Et n'a, selon Cotin, ni Dieu, ni foi, ni loi.

BOIL.

258. *A sheet of Thulè*. An unfinished poem of that name, of which one sheet was printed many years ago, by Amb. Philips, a northern author. It is an usual method of putting out a fire, to cast wet sheets upon it.

270. *Quidnuncs*. A name given to the ancient members of certain political clubs, who were constantly enquiring *quid nunc?* what news?

286. *Ozell*. "Mr. John Ozell (if we credit Mr. Jacob) did go to school in Leicestershire. "He was designed to be sent to Cambridge, in order for priesthood; but he chose rather to be placed in an office of accounts, in the city, being qualified for the same by his skill in arithmetic, and writing the necessary hands. He has obliged the world with many translations of French plays." Jacob, Lives of Dram. Poets, p. 198.

290. *A heideggre*. A strange bird from Switzerland, and not (as some have supposed) the name of an eminent person who was a man of parts, and, as was said of Petronius, *arbiter elegantiarum*.

296. *Withers*. George Withers, a great pretender to poetical zeal against the vices of the times, and abused the greatest personages in power, in consequence of which the Marshalsea and Newgate were no strangers to him.

Ibid. *Gildon*. Charles Gildon, a writer of criticisms and libels of the last age, bred at St. Omer's with the Jesuits; but, renouncing Popery, he published Blount's books against the divinity of Christ, the oracles of reason, &c. He signalized himself as a critic,

having written some very bad plays; abused Mr. P. very scandalously in an anonymous pamphlet of the Life of Mr. Wycherly, printed by Curl; in another, called the New Rehearfal, printed in 1714; in a third, entitled the Complete Art of English Poetry, in two volumes; and others.

Verse 297. *Howard.* Hon. Edward Howard, author of the British Princes, and a great number of wonderful pieces, celebrated by the late Earls of Dorset and Rochester, Duke of Buckingham, Mr. Waller, &c.

309, 310. *Under Archer's wing—Gaming, &c.* When the statute against gaming was drawn up, it was represented, that the king, by ancient custom, plays at hazard one night in the year; and therefore a clause was inserted, with an exception as to that particular. Under this pretence, the groom-porter had a room appropriated to gaming all the summer the Court was at Kensington, which his Majesty accidentally being acquainted of, with a just indignation, prohibited.

324. *But pious Needham.* A matron of great fame, and very religious in her way; whose constant prayer it was, that she might "get enough by her profession to leave it off in time, "and make her peace with God." But her fate was not so happy; for being convicted, and set in the pillory, she was (to the lasting shame of all her great friends and votaries) so ill used by the populace, that it put an end to her days.

328. *Ogilby—God save King Log.* See Ogilby's Aesop's Fables, where, in the story of the Frogs and their King, this excellent hemistich is to be found.

B O O K II.

Verse 2. *Henley's gilt tub, or Flecknoe's Irish throne.* Mr. Henley's pulpit was covered with velvet, and adorned with gold. Richard Flecknoe was an Irish priest. He printed some plays poems, letters, and travels.

3. *Or that whereon her Curls, &c.* The pillory, on which Mr. Curl had the honour to stand in March 1727—8.

15. *Rome in her capitol saw Querno sit.* Camillo Querno was of Apulia, who hearing the great encouragement which Leo X. gave to poets, travelled to Rome with a harp in his hand, and sung to it twenty thousand verses of a poem, called Alexias. He was introduced as a buffoon to Leo, and promoted to the honour of the Laurel; a jest which the court of Rome and the Pope himself entered into so far, as to cause him to ride on an elephant to the Capitol, and to hold a solemn festival on his coronation; at which, it is recorded, the poet himself was so transported as to weep for joy. He was ever after a constant frequenter of the Pope's table, drank abundantly, and poured forth verses without number. Paulus Jovius, Elog. Vir. doct. chap. lxxxii. Some idea of his poetry is given by Fam. Strada, in his Prolusions.

50. *Moore.* James Moore-Smith, Esq. a most remarkable plagiarist. Some time before, he had borrowed of Dr. Arbuthnot a paper, called an Historico-physical account of the South-Sea; and of Mr. Pope the Memoirs of a Parish Clerk, which for two years he kept, and read to the Rev. Dr. Young, F. Billers, Esq. and many others, as his own. Being applied to for them, he pretended they were lost; but there happening to be another copy of the latter, it came out in Swift and Pope's Miscellanies. Upon this, it seems, he was so far mistaken as to confess his proceeding by an endeavour to hide it: unguardedly printing (in the Daily Journal of April 3. 1728.) "That the con-

"tempt which he and others had for those pieces" (which only himself had shown, and handed about as his own) "occasioned their being lost, and for that cause only "not returned." A fact, of which as none but he could be conscious, none but he could be the publisher of it. The plagiarisms of this person gave occasion to the following epigram :

- " Moore always smiles whenever he recites ;
- " He smiles (you think) approving what he writes.
- " And yet in this no vanity is shown ;
- " A modest man may like what's not his own."

So strong was this gentleman's desire to be thought a wit, that having been shown some verses by Mr. Savage, wherein Mr. Pope was called the *first of the tuneful train*, he sent a message to him, next morning, desiring that he would give the verses another turn, viz. that Pope might now be the first, because Moore had left him unrivalled, in turning his stile to comedy. This was during the rehearsal of the *Rival Modes*, his first and only work. The town condemned this piece, but the author printed it in 1726—7.

Verse 53. *But lofty Lintot.* The printer of the *Rival Modes*.

- 70. *Curl's Corinna.* Mrs. Thomas, from whom Edward Curl had the letters of Mr. P. which he published.
- 82. *Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's Arms.* The Bible, Curl's sign; the Cross-keys, Lintot's.
- 83. See Lucian's *Icaro-Menippus*; where this fiction is more extended.
- 93. *Cloacina.* The Roman goddess of the common-sewers.
- 104. *As oil'd with magic juices.* Alluding to the opinion that there are ointments used by witches to enable them to fly in the air, &c.
- 116. *Evans, Young, and Swift.* Some of those persons, whose writings, epigrams, or jests had been owned by Moore. See note on ver. 50.
- 125. *Mears, Warner, Wilkins.* Bookfellers and printers of much anonymous stuff.
- 126. *Breval, Bond, Bezaleel.* Bezaleel Morris was author of some satires on the translators of Homer, with many other things printed in newspapers.—"Bond writ a satire against "Mr. P. Capt. Breval was author of the *Confederates*, an ingenious dramatic performance to expose Mr. P. Mr. Gay, Dr. Arb. and some ladies of quality," says Curl, Key, p. 11.
- 128. *He grasps an empty Joseph for a John.* Joseph Gay, a fictitious name put by Curl before several pamphlets, which made them pass with many for Mr. Gay's.
- 132. *And turn this whole illusion on the town.* It was a common practice of this bookseller to publish vile pieces of obscure hands under the names of eminent authors.
- 138. *Cook shall be Prior.* The man here specified writ a thing called the *Battle of Poets*, in which Philips and Wollsted were the heroes, and Swift and Pope utterly routed. He also published some malevolent things in the *British*, *London*, and *Daily Journals*; and at the same time wrote letters to Mr. Pope, protesting his innocence. His chief work was a translation of *Hesiod*, to which Theobald writ notes and half-notes, which he carefully owned.
- 144. *On Codrus old, or Dunton's modern bed.* Of Codrus the poet's bed, see Juvenal, describing his poverty very copiously, *Sat. iii. ver. 103, &c.* John Dunton was a broken

- bookfeller, and abusive scribbler; he writ Neck or Nothing, a violent satire on some ministers of state; a libel on the Duke of Devonshire and the Bishop of Peterborough, &c.
- Verse 148. *And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge.* John Tutchin, author of some vile verses, and of a weekly paper, called the Observator. He was sentenced to be whipped through several towns in the west of England, upon which he petitioned King James II. to be hanged. When that prince died in exile, he wrote an invective against his memory, occasioned by some humane elegies on his death. He lived to the time of Q. Anne.
149. *There Ridpath, Roper.* Authors of the Flying-post and Post-boy, two scandalous papers on different sides, for which they equally and alternately deserved to be cudgelled, and were so.
151. *Himself among the story'd chiefs he spies.* The history of Curl's being tossed in a blanket, and whipped by the scholars of Westminster, is well known. Of his purging and vomiting, see A full and true account of a horrid revenge on the body of Edm. Curl, &c. in Swift and Pope's Miscell.
157. *Eliza plac'd.* Eliza Haywood, authoress of two scandalous books, called the Court of Carimania, and the New Utopia. For the Two Babes of Love, see Curl's Key, p. 22.
160. *Kirkall.* The name of an engraver. Some of this lady's works were printed in four volumes in 12mo, with her picture thus dressed up before them.
167. *Osborne.* A bookfeller in Gray's-Inn, who published advertisements for a year together, pretending to sell Mr. Pope's subscription books of Homer's Iliad at half the price: of which books he had none, but cut to the size of them (which was quarto) the common books in folio, without copper-plates, on a worse paper, and never above half the value.
182. *Eridanus his humble fountain scorns.* Of this river it is fabled by the poets, that it flowed through the skies.
203. *Rolli.* Paolo Antonio Rolli, an Italian poet, and writer of many operas in that language, which, partly by the help of his genius, prevailed in England near twenty years. He taught Italian to some fine gentlemen, who affected to direct the operas.
205. *Bentley his mouth, &c.* Not spoken of the famous Dr. Richard Bentley, but of one Tho. Bentley, a small critic, who aped his uncle in a little Horace. The great one was intended to be dedicated to the Lord Hallifax, but (on a change of the ministry) was given to the Earl of Oxford; for which reason the little one was dedicated to his son the Lord Harley. A taste of his classic elocution may be seen in his Panegyric on the peace of Utrecht.
207. *Welsted.* Leonard Welsted, author of the Triumvirate, or a Letter, in verse, from Pa-laemon to Celia at Bath, which was meant for a satire on Mr. P. and some of his friends about the year 1718.
226. *With thunder rumbling from the mustard bowl.* The old way of making thunder and mustard were the same; but since, it is more advantageously performed by troughs of wood with stops in them. Whether Mr. Dennis was the inventor of that improvement, I know not; but it is certain, that being once at a tragedy of a new author, he fell into a great passion at hearing some, and cried, "'Sdeath! that is my thunder."
231. *Three cat-calls.* Certain musical instruments, used by one sort of critics to confound the poets of the theatre.
258. *Webster—Whitefield.* The one the writer of a newspaper, called the Weekly Miscellany; the other a field-preacher.

Verse 268. *Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.* A just character of Sir Richard Blackmore, Knight, who (as Mr. Dryden expresseth it)

“ Writ to the rumbling of his coach’s wheels.”

and whose indefatigable Muse produced no less than six epic poems: Prince and King Arthur, twenty books; Eliza, ten; Alfred, twelve; the Redeemer, six; besides Job, in folio; the whole book of Psalms; the Creation, seven books; Nature of Man, three books; and many more. ’Tis in this sense he is stiled afterwards the *everlasting Blackmore*. Notwithstanding all which, Mr. Gildon seems assured, that “ this admirable author did not think himself upon the same foot with Homer.” Comp. Art of Poetry, vol. i. p. 108.

270. *As morning pray’r and flagellation end.* The criminals in Bridewell are whipt between eleven and twelve in the morning, after church-service.

280. *The weekly journals.* Papers of news and scandal intermixed, on different sides and parties, and frequently shifting from one side to the other, called the London Journal, British Journal, Daily Journal, &c. the concealed writers of which, for some time, were Oldmixon, Roome, Arnall, Concanen, and others; persons never seen by our author.

283. *Oldmixon.* Mr. John Oldmixon, next to Mr. Dennis, the most ancient critic of our nation. He was a most unjust, false, partial, and virulent party-writer for hire, and was rewarded by a place of small value, which he kept to his death.

291. *Next Smedley div’d.* An Irishman, author and publisher of many scurrilous pieces, a weekly Whitehall Journal, in the year 1722, in the name of Sir James Baker; and particularly whole volumes of Billingsgate against Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope, called *Gulliveriana* and *Alexandriana*, printed in 8vo, 1723.

295. *Then *** essay’d.* A gentleman of genius and spirit, who was secretly dipt in some papers of this kind, on whom our Poet bestows a panegyric instead of a satire, as deserving to be better employed than in party-quarrels, and personal invectives.

299. *Concanen.* Matthew Concanen, an Irishman, bred to the law. He was afterwards the author of many scurrilities against Mr. Pope, and others, in the British and London Journals, and of a paper, called the *Speculatist*, and a pamphlet, called a *Supplement to the Profound*; to which last piece somebody humourously caused him take for his motto, *De profundis clamavi*. He was since a hired scribbler in the *Daily Courant*, where he poured forth much Billingsgate against the Lord Bolingbroke, and others; after this he was surprisingly promoted to administer justice and law in Jamaica.

306, 307. *With each a sickly brother at his back: Sons of a day, &c.* These were daily papers, a number of which, to lessen the expence, were printed one on the back of another.

311. *Like Niobe.* See the story in Ovid, Met. vii. where the miserable petrefaction of this old lady is pathetically described.

312. *Osborne.* A name assumed by the eldest and gravest of these writers, who at last, being ashamed of his pupils, gave his paper over, and in his age remained silent.

314. *Gazetteers.* The *Daily Gazetteer* was a title very properly given to certain papers, each of which lasted but a day. Into this, as a common sink, was received all the trash, which had been before dispersed in several Journals, and circulated at the public expence of the nation. The authors were the same obscure men; though sometimes relieved by occasional essays from statesmen, courtiers, bishops, deans, and doctors. The meaner sort were rewarded with money; others with places or benefices, from an hun-

dred to a thousand a-year. It appears from the report of the Secret Committee for enquiring into the conduct of R. Earl of O. "That no less than fifty thousand, seventy-seven pounds, eighteen shillings, were paid to authors and printers of newspapers, such as Free-Britons, Daily-Courants, Corn-Cutter's Journals, Gazetteers, and other political papers, between Feb. 10. 1731. and Feb. 10. 1741."

Verse 315. *Arnall*. William Arnall, bred an attorney, was a perfect genius in this sort of work. He began, under twenty, with furious party-papers; then succeeded Concanen in the British Journal. At the first publication of the Dunciad, he prevailed on the author not to give him his due place in it, by a letter professing his detestation of such practices as his predecessor's. But since, by the most unexampled insolence, and personal abuse of several great men, the Poet's particular friends, he most amply deserved a niche in the temple of infamy: witness a paper, called the Free-Briton; a dedication, intitled, To the Genuine Blunderer, 1732, and many others. He writ for hire, and valued himself upon it; not indeed without cause, it appearing by the aforesaid report, that he received "for Free-Britons, and other writings, in the space of four years, no less than ten thousand nine hundred and ninety-seven pounds, six shillings, and eight-pence, out of the Treasury." But frequently, through his fury or folly, he exceeded all the bounds of his commission, and obliged his honourable patron to disavow his scurrilities.

336. *As Hylas fair*. Who was ravished by the water-nymphs and drawn into the river. The story is told at large by Valerius Flaccus, lib. iii. Argon. See Virgil, Ecl. vi.

338. *A branch of Styx*. See Homer, Il. ii. Catal.

349. *Milbourn*. Luke Milbourn, a clergyman, who, when he wrote against Mr. Dryden's Virgil, did him justice at the same time, by printing his own translations of him, which were intolerable.

397. *Thrice Budgell aim'd to speak*. This gentleman was famous for his speeches on many occasions about the South-Sea scheme; but he afterwards made himself much more eminent, and personally known to the statesmen of all parties, and to all the courts of law in this nation.

399. *Toland and Tindal*. Toland, the author of the Atheist's Liturgy, called Pantheisticon, was a spy, in pay to Lord Oxford. Tindal was author of the Rights of the Christian Church, and Christianity as old as the Creation. He also wrote an abusive pamphlet against Earl S—, which was suppressed, while yet in MS. by an eminent person, then out of the ministry, to whom he shewed it expecting his approbation: This doctor afterwards published the same piece, *mutatis mutandis*, against that very person.

400. *Christ's no kingdom here*. This is said by Curl, Key to the Dunciad to allude to a sermon of a reverend Bishop.

411. *Centlivre*. Mrs. Susanna Centlivre, wife to Mr. Centlivre, Yeoman of the Mouth to his Majesty. She writ many plays, and a song (says Mr. Jacob, vol. i. p. 32.) before she was seven years old. She also writ a ballad against Mr. Pope's Homer, before he began it.

413. *Boyer the state, and Law the stage gave o'er*. A. Boyer, a voluminous compiler of annals, political collections, &c.—William Law, A. M. wrote with great zeal against the stage; Mr. Dennis answered with as great: their books were printed in 1726.

414. *Morgan*. A writer against religion, distinguished no otherwise from the rabble of his

tribe, than by the pompousness of his title; for having stolen his morality from Tindal, and his philosophy from Spinoza, he calls himself, by the courtesy of England, a Moral Philosopher.

Verse 414. *Mandevil*. This writer, who prided himself as much in the reputation of an Immoral Philosopher, was author of a famous book called the Fable of the Bees.

415. *Norton*. Norton De Foe, offspring of the famous Daniel. *Fortes creantur fortibus*. One of the authors of the Flying-post, in which well-bred work Mr. P. had sometime the honour to be abused with his betters; and of many hired scurrilities and daily papers, to which he never set his name.

427. *Fleet*. A prison for insolvent debtors on the bank of the Ditch.

B O O K III.

Verse 19. *Taylor*. John Taylor, the water-poet, an honest man, who owns he learned not so much as the Accidence. A rare example of modesty in a poet!

"I must confess I do want eloquence,

"And never scarce did learn my Accidence;

"For having got from *possum* to *posset*,

"I there was gravel'd, could no farther get."

He wrote fourscore books in the reign of James I. and Charles I. and afterwards (like Edward Ward) kept an ale-house in Long-Acre. He died in 1654.

21. *Benlowes*. A country gentleman, famous for his own bad poetry, and for patronizing bad poets, as may be seen from many dedications of Quarles and others to him. Some of these anagramed his name, Benlowes into Benevolus: to verify which, he spent his whole estate upon them.

22. *And Shadwell nods the poppy*. Shadwell took opium for many years, and died of too large a dose, in the year 1692.

24. *Old Bavius fits*. A stupid poet, mentioned by Virgil.

28. *Brown and Mears*. Two booksellers and printers.

34. *Ward in pillory*. John Ward of Hackney, Esq. Member of Parliament, being convicted of forgery, was first expelled the House, and then sentenced to the pillory on the 17th of February 1727.

37. *Settle*. Elkanah Settle was formerly a writer in vogue, as well as Cibber, both in poetry and politics.

69. *See round the poles, &c.* Almost the whole southern and northern continent wrapt in ignorance.

73. Our author favours the opinion that all sciences came from the Eastern nations.

75. Chi Ho-am-ti Emperor of China, the same who built the great wall between China and Tartary, destroyed all the books and learned men of that empire.

81, 82. The Caliph, Omar I. having conquered Aegypt, caused his general to burn the Ptolemaean library, on the gates of which was this inscription, ΨΥΧΗΣ ΙΑΤΡΕΙΟΝ, the physic of the soul.

96. (*The soil that arts and infant letters bore.*) Phoenicia, Syria, &c. where letters are said to have been invented. In these countries Mahomet began his conquests.

102. *Thund'ring against beathen lore*. Many instances of this superstitious rage are charged on Pope Gregory. He is said to have burned the historian Livy; nay, a whole hea-

then library; to have destroyed many of the noble monuments of antiquity in Rome, &c.

Verse 109. *'Till Peter's keys some christen'd Jove adorn.* After the government of Rome devolved to the Popes, their zeal was for some time exerted in demolishing the heathen temples and statues, so that the Goths scarce destroyed more monuments of antiquity out of rage, than these out of devotion. At length they spared some of the temples, by converting them to churches; and some of the statues, by modifying them into images of saints. In much latter times, it was thought necessary to change the statues of Apollo and Pallas, on the tomb of Sannazarius, into David and Judith; the lyre easily became a harp, and the gorgon's head turned to that of Holofernes.

117, 118. *Happy!—had Easter never been!* Wars in England anciently, about the right time of celebrating Easter.

139. *Mark first that youth.* Cibber, junior.

149. *Jacob, the scourge of grammar, mark with awe.* "This gentleman is son of a considerable malster of Romsey in Southamptonshire, and bred to the law under a very eminent attorney: who, between his more laborious studies, has diverted himself with poetry. He is a great admirer of poets and their works, which has occasioned him to try his genius that way.—He has writ, in prose, the Lives of the Poets, Essays, and a great many law-books, the Accomplished Conveyancer, Modern Justice, &c." Giles Jacob of himself, *Lives of Poets*, vol. i.

151, 152. *P—p—le, Horneck, Roome.* Philip Horneck was the author of a Billingsgate paper, called the High German Doctor. Edward Roome was son of an undertaker for funerals in Fleet-street, and writ some of the papers called Pasquin, where, by malicious innuendos, he endeavoured to represent our Author guilty of malevolent practices with a great man then under prosecution of Parliament. Of this man was made the following epigram:

"You ask why Roome diverts you with his jokes,

"Yet if he writes, is dull as other folks?

"You wonder at it.—This, Sir, is the case,

"The jest is lost unless he prints his face."

P—p—le was the author of some vile plays and pamphlets. He published abuses on our Author, in a paper called the Prompter.

153. *Goode.* An ill-natured critic, who writ a satire on our author, called the Mock Aesop, and many anonymous libels in newspapers for hire.

156. *Whose tuneful whistling makes the waters pass.* There were several successions of these sort of minor poets, at Tunbridge, Bath, &c. singing the praise of the annals flourishing for that season.

165. *Ralph.* James Ralph, author of a piece called Sawney, in which Swift, Gay, and Pope were abused. The lines in the Dunciad allude to a poem of his, intitled, Night. He, at last, commenced political writer in a newspaper, to which he was recommended by his friend Arnall.

179. *Behold yon pair, &c.* One of these was author of a weekly paper, called the Grumbler, as the other was concerned in another, called Pasquin, in which Mr. Pope was abused with the Duke of Buckingham, and Bishop of Rochester. They also joined in a piece against his first undertaking to translate the Iliad, intitled, *Homerides*, by Sir Iliad Doggrel, printed 1715.

Verse 184. *That shines a consul, this commissioner.* Such places were given at this time to such sort of writers.

187. *Arde.* Read or peruse; though sometimes it is used for counsel.

199. *Lo! Henley stands.* J. Henley the orator; he preached, on the Sundays, upon theological matters, and, on the Wednesdays, upon all other sciences. Each auditor paid one shilling. He declaimed some years against the greatest persons, and occasionally did our Author that honour.—After having stood some prosecutions, he turned his rhetoric to buffoonery upon all public and private occurrences. All this passed in the same room; where sometimes he broke jests, and sometimes that bread which he called the *Primitive Eucharist*.—This wonderful person struck medals, which he dispersed as tickets to his subscribers: the device, a star rising to the meridian, with this motto, AD SYMMA; and below, INVENIAM VIAM AVT FACIAM. This man had an hundred pounds a-year given him for the secret service of a weekly paper of unintelligible nonsense, called the Hyp-Doctor.

204. *Sherlock, Hare, and Gibson.* Bishops of Salisbury, Chichester, and London.

232. *Goodman prophesy'd.* Goodman, an old player, being at the rehearsal of a play, in which Cibber had a part, clapped him on the shoulder, and cried, "If he does not make a good actor I'll be d——d."

233. *A fable forc'd.* Dr. Faustus, the subject of a set of farces, which lasted in vogue two or three seasons, in which both play-houses strove to outdo each other for some years.

261. *Immortal Rich.* Mr. John Rich, master of Covent-Garden theatre.

266, 267. Booth and Cibber were the joint managers of the theatre in Drury-Lane.

282. Annual trophies on the Lord Mayor's day; and monthly wars in the artillery ground.

284. *Roasting Popes.* Settle managed the ceremony of a famous Pope burning, on November 17. 1680.

286. *Reduc'd at last to his in my own dragon.* Settle, in the droll, called St. George for England, acted in his old age in a dragon of green leather of his own invention.

305. *Polypheme.* He translated the Italian opera of Polifemo; but unfortunately lost the whole jest of the story. The Cyclops asks Ulysses his name, who tells him his name is Noman: after his eye is put out, he roars and calls the brother Cyclops to his aid: they enquire who has hurt him? he answers, Noman; whereupon they all go away again. Our ingenious translator made Ulysses answer, I take no name, whereby all that followed became unintelligible.

308, 309. *Faustus—Pluto.* Names of miserable farces, which it was the custom to act at the end of the best tragedies, to spoil the digestion of the audience.

312. *Ensure it but from fire.* In Tibbald's farce of Proserpine, a corn-field was set on fire: whereupon the other play-house had a barn burnt down for the recreation of the spectators. They also rivalled each other in showing the burnings of hell-fire, in Dr. Faustus.

313. *Another Aeschylus appears.* It is reported of Aeschylus, that when his tragedy of the Furies was acted, the audience were so terrified that the children fell into fits, and the big-bellied women miscarried.

315. *Like Semele's.* See Ovid, Met. iii.

325. *Benson.* William Benson, surveyor of the buildings to his Majesty King George I. The famous Sir Christopher Wren had been displaced, at the age of near ninety years, to make room for this man, who was himself afterwards removed for incapacity.

Verse 326. *Ambrose Philips*. "He was (saith Mr. Jacob) one of the wits at Button's, and a justice "of the peace." He endeavoured to create some misunderstanding, between our Author and Mr. Addison, whom also soon after he abused as much. His constant cry was, that Mr. P. was an enemy to the government; and, in particular, he was the avowed author of a report, very industriously spread, that he had a hand in a party-paper, called the Examiner.

328. *While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall*. At the time when this poem was written, the banquetting-house of Whitehall, the church and piazza of Covent-Garden, and the palace and chapel of Somerset-house, the works of the famous Inigo Jones, had been for many years so neglected, as to be in danger of ruin. The portico of Covent-Garden church had been just then restored and beautified at the expence of the Earl of Burlington; who, at the same time, by his publication of the designs of that great master and Palladio, as well as by many noble buildings of his own, revived the true taste of architecture in this kingdom.

B O O K IV.

Verse 45. *A harlot form*. The Italian opera.

54. *Let division reign*. Alluding to the false taste of playing tricks in music with numberless divisions, to the neglect of that harmony which conforms to the sense, and applies to the passions.

55. *Chromatic tortures*. That species of the ancient music called the Chromatic was a variation and embellishment, in odd irregularities, of the Diatonic kind. They say it was invented about the time of Alexander, and that the Spartans forbade the use of it, as languid and effeminate.

110. *Bold Benson*. This man endeavoured to raise himself to fame by erecting monuments, striking coins, setting up heads, and procuring translations of Milton; and afterwards by as great passion for Arthur Johnston, a Scotch physician's version of the Psalms, of which he printed many fine editions. See more of him, Book III. ver. 325.

113. *The decent Knight*. An eminent person, who was about to publish a very pompous edition of a great author, at his own expence.

122. *Old Aeson*. Of whom Ovid (very applicable to these restored authors)

——"Aeson miratur,

"Dissimilemque animum subiit."—

131. *An Alderman shall sit*. Alluding to the monument erected for Butler by Alderman Barber.

151. *Like the Samian letter*. The letter Y, used by Pythagoras as an emblem of the different roads of virtue and vice.

"Et tibi quae Samios diduxit litera ramos."

153. *Plac'd at the door, &c.* This circumstance of the Genius Loci (with that of the index-hand before) seems to be an allusion to the Table of Cebes, where the genius of human nature points out the road to be pursued by those entering into life.

166. *In yonder house or hall*. Westminster-hall, and the House of Commons.

174. *And South beheld that master-piece of man*. Viz. an Epigram. The famous Dr. South declared a perfect epigram to be as difficult a performance as an epic poem. And the critics say, "an epic poem is the greatest work human nature is capable of."

- Verse 196. *Still expelling Locke.* In the year 1703 there was a meeting of the heads of the University of Oxford to censure Mr. Locke's Essay on Human Understanding, and to forbid the reading it. See his letters in the last edit.
199. *The streams.* The river Cam, running by the walls of these colleges, which are particularly famous for their skill in disputation.
210. *Aristarchus.* A famous commentator, and corrector of Homer, whose name has been frequently used to signify a complete critic.
- 217, 218. *While tow'ring o'er your alphabet, like Saul,—Stands our digamma.* Alludes to the boasted restoration of the Aeolic digamma, in his long projected edition of Homer. He calls it something more than letter, from the enormous figure it would make among the other letters, being one gamma set upon the shoulders of another.
- 223, 224. *Freind—Alfop.* Dr. Robert Freind, master of Westminster-school, and canon of Christ-church. Dr. Anthony Alfop, a happy imitator of the Horatian stile.
226. *Manilius or Solinus.* Some critics having had it in their choice to comment either on Virgil or Manilius, Pliny or Solinus, have chosen the worse author, the more freely to display their critical capacity.
- 228, &c. *Suidas, Gellius, Stobaeus.* The first a dictionary-writer, a collector of impertinent facts and barbarous words. The second a minute critic. The third an author, who gave his common place book to the public, where we happen to find much mince-meat of old books.
- 245, 246. *Barrow—Atterbury.* Isaac Barrow, master of Trinity, Francis Atterbury, dean of Christ-church, both great genius's and eloquent preachers; one more conversant in the sublime geometry, the other in classical learning; but who equally made it their care to advance the polite arts in their several societies.
270. *And hew the block off.* A notion of Aristotle, that there was originally in every block of marble, a statue, which would appear on the removal of the superfluous parts.
274. *Ajax' spectre.* See Homer, Odyss. xi.
303. *Lily-silver'd vales.* Tuberoses.
308. *And Cupids ride the lion of the deeps.* The winged lion, the arms of Venice. This Republic heretofore the most considerable in Europe, for her naval force and the extent of her commerce; now illustrious for her carnivals.
341. *Paridel.* The name is taken from Spenser, who gives it to a wandering courtly 'squire, that travelled about for the same reason, for which many young 'squires are now fond of travelling, and especially to Paris.
347. *Annius.* The name taken from Annus the Monk of Viterbo, famous for many impositions and forgeries of ancient manuscripts and inscriptions, which he was prompted to by mere vanity, but our Annus had a more substantial motive.
363. *Attys and Cecrops.* The first king of Athens, of whom it is hard to suppose any coins are extant; but not so improbable as what follows, that there should be any of Mahomet, who forbade all images; and the story of whose pigeon was a monkish fable. Nevertheless one of these Annus's made a counterfeit medal of that impostor, now in the collection of a learned nobleman.
371. *Mummius.* This name is not merely an allusion to the mummies he was so fond of, but probably referred to the Roman general of that name, who burned Corinth, and committed the curious statues to the captain of a ship, assuring him, "that if any were

"lost or broken, he should procure others to be made in their stead:" by which it should seem (whatever may be pretended) that Mummius was no virtuoso.

Verse 372. *Cheops*. A king of Egypt, whose body was certainly to be known, as being buried alone in his pyramid, and is therefore more genuine than any of the Cleopatra's. This royal mummy, being stolen by a wild Arab, was purchased by the consul of Alexandria, and transmitted to the museum of Mummius; for proof of which he brings a passage in Sandys's travels, where that accurate and learned voyager assures us that he saw the sepulchre empty, which agrees exactly (saith he) with the time of the theft above-mentioned. But he omits to observe that Herodotus tells the same thing of it in his time.

375. *Speak'st thou of Syrian princes?* The strange story following, which may be taken for a fiction of the poet, is justified by a true relation in Spon's voyages. Vaillant (who wrote the history of the Syrian kings as it is to be found on medals) coming from the Levant, where he had been collecting various coins, and being pursued by a corsair of Sallee, swallowed down twenty gold medals. A sudden bourasque freed him from the rover, and he got to land with them in his belly. On his road to Avignon he met two physicians, of whom he demanded assistance. One advised purgations, the other vomits. In this uncertainty he took neither, but pursued his way to Lyons, where he found his ancient friend, the famous physician and antiquary Dufour, to whom he related his adventure. Dufour first asked him whether the medals were of the higher empire? He assured him they were. Dufour was ravished with the hope of possessing such a treasure, he bargained with him on the spot for the most curious of them, and was to recover them at his own expence.

394. *Douglas*. A physician of great learning and no less taste; above all curious in what related to Horace, of whom he collected every edition, translation, and comment, to the number of several hundred volumes.

409. *And nam'd it Caroline*. Alluding to the story of a gardener at Hammersmith, who caused his favourite flower be painted on his sign, with the following inscription, "This is my Queen Caroline."

452. *Wilkins' wings*. One of the first projectors of the Royal Society, who, among many enlarged and useful notions, entertained the extravagant hope of a possibility to fly to the moon; which has put some volatile genius's upon making wings for that purpose.

556. *Seve and Verdeur*. French terms relating to the flavour and poignancy of wines.

560. *Bladen—Hays*. Names of gamesters. Bladen is a black man. Robert Knight, cashier of the South-Sea Company, who fled from England in 1720 (afterwards pardoned in 1742.)—These lived with the utmost magnificence at Paris, and kept open tables frequented by persons of the first quality of England, and even by princes of the blood of France.

576. *Gregorian—Gormogon*. A sort of lay-brothers, slips from the root of the free-masons.

641. *See skulking Truth to her old cavern fled*. Alluding to the saying of Democritus, That truth lay at the bottom of a deep well, from whence he had drawn her: though Butler says, "He first put her in, before he drew her out."

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